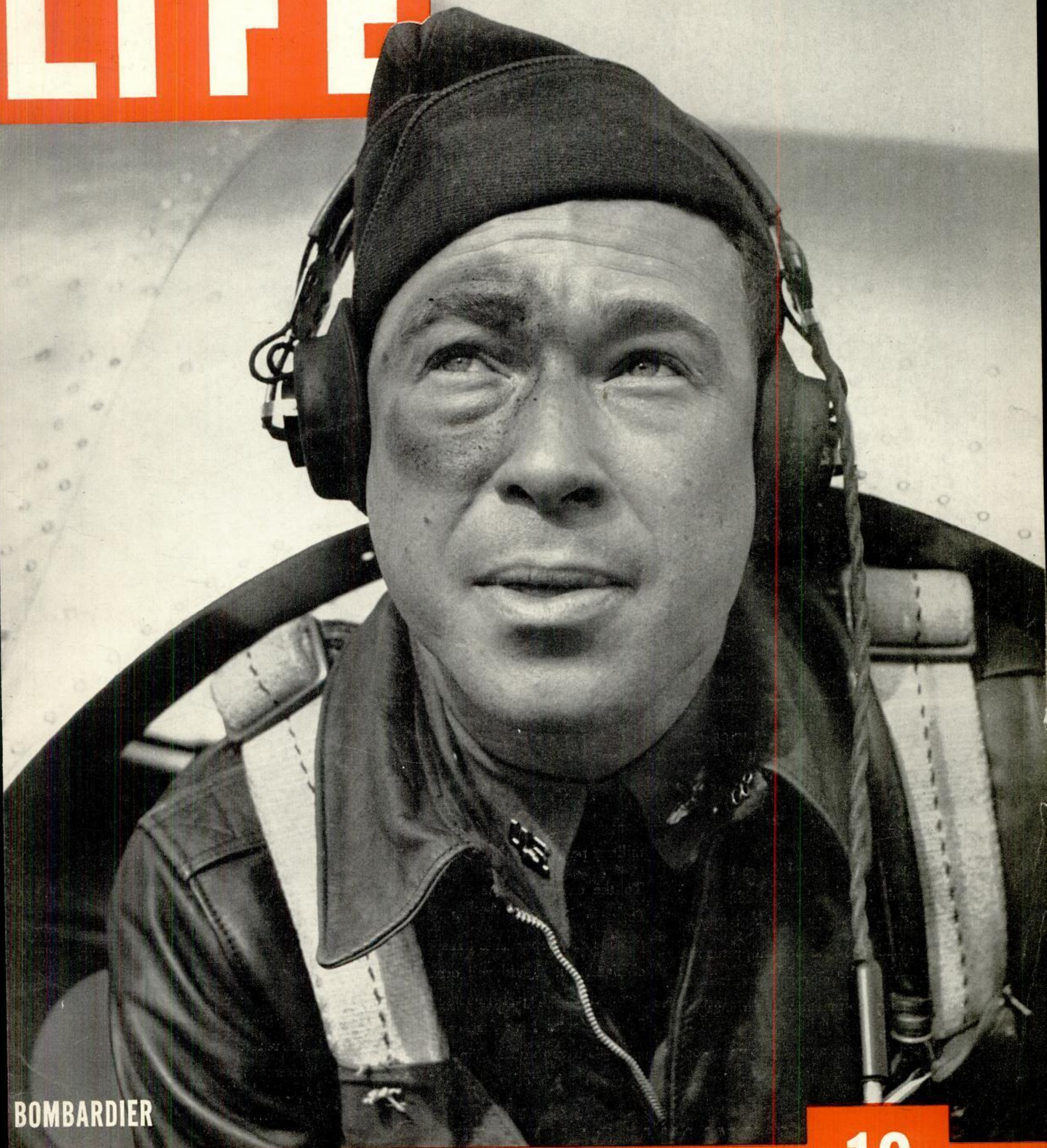
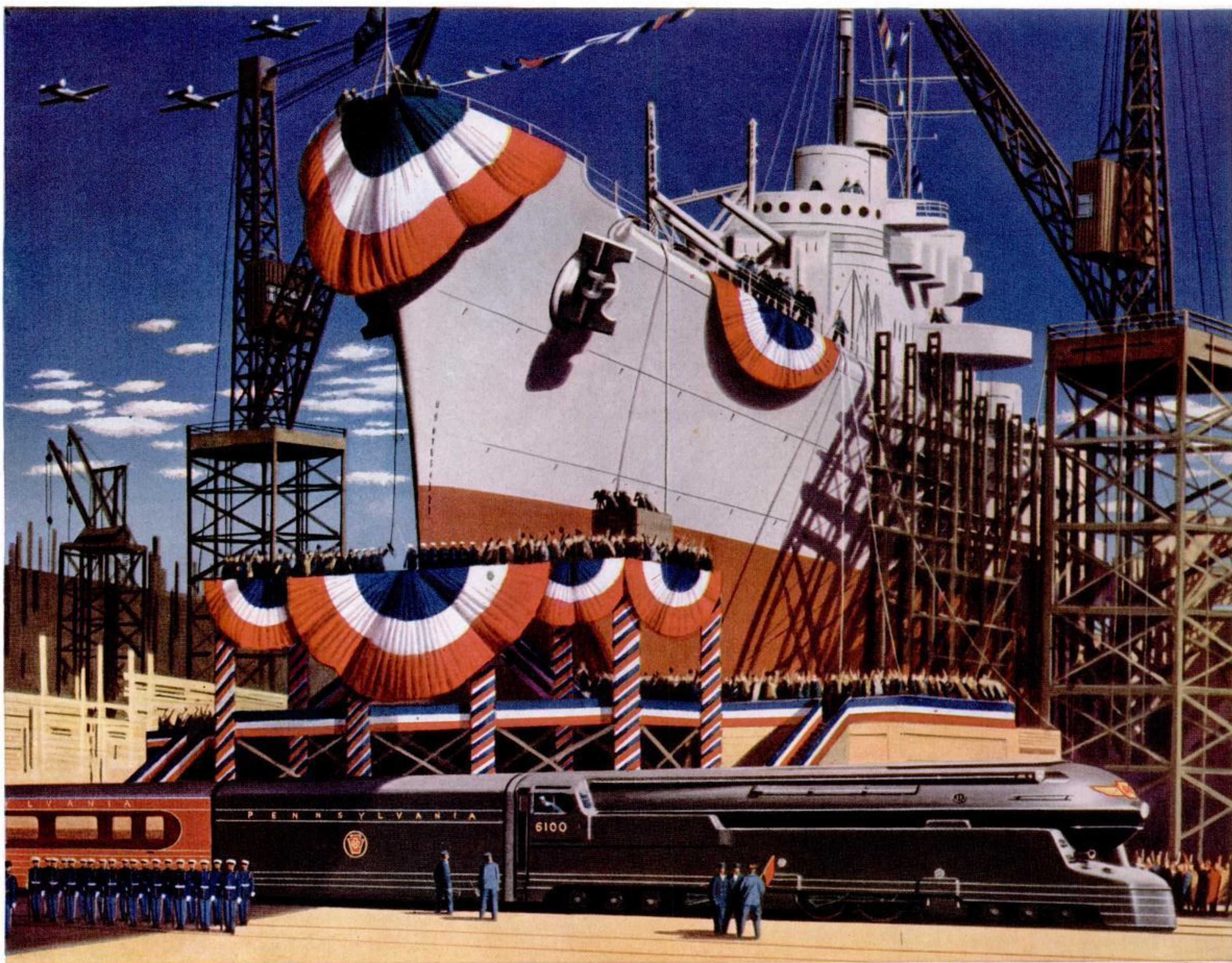


LIFE



BOMBARDIER

MAY 18, 1942 **10** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50



HELPING THE NAVY LAUNCH VICTORY!

Warships must go by rail before they go to sea.

Keeping vital materials rolling so the navy can maintain its record shipbuilding pace is part of the railroads' wartime job. And that part will grow. As new shipyards rise and old ones expand, more and more railroad facilities and equipment will be engaged.

That goes for passenger equipment, too. Transportation is needed for skilled workers

and executives engaged in *all* war production; also for the movement of naval and military personnel.

To the extent wartime demands permit, Pennsylvania Railroad will do its utmost to provide fast, dependable transportation for civilians. But should you occasionally be inconvenienced, just remember that the fighting forces have first call on all the railroads have to offer. Winning the war is everybody's job today.



Comfort for Navy Builders! Smart Pullman Lounges... individually air-conditioned private rooms—Roomettes, Duplex Rooms, Bedrooms, Compartments, Drawing Rooms, Master Rooms—in addition to berths.

LEADERS OF THE FLEET!

BROADWAY LIMITED (16-hour All-Room Train)

THE GENERAL **THE ADMIRAL** **THE PENNSYLVANIAN**
New York . . . Philadelphia . . . Chicago

"SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS"

New York . . . Philadelphia . . . St. Louis
Washington . . . Baltimore . . . St. Louis

LIBERTY LIMITED **THE PENNSYLVANIAN**
Chicago . . . Baltimore . . . Washington

THE PITTSBURGH **THE GOLDEN TRIANGLE**
(All-Room Train)
New York . . . Pittsburgh Pittsburgh . . . Chicago

And many other daily trains serving the above points as well as Cleveland, Cincinnati, Detroit, Columbus, Dayton, Akron, Louisville, Indianapolis and many other cities.

40 trains daily between New York and Washington

De Luxe All-Couch Trains—*The Trail Blazer*—Chicago-New York-Washington. *The Jeffersonian*—St. Louis-New York-Washington. *The South Wind*—Chicago-Miami.

FARES ARE LOW

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

SERVING THE NATION



FOLKS had come by wagon and horse to see the strange contraption that had been brought on a canal boat to Honesdale, Pa.

Some of the onlookers scoffed. Others were awed, but no less skeptical. An "iron-horse"? A horse could *run*. This crazy thing wouldn't move; not unless horses were hitched to pull it.

A signal was given. Suddenly the iron boiler on wheels shuddered and shook. The wheels began to turn . . . slowly, to be sure, but the thing moved! And, it went three miles!

On that day of August, 1829, the trial run of the first steam locomotive in America flung the Nation's frontiers wide open. Rails were laid in all directions. The "iron-horse" spread a full tide of human enterprise over the Western plains, across the Rocky mountains to the Pacific coast.

By distributing the benefits of a thousand other inventions, the American railroads have written perhaps the greatest chapter in the story of the Nation's progress. Yet, every invention . . . from "iron-horse" and knitting machine to radio and

"BETTER HITCH MY HORSES TO IT"

airplane . . . has been developed *only* because people risked their savings to provide the capital. And, the incentive to take such risks would not exist but for the protection of the capital against inevitable fire, windstorm and accident...by dependable insurance.

That incentive was first given to American progress during President Washington's first term, when Insurance Company of North America introduced to this continent capital stock insurance . . . at first for ships and then for buildings.

Ever a pioneer in developing new forms of sound protection to meet the new needs of property-owners, this Company has always aimed to make its protection available everywhere. In 1807 it started the American system of applying standard protection through on-the-spot local Agents. Now this oldest American

fire and marine insurance company has taken another forward step for the benefit of property-owners. By projecting its "head-office" facilities to Company Service Offices in key cities, it makes the complete scope of the North America service quickly available through every one of its Agents and every Broker.

Specify North America protection . . . there is in your section a North America Agent, or a Broker, who, with the facilities of a nearby Company Service Office, is better equipped to serve you.

North America Agents are listed in Classified Telephone Directories under the name and "Eagle" emblem of Insurance Company of North America, Philadelphia. Founded 1792. Capital: \$12,000,000. Losses Paid: Over \$476,000,000. With its affiliates, it writes practically every form of insurance except life. *The other Companies of the North America Group are:* Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America • The Alliance Insurance Co. of Philadelphia. Philadelphia Fire & Marine Insurance Co. • National Security Insurance Co. • Central Insurance Company of Baltimore.

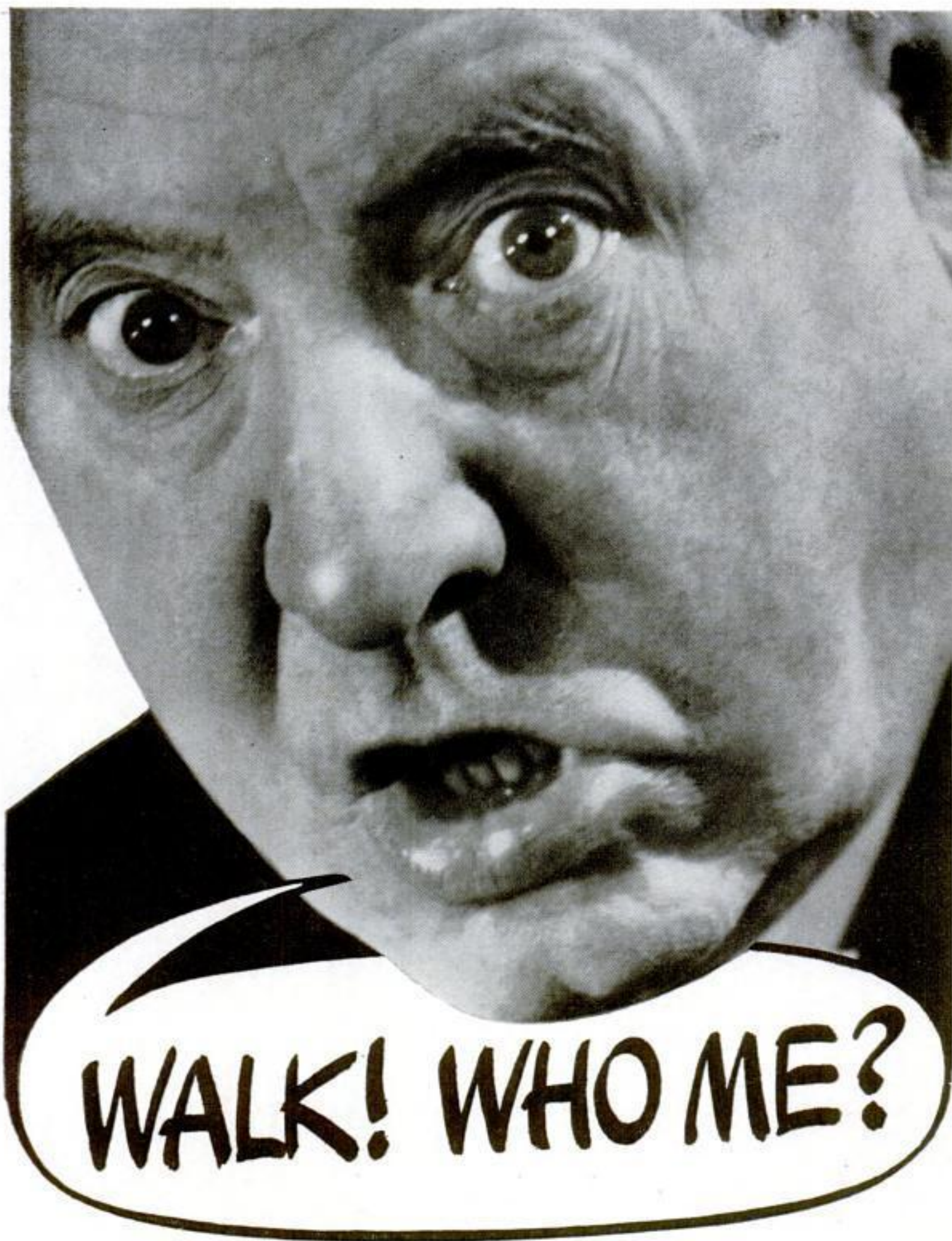


NO FORCE CAN STOP THE PROGRESS OF OUR COUNTRY

This One



Copyrighted material













THAT'S RIGHT, MISTER, when your present car gives out you'll have to walk.

But here's a tip: You can help postpone that day by letting a Sinclair Dealer prolong the life of your car. Sinclair Dealers offer you a special Sinclair-ize service that does that very job!

Just as American railroads, airlines and the U. S. Army use Sinclair lubricants to save wear on vital transportation equipment, so can Sinclair Dealers use specialized Sinclair lubricants to save wear on your car.

Ask your nearby Sinclair Dealer about this service today. You'll find that Sinclair-ize service can save you money and worry, too.

WHERE SINCLAIR-IZE SERVICE SAVES WEAR				
 TIRES	 BATTERY	 GEARS	 MOTOR	 FRONT WHEELS
 RADIATOR	 CHASSIS	 FAN BELT	 SPARK PLUGS	 OIL AND AIR FILTER

SAVE WEAR WITH
SINCLAIR

OIL IS AMMUNITION—USE IT WISELY

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

RADIO

Sirs:

It may interest you to know that the staff of WIBX, Utica, N. Y. has been asked by Michael Carlo, production manager, to study carefully your recent article on the radio industry (LIFE, April 27).

That article hurts us in the radio industry, but largely because so much of it is true. And Mr. Carlo explained that his purpose in having us read your criticisms was to eliminate as much as possible the evils and carelessness that LIFE found.

BERN KEATING

WIBX,
Utica, N. Y.

Sirs:

Among the nation's more than 700 stations there are a few black sheep, but not nearly as many as in magazines, newspapers and movies, such as the pulp and "true" magazines, the Western thrillers and "B" pictures, the tabloids and yellow journalism. Radio will stand up straight and true among such companions.

EDGAR C. DEFFENBAUGH
Production Manager
Radio Station WJPF
Herrin, Ill.

Sirs:

I have listened to the Chicago Round Table several times, and each time, the professors were unable to agree upon one decision.

JERRINE COFFMAN
Hopkinsville, Ky.

Sirs:

Isn't there something that could be done about those abominable singing advertisements?

W. P. McNUTT
Augusta, Ga.

Sirs:

If we could only not hear the hysterical screeching audiences that stations drag in to applaud their comedians...

HELEN JANNEY
St. Petersburg, Fla.

STRAIGHT STORY

Sirs:

I was very much concerned about your picture of *Woman in White*, but I must admit I was very disappointed in your outline of the story. I am afraid you have given your readers the wrong idea of the story, so if you don't object, I'll try to set them on the right track:

Janet fell in love with Dr. Kirk Harding, but when he found she was going to have his baby, Kirk married the young nurse, Karen Adams. Janet then married Karen's brother, John, who loved her very much. When Janet had her baby, she told John the baby was dead and she kept it in an institution, but went to see it as often as possible.

Janet's sister kinda wanted to adopt the baby & after so much persuasion Janet agreed to it. When she had done this, she found she could not go through with it so she decided to go to court to get her baby back. Therefore she had to tell John and when he heard it, he left her & went with Betty (his sister) to Arizona where they are spending several weeks.

In the meantime, Janet dropped the custody suit and let Linda have the baby, and as the baby was sick, Janet stayed up all night until she was so tired, she dozed off to sleep for a few minutes, but when she awoke, the baby wasn't breathing. She grabbed the baby in her arms & started breathing hard into its mouth, but when she heard the baby would get well, she collapsed. Later, Karen discovered that Janet had taken diphtheria from breathing in the baby's mouth.

As the last chapter ended, Karen had written to Betty and told her to tell John what had happened since he had

(continued on p. 4)

Isn't it time to get curious?



HANGING ON TO AN OLD HABIT, are you? Buying the same kind of napkin month after month—not even wondering if another, newer kind might be softer? Well—wait till you hear what happened when 12,000 women made an astonishing test—then see what happens to that habit of yours. Just prick up your ears to *this*...



12,000 WOMEN HAD A HABIT—they were used to buying a certain kind of napkin. But then a nationwide test let them compare their usual napkin with Modess.* And guess what! 3 out of every 4 of them discovered that Modess was actually *softer*! Now doesn't that start you wondering? Maybe *you'd* better let go your old habit—and catch on to a new kind of comfort. So...



GIVE YOURSELF A BREAK! Buy a box of Modess. Try it! If you don't agree with millions of women that Modess is the softest, most comfortable napkin you've ever tried, mail us the package insert slip with a note stating your objections. We'll refund your full purchase price.

*Let us send you the full details of this amazing Softness Test. Write The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J.

3 out of every 4 voted
Modess
softer

Regular size or Junior? Yes—
Take your pick when you buy Modess!

"Don't look now boys, but..."



Copyright 1941—Philco Corporation

THIS impression by Rollin Kirby is the first of a series that is being posted before the workers of the Philco factories who are helping to produce the weapons of victory . . . a reminder of the glorious purpose of their labors . . . an expression of the spirit that spurs them on. "More . . . Better . . . Sooner" is their goal!

★ ★ ★

Today, Philco's soldiers of industry are devoted to the production of communications equipment, radios for tanks and airplanes, artillery fuzes and shells for the service of our armed forces . . . doing their part to give our men at the front not only the vast superiority in equipment that America's mass production experts can produce, but also *new* weapons of victory, yet unknown to the world, that America's industrial scientists can devise.

Out of this inspired and unrelenting effort comes an abiding faith in victory and the survival of the American way of life. And with it . . . *new hope for the future!* For some good comes out of all this excess of human effort devoted to the evil ways of war. Scientific progress moves on at breakneck speed. Some of our greatest scientific achievements for the enjoyment of peace . . . radio as we know it today, the modern airplane . . . have emerged from the stress of war.

Today, in the closely guarded walls of the Philco laboratories, engineers have already worked out problems of

tremendous importance to the ways of peace. Others are in the making that will cause the evil of these stormy days to live only in the history books of future generations and the good survive in the abundant joys of their daily lives.

This is Philco's hope, faith . . . and *pride* for the future!

Free Limited Offer . . . While available, a full size reproduction of the original drawing by Rollin Kirby will be furnished gladly upon request. Simply address Philco Corporation, Philadelphia, Penna., and ask for Cartoon Number 2D.

PHILCO CORPORATION

Through its national service organizations, Philco offers to its millions of owners throughout the land, at uniform and reasonable charges, the means of conserving and prolonging the use and enjoyment of Philco Products.

**RADIOS, PHONOGRAPHS, REFRIGERATORS
AIR CONDITIONERS, RADIO TUBES, PARTS**

**INDUSTRIAL STORAGE BATTERIES FOR MOTIVE POWER,
SIGNAL SYSTEMS, CONTROL AND AUXILIARY POWER**

ROSS
Thought it was a cross
A man had to bear
To wear
Regular, year-round shirts in June
And stew, like a prune.



"Why can't you be cool like Ferd?" Ross's spouse demands.
"Why don't you wear shirts like Ross does?"
dittoes Ferdinand's.

Before long the affections of those who
were hitched
Were temporarily switched!

Well, a little bird
Told Ross and Ferd
(For the sake of rhyme, we'll say it was a
sparrow)
About Summer Shirts by Arrow:
About the Arrow Collars that couldn't be
crisper,
About the fabrics weighing less than a
whisper.
A couple of other sparrows joined the chorus
And sang, "They're also oh so porous
And cooler than
An electric fan."



ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Sanforized Shrunk, less than 1% fabric shrinkage BUY U.S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS



FERDINAND,
On the other hand,
Decided comfort outweighed propriety
And stepped out in summer society
Undisconcerted,
Nonchalant, and polo-shirted.



Ferd bought three or four
And Ross a trio more.
And when Ferd's wife saw Ferd she
gave Ross
The toss.
And when Ross's wife saw Ross, she
gave Ferd
The bird.
Ross and Ferd went back to their
respective marital blisses
With their respective marital Mrs.
And lived cool as mountain laughter
Ever after.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

left and asked her to ask him what he
planned to do.

MRS. G. D. CHAMBERLAIN
Kansas City, Mo.

● Whew.—ED.

LITTLE SUPERMAN

Sirs:

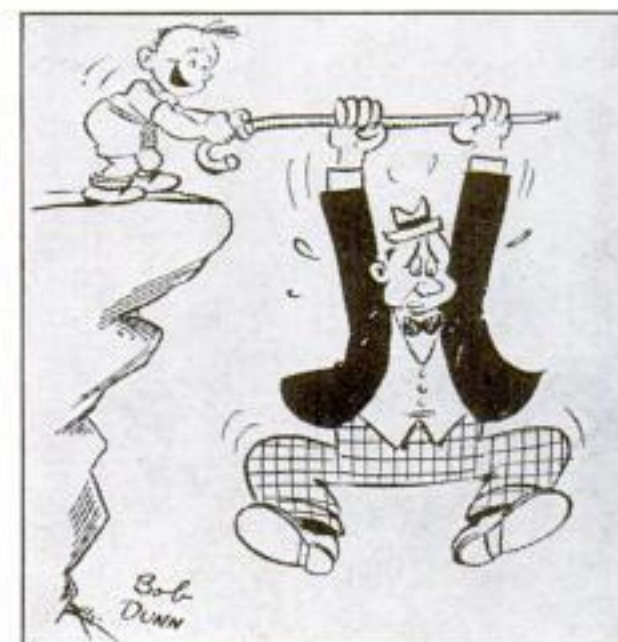
I've still got the willies from looking
at your picture of that loving father
holding his Superman Jr. over the cliff
(LIFE, April 27).

What's the old man so proud of? If
the baby would hold the old gent over



BABY DANGLES IN SPACE

the chasm, that would be something,
and it would serve him right. Here is
my own drawing of this happy scene,



BABY DANGLES HIS PAPA

which I had to put on paper just to get
this nightmare off my mind.

BOB DUNN

Millburn, N. J.

Sirs:

If David grows up and gets a peep at
that picture, it's a hundred to one he
will knock Daddy flat on his back.

JOHN LEE MAHIN

Culver City, Calif.

Sirs:

Please compare this scene of umbrella
rock on Lookout Mountain, Chatta-
nooga, Tenn. to the one in LIFE and



LOOKOUT'S UMBRELLA ROCK

tell me how far you think Baby St. Clair
is from the ground.

W. A. SMITH

Chester, Pa.

● At David's age a 10-ft. drop would
feel pretty much like a 1,000-ft. drop.
—ED.

(continued on p. 6)

FRAGRANCE IN TWO
AMAZING NEW FORMS
BY LUCIEN LELONG



SOLID COLOGNE



CREAM COLOGNE

Lucien Lelong's Solid Cologne. To bewilder
and delight your senses, meet this cologne in
solid form that *rubs on*, stays wondrously fra-
grant. A blessing any time, as a pick-me-up
or a bath's delicious fragrance. Famous
Balalaika fragrance by Lucien Lelong. \$2

Lucien Lelong's Cream Cologne is a creamy
white liquid, *completely new* . . . containing an
emollient base that is beneficial to the skin
... soothing, softening, flattering. Splash it
on . . . its heavenly fragrance becomes a be-
witching part of you. \$1.50 \$2.50 \$4.50
(Prices plus taxes)

LAND OF THE FREE -TO SERVE!

ON A THOUSAND fronts our women are enrolled in the task of winning the war.

Today Mrs. America is doing double duty! In every city, town and hamlet her busy fingers are knitting for the boys in Service. Her boundless energies are devoted to the Red Cross, the Nurse's Aid and countless other activities. Right now, as part of our Victory program, more women are working in factories than ever before.

For every housewife, whether she's stitching parachutes or doing war work at home, there still remains the all-important job of protecting her family's well-being at a time when the nation's high health standards and morale must be maintained.

So whatever her war efforts, she is still on the job in 30,000,000 kitchens providing for the health and happiness of her family!

In the dual role of wife and citizen, Mrs. America has a valuable ally in the House of Heinz and other makers of quality prepared foods. Since the famous 57 Varieties are ready to serve, they save time every day . . . lessen her work in the kitchen . . . provide more hours to give her country!

It is because American women are so free in their homes that they are able to serve their country so well today.

For there's spare time in every Heinz ready-to-serve food on the grocer's shelves today!

It would take hours to duplicate Heinz foods, that are ready to serve in a few minutes. In addition, prepara-

tion time is eliminated—fuel and shopping effort saved!

For instance, soup-making in the home takes an average of 4 hours. For many years, Heinz Soups have saved all but a few minutes of this time. Similarly, baked beans require a day and a half for preparation . . . but ever since Heinz Oven-Baked Beans were introduced, only heating before serving has been necessary. And Heinz Jellies and Relishes eliminate tedious days of household canning every year.

So Heinz foods are saving and will continue to save millions of kitchen hours for the women of America—precious hours that can be devoted to the needs of the nation!

Prepared in the small-batch, old-fashioned way, Heinz foods are ready to help you keep right on setting the finest table in the world. Heinz Tomato Ketchup, Chili Sauce and Tomato Juice are rich in the homespun flavors America has always loved. The same is true of Heinz Pickles, Relishes, Steamed Puddings and Jellies—Apple Butter and Peanut Butter, Heinz Baby Foods—like all the 57 Varieties—are made of the highest-quality ingredients the land affords.

And because we have been working constantly on the development of new methods, new products and new packages, women everywhere can continue to depend on us for many delicious, time-saving foods their families need and want!

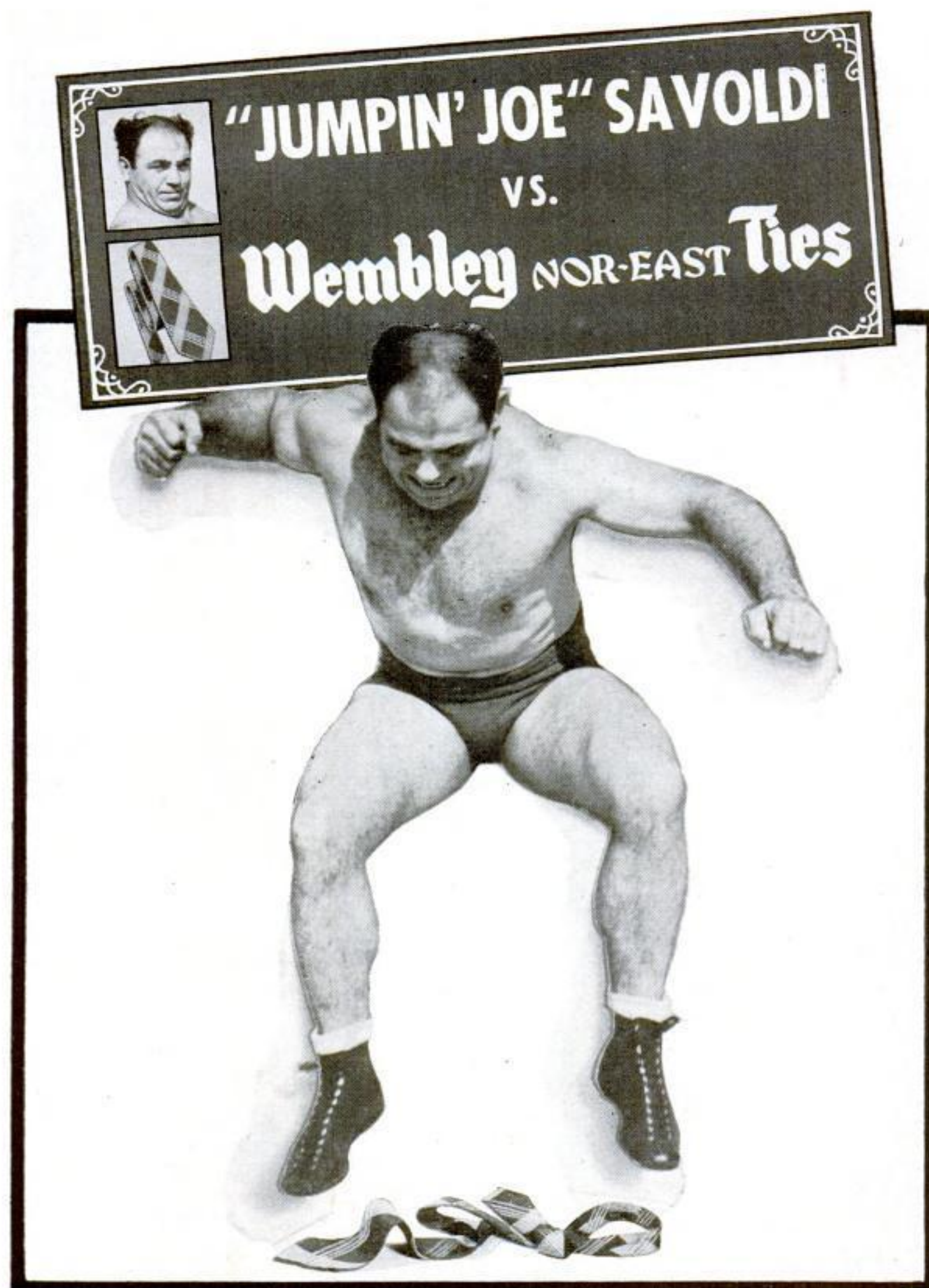
For more than 73 years nourishing Heinz foods have graced the tables of America. Today they mean more than flavorful, nutritious eating. They also represent a ready source of the vital extra hours your country asks of you now.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

Maker Of The Famous 57 Varieties



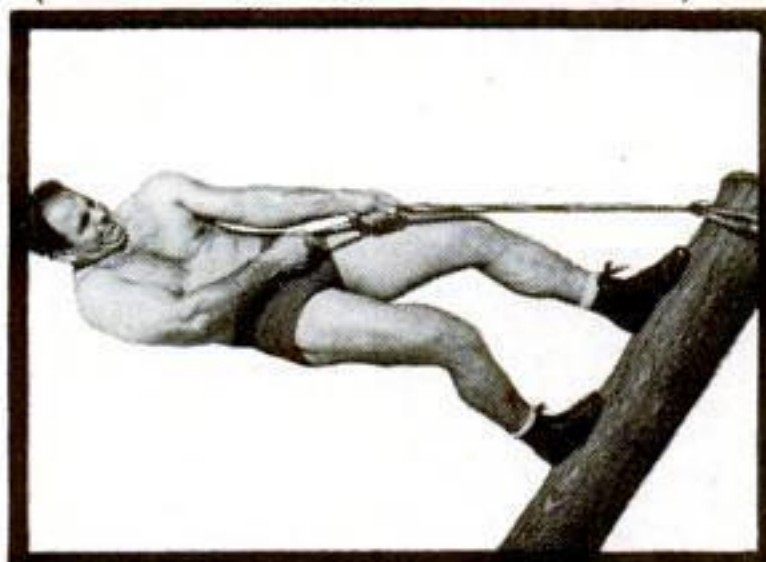
This advertisement is reprinted here because of the widespread interest and comment that followed its recent appearance in 420 newspapers



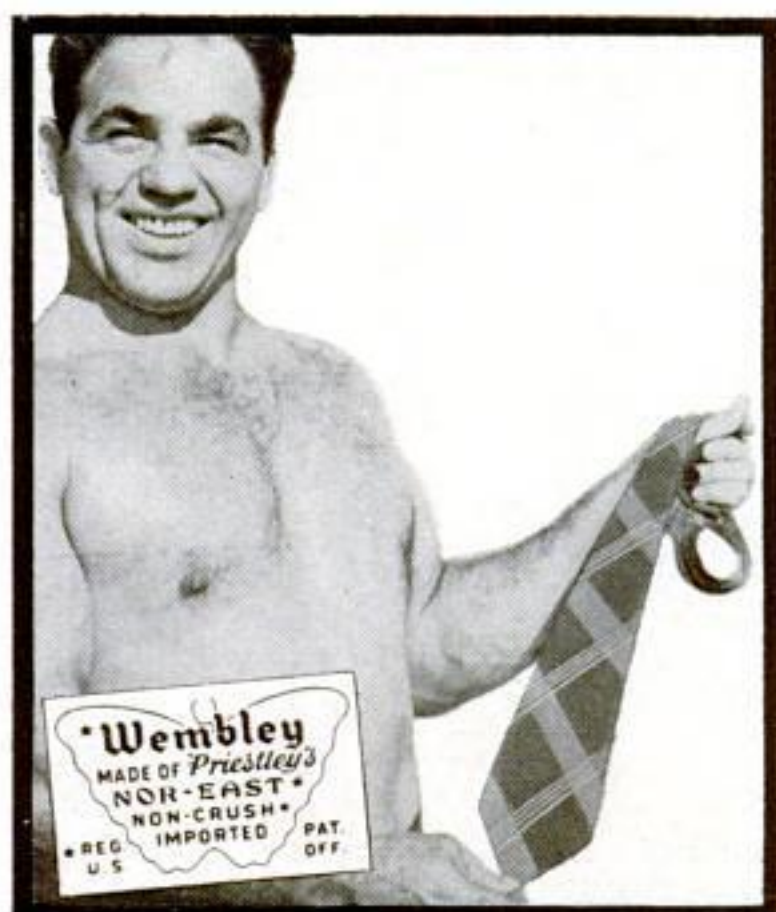
Watch him crush it! Ah! But why should he crush such a tie-beauty—with spring colors so becoming to man? (Never fear, folks, all will be well.)



See him twist it! And if you like to see a really new "twist" in ties—see Frost Weaves, latest Wembley creation.



Watch him knot it! And for your own good appearance, you'll be amazed how easily the Wembley Nor-East Fabric ties into a correctly smart knot. So the tie hangs trim and true always.



Not a wrinkle!

Wembley Nor-East is still the Champ Wrinkle-Fighter. And you can get this original *Non-Crush* Fabric in grand new colors—Bali Bronze, Hawaii Tan, Nassau Blue—to go with all the popular suit-shades.

See Pleasure Aisle of Wembley Ties at your dealer's. Or write for free folder showing 24 Wembley Nor-East Ties in full color.

To be sure it's a genuine *Non-Crush Tie*, look for the Wembley Nor-East label

\$1
All

COPYRIGHT 1942, WEMBLEY INC., NEW ORLEANS

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

LITTLE GENERAL

Sirs:

I was interested by that page of baby Douglas MacArthurs (LIFE, April 27). I think I can claim to be the first parent to name a child after the General. My boy was born on Aug. 12, 1936 and named Douglas MacArthur Karrel. A personally autographed photograph was sent me by the General from Manila—and also a nice letter wishing the boy and his parents good fortune and all that goes with it.

Being a veteran of the last war, I am going into the Army in this one in a couple of weeks.

A. L. KARREL

Brooklyn, N. Y.

CAMP CALLAN ART

Sirs:

By missing an obvious "angle" in your two Camp Callan stories in the April 27 issue (Hostesses Uniforms in Letters Column and Life Goes To a Party at Santa Monica) you have made the editing of *Range Finder* copy more difficult.

Your slip: on page 4 you printed John Zane's clever *Range Finder* illustrations and then failed to connect the artist



CORPORAL ZANE & STARLETS

with the healthy cigaret-smoking specimen on page 94 and the hairy-chested end man in the picture on page 95. In fact, Zane is the only one of the six soldiers not identified in your captions.

Our staff is now inclined to sloppy reporting and the excuse, "Well, look at LIFE!"

A public rebuke to the editor responsible might restore order in the *Range Finder* office.

SGT. LEW FRANK JR.

Camp Callan, Calif.

● Let order be restored.—ED.

Sirs:

The "hostess impressions" reproduced in LIFE are not the only art work to originate at Camp Callan. I enclose an envelope addressed and deco-



FRANK'S FRANKED ENVELOPE

rated by Pvt. Frank Carlson of that base, expressing his exuberance over the free postal service accorded the armed forces. At least it must afford the postal employees handling camp mail a little variety and, since the address is

(continued on p. 8)

What a BUY!

This famous quality brush has not gone up in price. At yesterday's low price, it is easily today's "Biggest Tooth Brush Value."

Pro-phy-lac-tic NYLON TOOTH BRUSH

STILL -Only 23¢

Worried About BLACKHEADS?

For many people—particularly those with oily skin—life is likely to be a continuous battle against disfiguring blackheads. These embarrassing skin blemishes are due to surface dirt working its way into the pores which often become clogged and enlarged.

The mere fact that you are troubled with blackheads indicates that the cleansing procedure you are now using is not sufficient.

Try this technique: Apply a hot towel to your face. The heat opens the pores. Spread on Pompeian Milk Massage Cream. Massage vigorously. Pompeian Milk Massage Cream goes on a clean-looking pink—comes off an oily dirt-grey. It removes the surface accumulation of dirt from the pore orifices and aids in the mechanical removal of blackheads and similar skin blemishes.

Pompeian Milk Massage Cream has been used for over 30 years as an aid to the skin cleanliness that is the foundation of a clear, attractive complexion. Try a Pompeian massage. See if it isn't what your skin needs to keep it clean and fresh. Get a jar at your drug, department, or dime store, or mail this coupon.

SEND 6¢ FOR TRIAL JAR

The Pompeian Co., Baltimore, Md.
Send me the four-treatment jar of Pompeian Milk Massage Cream right away! Enclosed 6¢ to cover handling and mailing.

Name _____ L-5
Address _____



AMERICA'S No. 1 RED-HEAD

GETS THE YEAR'S MOST RAVISHING ROLE!

Rita...

**THE
PERFECT
GIRL
TO
PLAY**

A Gal like Sal!



Bursting on a hectic world comes the perfect film to refresh and charm and thrill you! Stars! Songs! Swell story! Dancing! Fun! Spectacle! And truly grand entertainment! MORE THAN A MUSICAL ... IT'S MARVELOUS!

in TECHNICOLOR!

Rita *Victor*
HAYWORTH • MATURE
JOHN SUTTON • CAROLE LANDIS

in Theodore Dreiser's

MY GAL SAL

with
JAMES GLEASON • PHIL SILVERS • WALTER CATLETT • MONA MARIS • FRANK ORTH

Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS • *Produced by* ROBERT BASSLER
Screen Play by Seton I. Miller, Darrell Ware and Karl Tunberg

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

Hear Paul Dresser's most famous songs, including "MY GAL SAL," "ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH," "COME TELL ME"!

**WATCH FOR IT
at your
favorite
theatre!**

TIME IS SHORT

—and I'll help you save it!

SAYS FATHER TELECHRON



MODERN, all-out war is a race against time. The nation *on time* is *on top*. • That's true at the front and true in the factory. Promptness pays off in production. Do your job on schedule and you can do more.

- Accurate Telechron clocks mean fewer wasted minutes.



GOVERNOR will wake you on the dot. Maple case. Bell alarm.

Telechron ELECTRIC CLOCKS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ALL with the famous self-starting Telechron motor, sealed in oil for silence and long life. Warren Telechron Co., Ashland, Mass. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

completely legible, does not conflict with regulations.

MALLORY DAVENPORT
New York, N. Y.

REAL AZAD

Sirs:

I have enjoyed reading your reports on conditions in India—my native land—and I was particularly interested in



MAULANA ABDUL KALAM AZAD

your issue of April 20, in which you described the reactions of Maulana Abdul Kalam Azad to the proposals of Sir Stafford Cripps.

However, you evidently have the wrong man in the picture. To begin with, Azad is a Nationalist, and he never appears in the collar and tie of



UNIDENTIFIED GENTLEMAN

Western dress. In the second place, he has never been seen wearing a turban, since he prefers at all times the distinctive Mohammedan cap. Thirdly, the beard of the real Azad would be trimmed, whereas the person in the picture has a full beard, whiskers and mustache, carefully done up in the manner of a Sikh gentleman.

I am enclosing a picture of Azad, which shows him in his normal body.

SURJIT SINGH

Western Theological Seminary
Pittsburgh, Pa.

NELSON ROCKEFELLER

Sirs:

In his Close-up of Nelson Rockefeller (LIFE, April 27) Noel Busch mentions that Rockefeller and Roommate French "saved \$3 a week by eating in the kitchen of their club, the Rood." This gives the impression that social organizations at Dartmouth, like Princeton, are centered around "clubs." Actually such is not the case.

At Dartmouth food is not served in fraternity houses. As a result, one link in Dartmouth's tradition has been "eating clubs," usually found in the village homes of good-hearted, understanding women like the late Mrs. Rood and Mrs. Mary Smalley. Waiters are usually athletes or others working their way through school, and it is their duty to keep a table filled with eight or ten customers. Because of the democratic spirit that exists at Dartmouth, it has never been uncommon to see the captain of the football team or the president of the senior class waiting on table at one of

(continued on p. 11)



The "side garter stretch"—fast way to get a grip on your stockings, but take it slow if you value the precious things! For sudden yanks and awkward positions strain delicate fibers—may lead to runs.

And here's another tip. You can be sure of getting perfect stockings, by always asking for Cannon Hosiery! Cannon's air-pressure machine inspects every pair for microscopic flaws or weaknesses. Only flawless, full-fashioned hosiery comes from Cannon!

Cannon Hosiery

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF
CANNON TOWELS AND SHEETS



for AMERICA behind the guns



NATIONAL DEFENSE STARTS
WITH HEALTH DEFENSE

HERE'S 3 way
HELP!

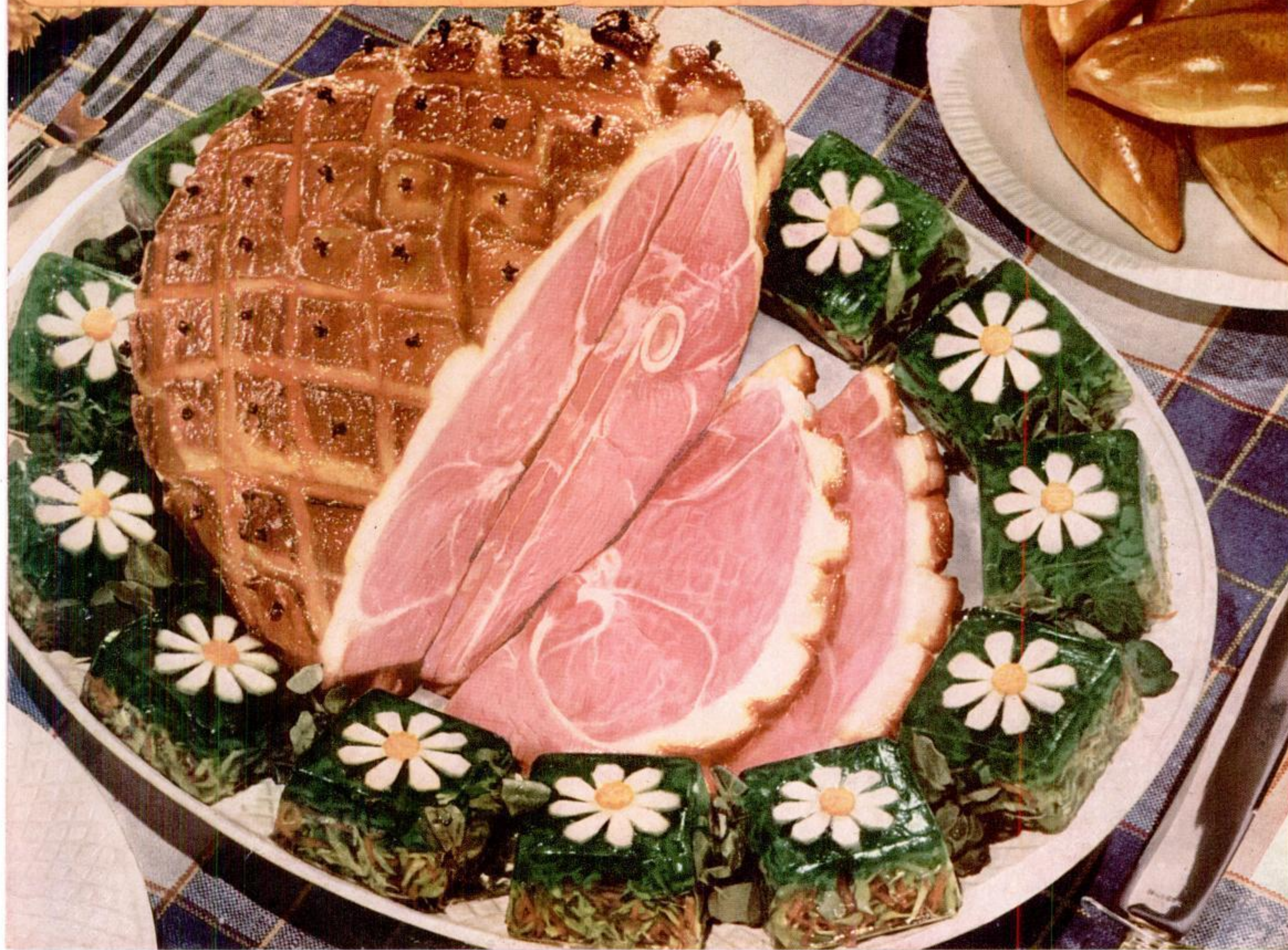


SUNSWEEET PRUNE JUICE

THE GROWERS' OWN BRAND

VITAMINS—for energy (B and G)
MINERALS—to rebuild
LAXATIVE EFFECT—to sweep away poisons

Taste the Mellow richness
from Swift's *Brown Sugar* cure!



SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM

RECIPE: *Ham with Daisy Salad Squares*

THERE'LL BE compliments a-plenty when you serve *this* combination. The salads are so stunning, and Swift's Premium Ham so very fine. Mellowed and enriched in Swift's exclusive Brown Sugar cure, Swift's Premium has a marvelous flavor you get in it alone. Flavor so delicious it has made Swift's Premium America's best-liked ham! • Complete baking directions for a whole or butt half Swift's Premium Ham are given on the tag that comes with it. You'll notice the ham carries the word SWIFT repeated all the way

down the side. That is done so you can be sure of getting *Swift's Premium Ham* even when buying a slice. • For 12 salads, make 4 cups lime gelatin (2 pkgs.) according to directions, substituting 6 tbsps. lemon juice for 6 tbsps. of the water. Cool until semi-solid. Put daisies cut from thin slices of turnip with centers of carrot in bottom of molds. Cover each with 2 tbsps. gelatin. Chill until firm. To remaining gelatin, add 2 cups finely shredded cabbage and 1 cup shredded carrot. Mix well and fill molds. Chill.



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A



Send 10¢ to Advertising Department, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, for a full-color print of this painting, size 18½ x 24, suitable for framing and without advertising.



B

C

A. Antique tan, hand-woven, semisoft toe. Ace Last, B744.

B. Unlined casual oxford, natural tan genuine buffalo and brown saddle leather. Ace Last, B752.

C. Tan and white saddle, red rubber sole and heel. Ace Last, B742.

D. Natural tan genuine buffalo, brown trim, brown rubber sole and heel. Roamer Last, B753.



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DOG MEDICINES**

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

these "clubs." On occasion, old customers could serve themselves in the kitchen at a reduced rate.

ROBERT G. WHITE
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

Just read in your April 27 issue an article concerning the life of Nelson Rockefeller. Mr. Busch says that at one time Rockefeller attended Lincoln School "founded by the late Abraham Flexner." It happens that I am a grandniece of Abraham Flexner and can testify that he is still alive and quite active.

SUZETTE FLEXNER SIEGEL
Chicago, Ill.

● Of the seven distinguished Flexner brothers, Simon, Abraham, Bernard and Washington are alive. LIFE's apologies to Educator Abraham Flexner.—ED.

TEED MARRIED

Sirs:

The enclosed clipping from the Effingham, Ill. *Daily Record* adds another

Marriage Announcement
Announcement has been made of the marriage of Miss Violet Kincaid of Louisville to Private Charles Teed, son of Mrs. Ralph Teed of Effingham. The marriage took place Saturday, April 18th.

chapter to the life of Pvt. Charles Teed, subject of St. Clair McKelway's Close-up (LIFE, March 16).

DOROTHY O. O'NEILL
Effingham, Ill.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

Sirs:

I cannot help but criticize you for the disgusting comparison you have drawn in calling such a beautiful and graceful boat as the *Normandie* "an oversized bawd who, with make-up askew, had passed out at a brawl" (LIFE, April 27).

Evidently you have never heard Kipling's delightful poem that begins thus: "The Liner she's a lady an' she never looks nor 'eeds—

The Man O' War's 'er 'usband,
An' 'e gives 'er all she needs."

That liner was a lady, and ladies not only don't go to brawls, but I am sure that if they did they would take care not to pass out.

ADRIENNE W. CUSTER
Newtown, Pa.

VICTORY PATCHES

Sirs:

Speaking of patches (LIFE, April 13) usually my two sons object to wearing their jeans and overalls patched but this year, as you can see in the enclosed



picture, they wear them with pride. The patches are stitched on in the usual way and then are stitched down with the V ... —

T. C. FRIBERG
Roseville, Calif.



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OFFERED BY PONTIAC DEALERS TO OWNERS OF ALL MAKES OF CARS!

SPEAKING OF PICTURES...

... CHARLES BOYER SHOWS STARLET SMITH HOW TO KISS

These clippings from Warner Bros.' remake of *The Constant Nymph* illustrate a crisis in the career of 20-year-old Alexis Smith. In four interesting strips they show Alexis in her first big part exchanging her first big kiss with Hollywood's first lover, Charles Boyer—a set of circumstances to make any young actress jumpy.

In *The Constant Nymph* Alexis plays the part of Florence Churchill, a bold, beautiful lady who takes the initiative in her kissing and wins a romantic musician (Boyer) for her husband. For such a role Alexis has had little dramatic training. Born in British Columbia, she was spotted by a talent scout in a Los Angeles City College play, and has since played a few small movie parts. On Warner Bros.' set Director Edmund Goulding sensed that Alexis was a bit overwhelmed by her love scene, gave her a pep talk like a coach sending a green team against a highly touted professional. Alexis rose to the battle. Boyer approached, solemn and awesome. They kissed twice. Ordinarily such scenes have to be retaken several times. But they hit this one right on the button at the first try. After her crisis was safely over, the nymphlike Alexis exclaimed generously, "Gee, he really knows how."



BLONDE, WILLOWY ALEXIS SMITH RESTS AFTER HER BIG KISS SCENE BY AN ALPINE POOL

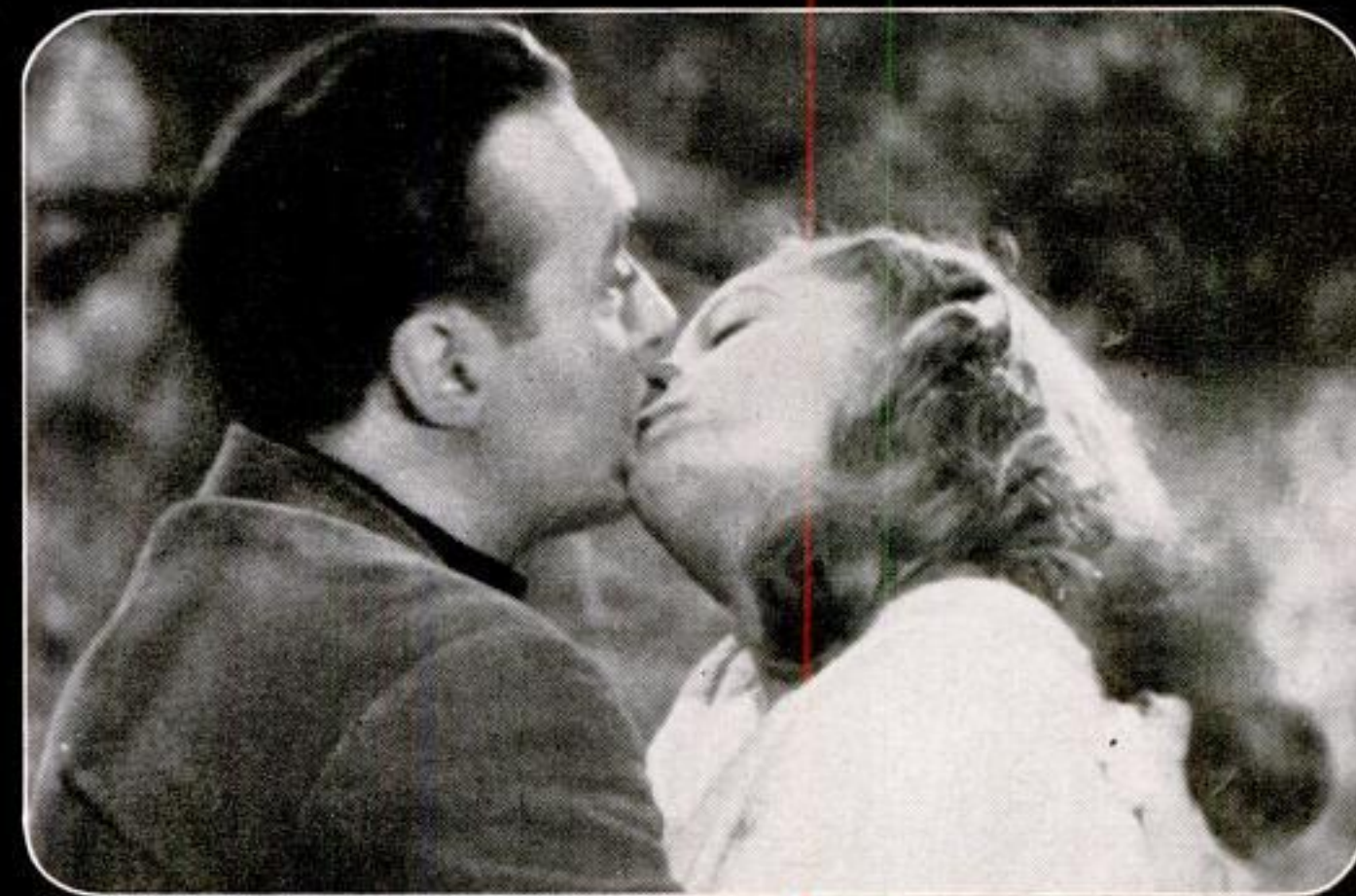
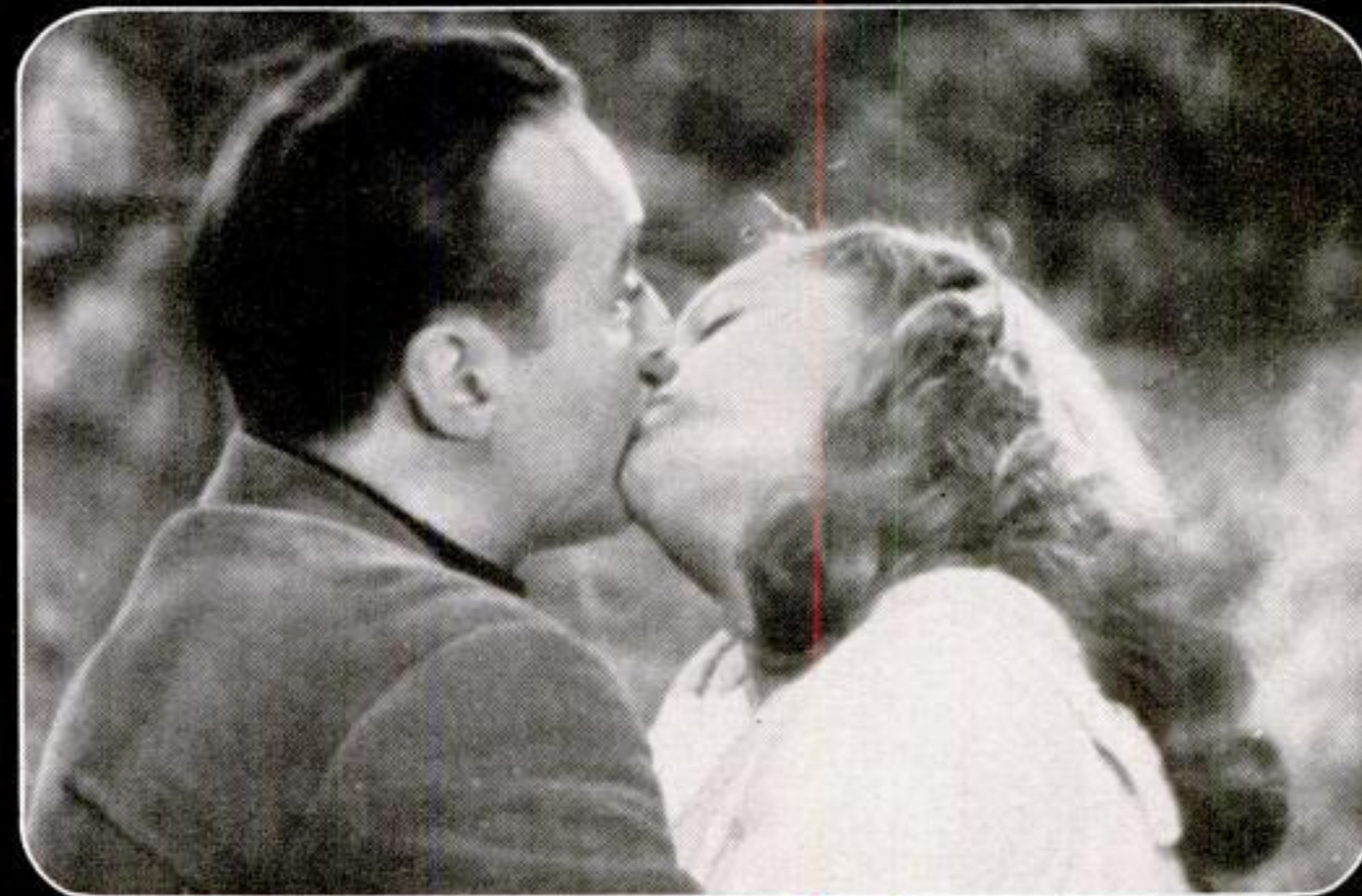
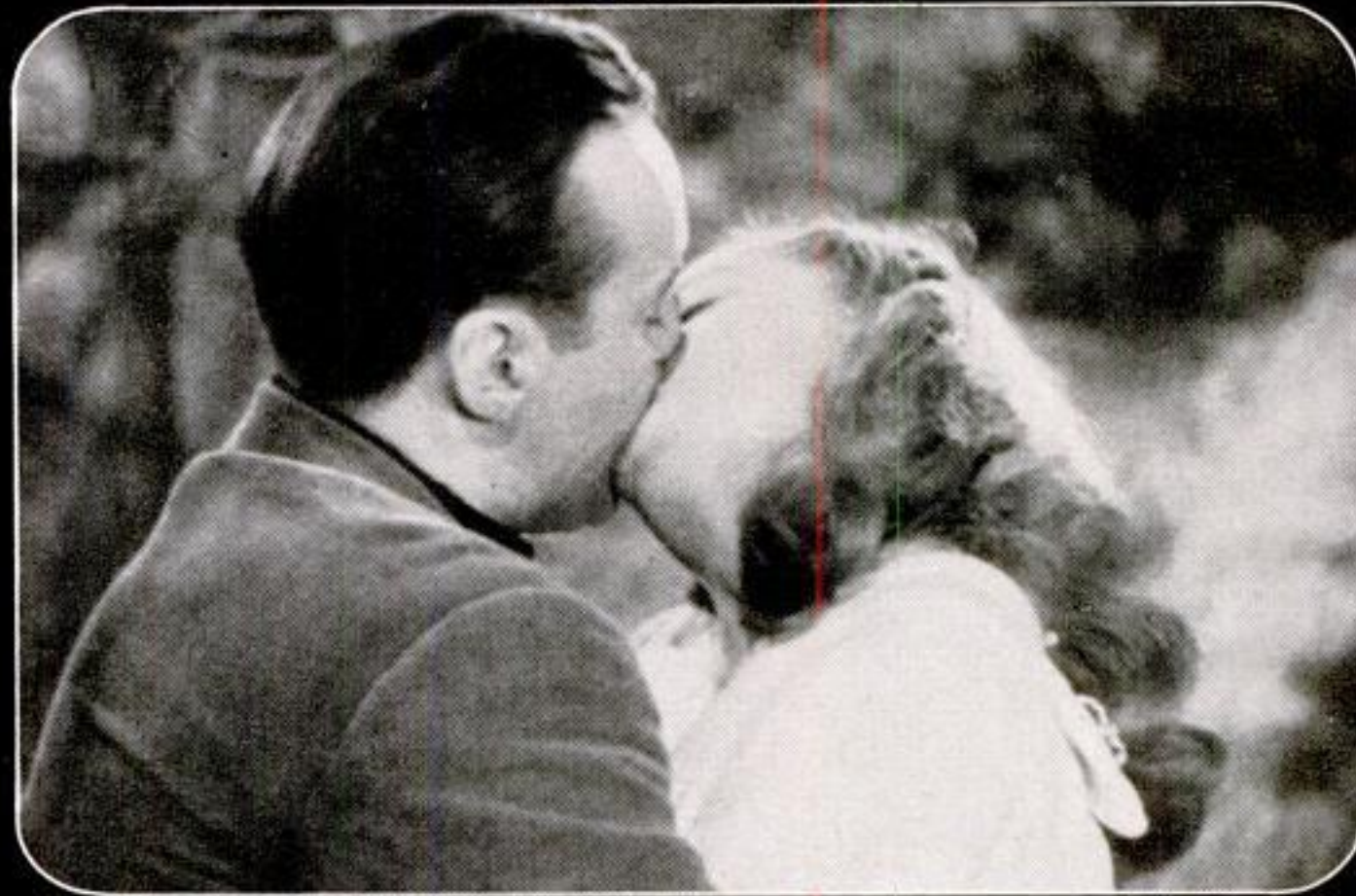
HEAD-ON APPROACH

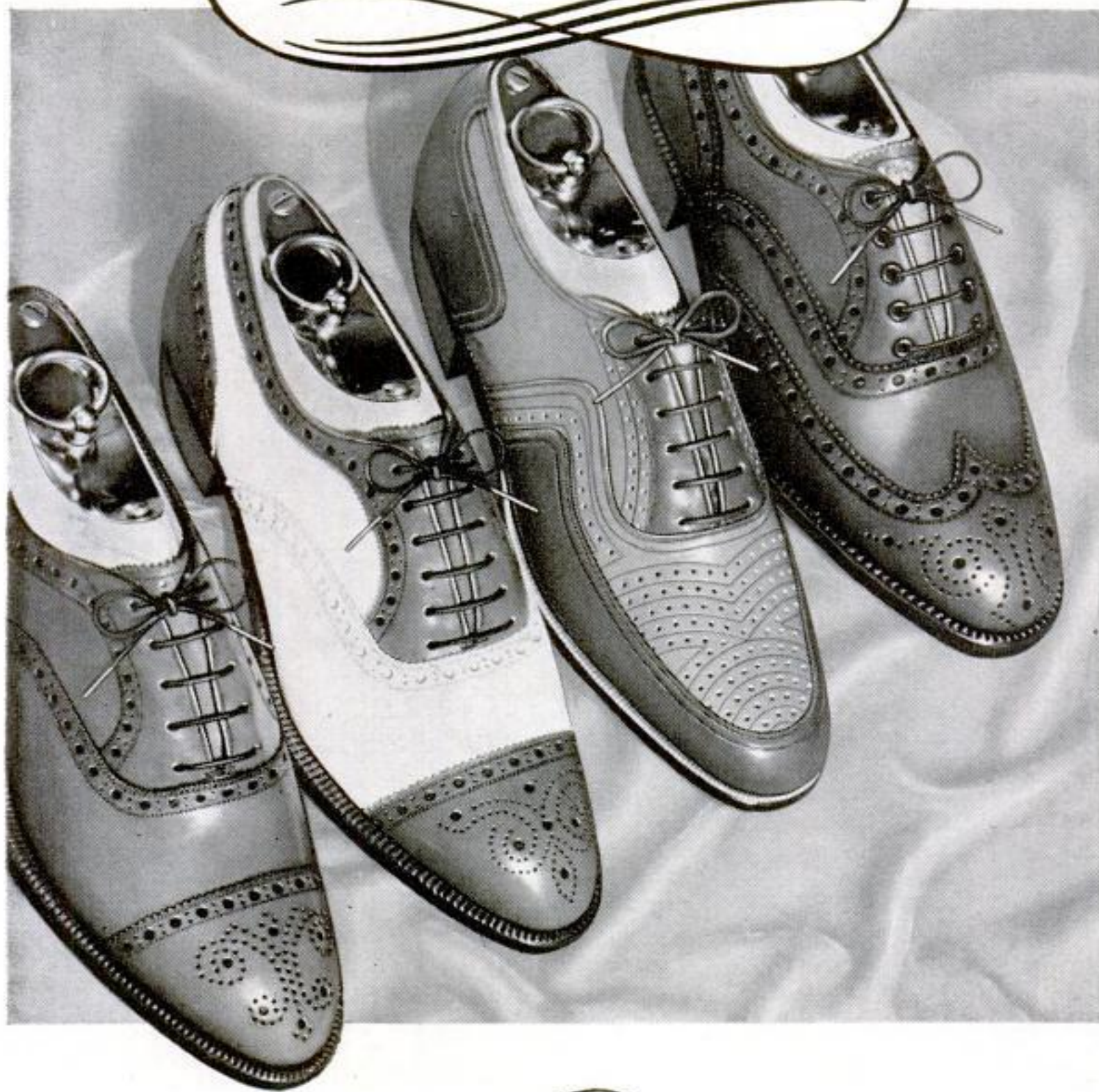


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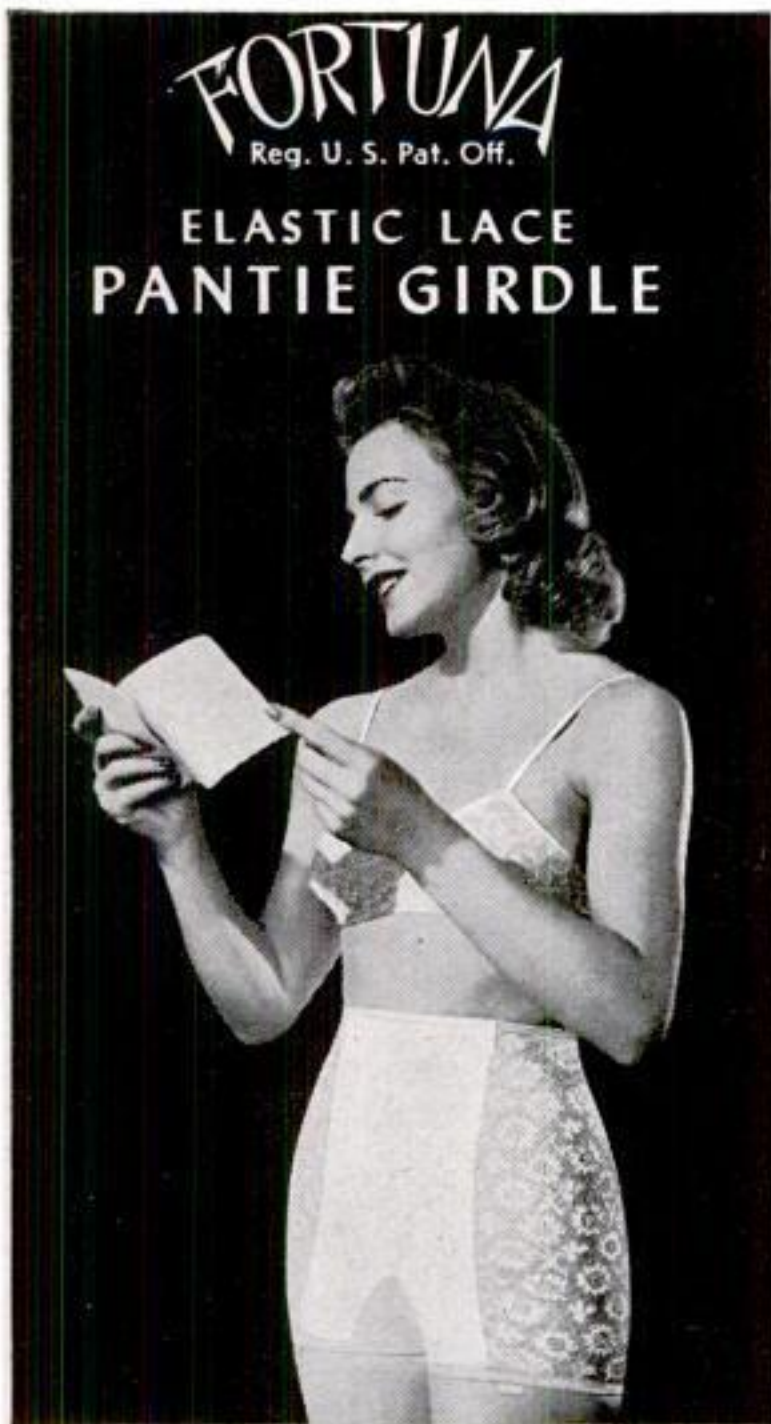
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SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)

THE LIGHT IN HER EYES





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LIFE'S REPORTS

AUSTRALIAN SLANG by WILSON HICKS

U. S. troops in Australia were discovering last week that when it comes to slang, their Aussie comrades-in-arms could teach them something about jive talk. For the Australian language is next to the slangiest of all brands of English speech. Australia, like America, is a young country. Like America it boasts a youthful defiance of established forms, a youthful itch for novelty. Growing in mind and mores, its tongue is supple and its wit keen. So its crooks and hobos, its cowboys and sports fans, collegiates and soldiers are feeding its language with striking and picturesque words and phrases, some old, others new.

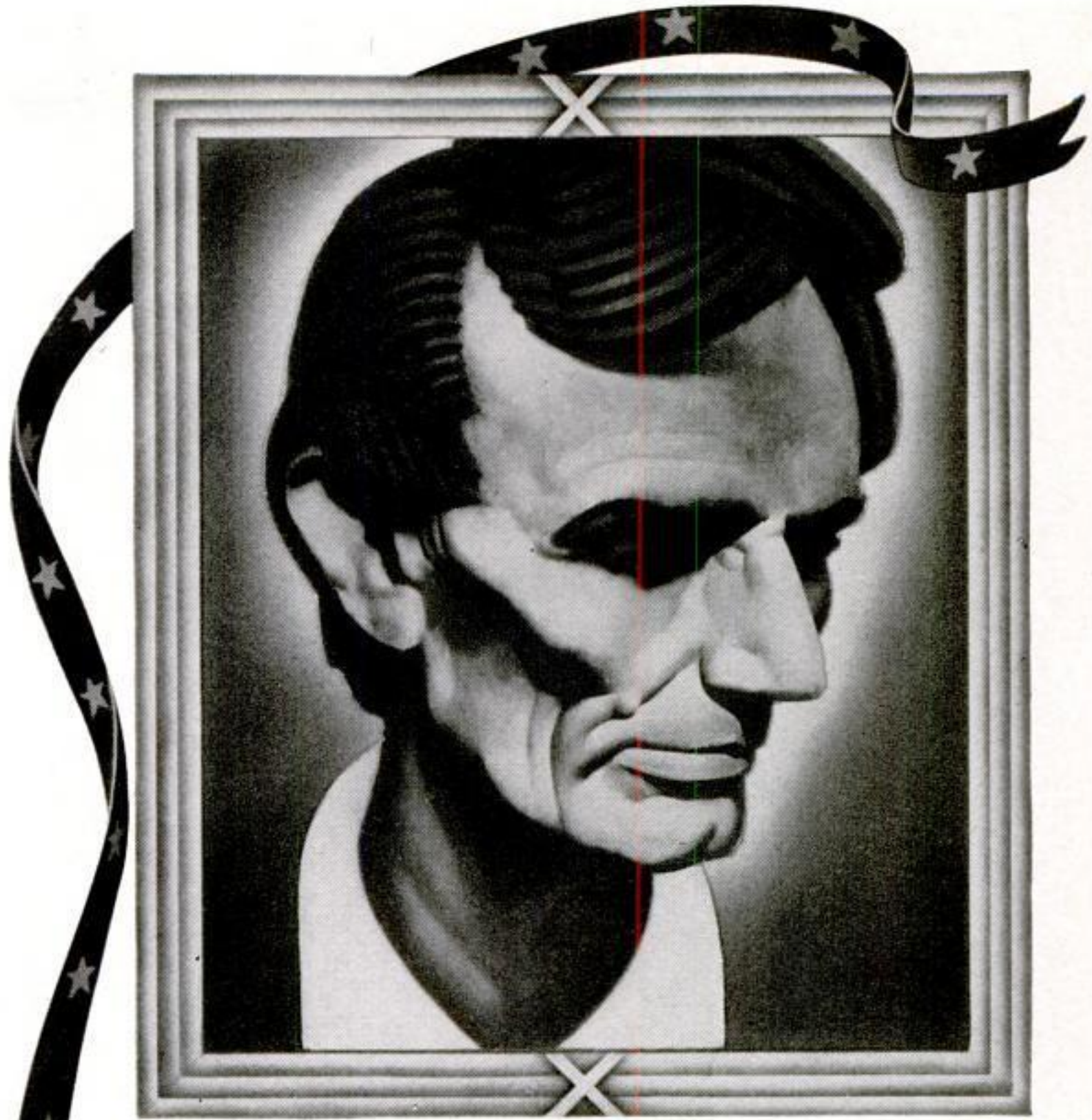
Here is a composite lesson in the popular cant from down under, in the form of a fictitious news story in, say, a Melbourne paper:

Last night a *drogo* was walking his *sheila* through the park when a corporal stepped up to him. "Hey, *sprog*," said the corporal, "how about us gettin' another *cliner* and puttin' on a little *shivoo*?" "Imshi," said the drogo. "You're *shikkered*!" "Don't *chivvy* me," said the corporal. "I've only had a bit of *plonk*. Now I'm ready to *smooge*." "My sheila," said the drogo, "isn't the *smoogin'* kind," whereupon he poked the corporal in the *boko*. At the police station . . . etc., etc.

Glossary: Drogo (a clumsy Australian insect) is a rookie. Sheila is a "babe." Sprog is one of inferior rank. Cliner is also a dame or jane; shivoo, a party. Imshi means scam; shikkered, drunk. Chivvy means lip or back talk. Plonk is cheap wine. To smooge is to pitch woo. Boko is nose. Some of the derivations are obscure. Imshi is Arabic, a reply to the beggar's cry of "Baksheesh!"

The drogo's blow might have made the corporal feel as if he'd

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



At These Low Rates You Can Afford \$10,000 Life Insurance

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"People always had a hard time telling us apart . . . in school, in the neighborhood, anywhere! But, say . . . after Margaret won the toss to see who'd use Pepsodent, it was different! I chose to test another well-known brand, thinking there couldn't be much difference."

"Did I learn about tooth powders! Our dentist was skeptical at first . . . then amazed . . . when Pepsodent made Peg's teeth twice as bright as mine! He said he never saw anything like it! Neither did we! Pepsodent showed us how really bright teeth can be!"



...and the Rick Twins' Dentist says:

"Of course, I was skeptical. Pepsodent's claims sounded just too good to be true. However, this Rick Twin Test convinced me that the statement of The Pepsodent Company is accurate and truthful."



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INDEPENDENT LABORATORY TESTS
FOUND NO OTHER DENTIFRICE
THAT COULD MATCH THE HIGH
LUSTRE PRODUCED BY PEPSODENT.
BY ACTUAL TEST, PEPSODENT
PRODUCES A LUSTRE ON TEETH
TWICE AS BRIGHT
AS THE AVERAGE
OF ALL OTHER
LEADING BRANDS!

LIFE'S REPORTS

(continued)

been *stonkered* (struck by a shell). If his approach had been better he might have said to the rook-*ie*, "I'll *shout you*," meaning he'd set him up to a drink. They might have gone *whacks* (Dutch treat). If they had gotten together and found another *sninny* (girl), they might have had a *beano* (spread). Maybe neither had a *deener* (shilling) or even a *zack* (sixpence). Next morning the corporal no doubt had the *joes* (blues). He shouldn't have *magged* (run off at the mouth) so much. Otherwise they might have had a *ding dong* (swell) time.

Use frequency of the above terms varies, but one slang word used by all Australians at some time in their lives is the adjective *dinkum*. It means simply true. Thus a *dinkum bloke* (man) has its equivalent Americanism: "a real guy." A variant of *dinkum* is *dinkie* which doesn't mean undersized as here but cute or pretty. Based on *dinkum* is *dinkie-die* (true blue). Counterpart of "Dinkie-die Aussie" is "One Hundred Percent American." The *dinkum oil* is the honest-to-God truth, the lowdown. *Dinkum* is out of Old English dialect. It first was used in Australia in the phrase "an hour's hard *dinkum*" (work). It came to mean anything honest, genuine. *Yakka* is slang for hard work now. It was borrowed from the aborigines. Sometimes spelled *yacker*, it first showed up in Aussie speech in Queensland, circa 1890.

Equal to *dinkum* in usage is *bonzer*, defined by C. J. Dennis, author of Australia's most widely read book of poems, *The Sentimental Bloke*, as an adjective "expressing the superlative of excellence." *Bonzer*—"Great!" "Super." Variants still alive are *boshter* and *bosker*. *Bonzer* first appeared in the mid-19th Century as *bon* or *bons*, probably from the Scottish *bonny* or French *bon*. In a hundred years many forms developed: *bonter*, *bontager*, *bontogerino*, *bontosh*. The American expression *bonanza* may have helped gel the term into *bonzer*, according to Professor Sidney J.

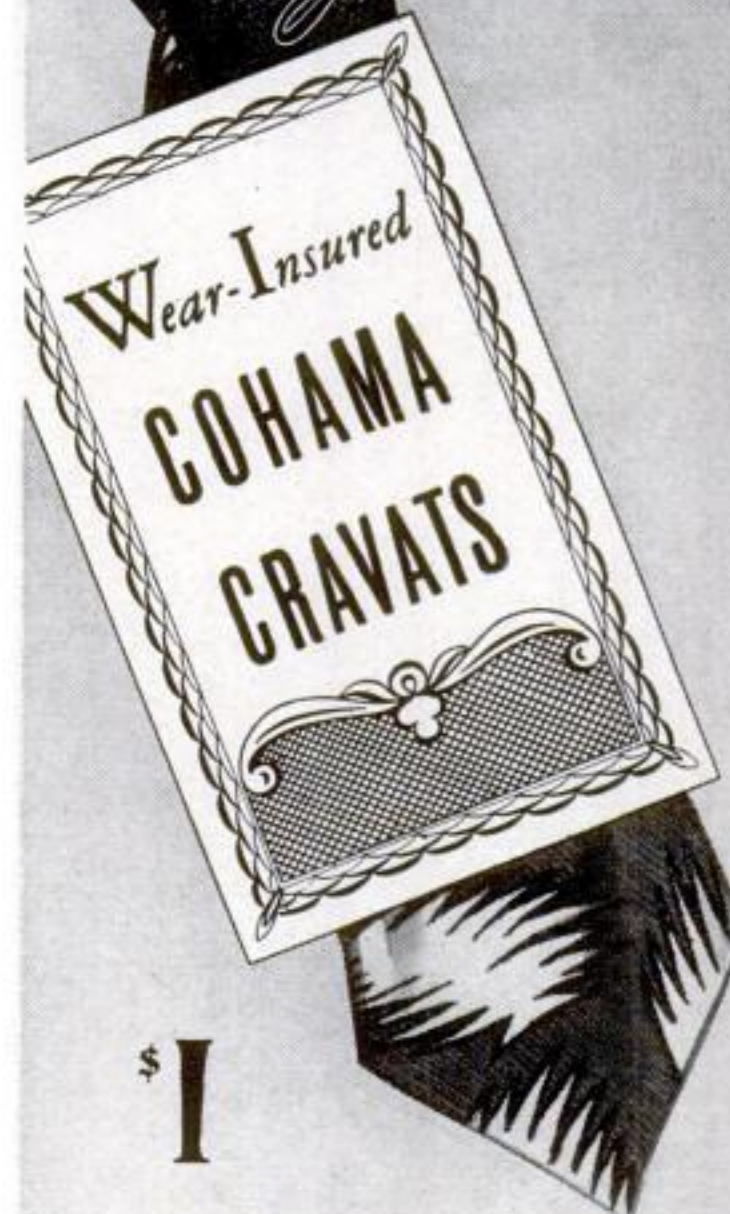
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LIFE'S REPORTS

(continued)

Baker of Sydney, who has been working on a dictionary of Australian slang for seven years on a Commonwealth grant and only last month finally started to compile his notes.

In the same category is *cobber*, or side-kick. It came from the old Suffolk dialect verb to cob, i.e., to make a friendship, and appeared in print in Australia for the first time in 1897. Turn from boon companion to someone you don't like and he can be a *wowser*, a stuffed shirt but particularly a bluenose. (In controversy now are the country's 300-year-old blue laws.) Wowser may come from the Anglo-Saxon *wissor* (teacher) but some Aussies say it stands for "We Only Want Social Evils Remedied." Another term of opprobrium is *cow*: a thoroughly unworthy person, place, thing or circumstance. It's a cow of a day, if it storms.

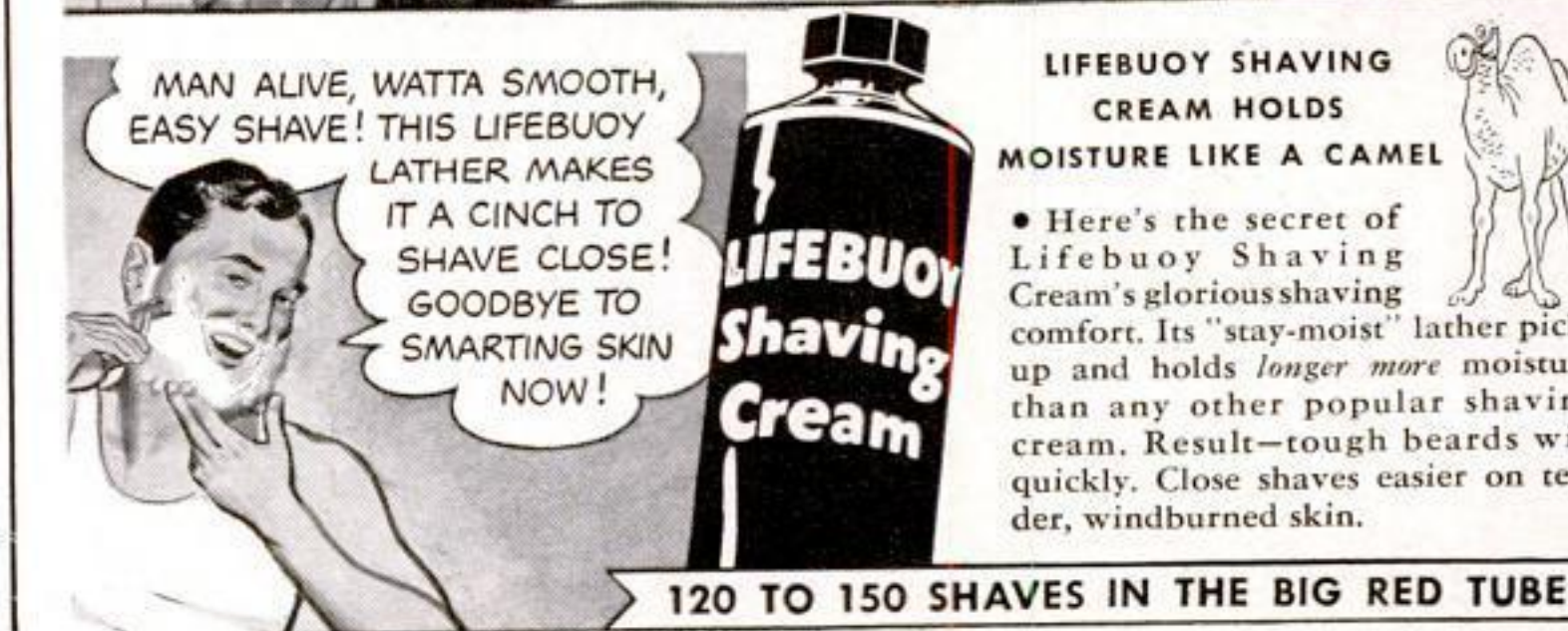
An Aussie soldier goes to the races to bet on the *gee-gees*. A plug or a nag is a *moke*. A bronco is a *brumby*. The soldier may take some friends to the woods to boil the *billy*—a can in which Aussie picnickers make tea. Billy is a term from the back country or bush. As in the famous Australian folk song, *Waltzing Matilda*, the *swagman* (wayfarer) carries his *billy* and his *matilda* (bundle of personal effects). But when an Aussie drops the bundle he surrenders or gives up hope. When, like the corporal, he goes on a bender he is a *larrikin*.

In Australia *ta* is thanks, *ta*, *ta* goodbye. Yoohoo here is *Cooee* there. *Shandy* is a mixture of lemonade and light ale. As here, Japs are *nips*. Italians are *dingbats* or *dings*. Germans are still *jerries*. The English are *pommies*. That comes from immigrants, corrupted to jimmygrants, also to pommygrants (pomegranates: red-checked).

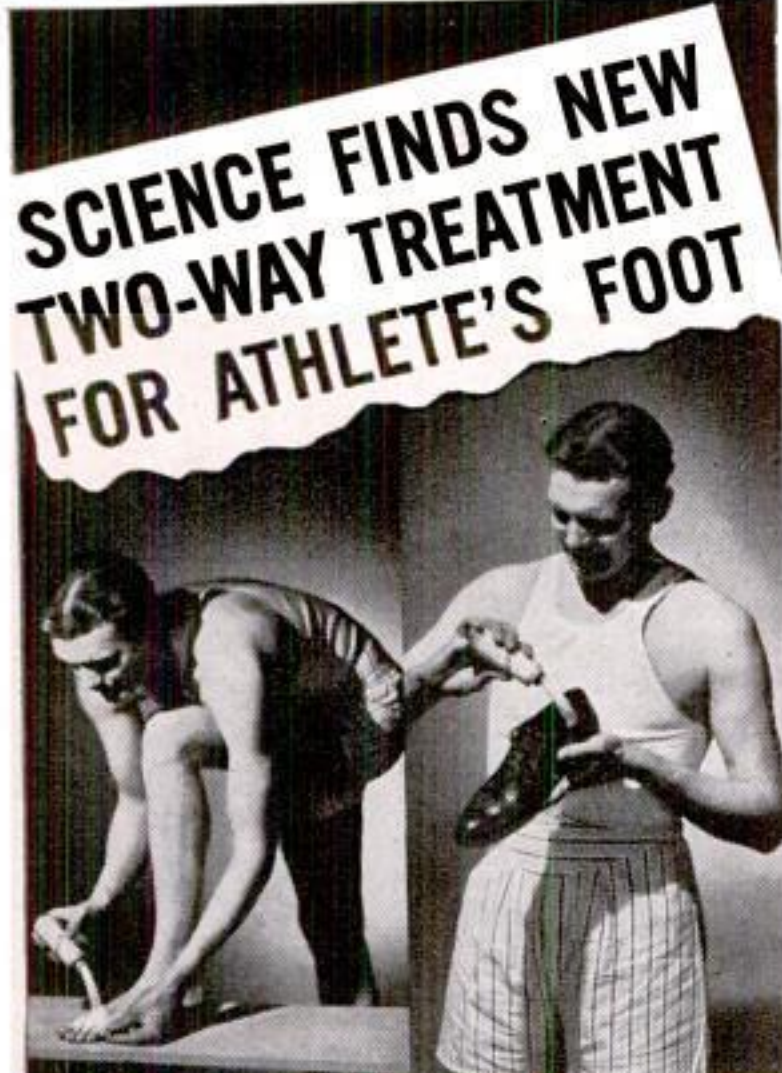
"Bloody" (origin vague) is used oftener than dinkum in Australia. It's bloody this, bloody that, bloody everything. The English are bloody pommies. But then, the nicest thing an Aussie can call you is a bloody fine bastard.



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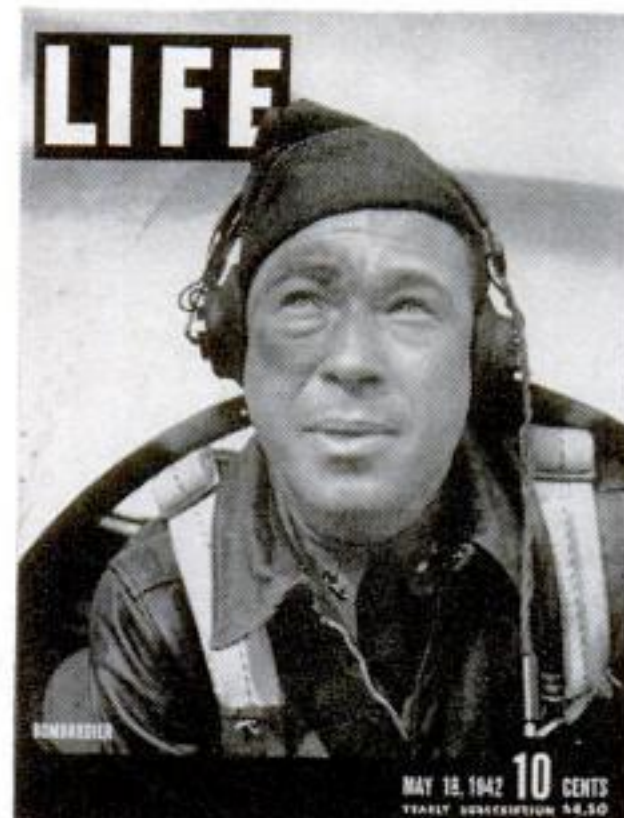
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LIFE'S COVER



The man on the cover, Cadet Bombardier Jerome J. Goldstein, 26, seems to be sporting a well-developed shiner. Fact is that long hours of peering through the soft rubber eyepiece of the famous U. S. bomb-sight have left him with a sooty ring around his eye. Goldstein washed out as a pilot, was later called up for training as a bombardier. Along with hundreds of others at Midland Army Flying School, Midland, Texas, he will graduate as a second lieutenant in the Army Air Force, one of the 25,000 bombardiers the U. S. needs at once.

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HERE'S HOW TO ADD GLAMOUR TO "ECONOMY" RECIPES

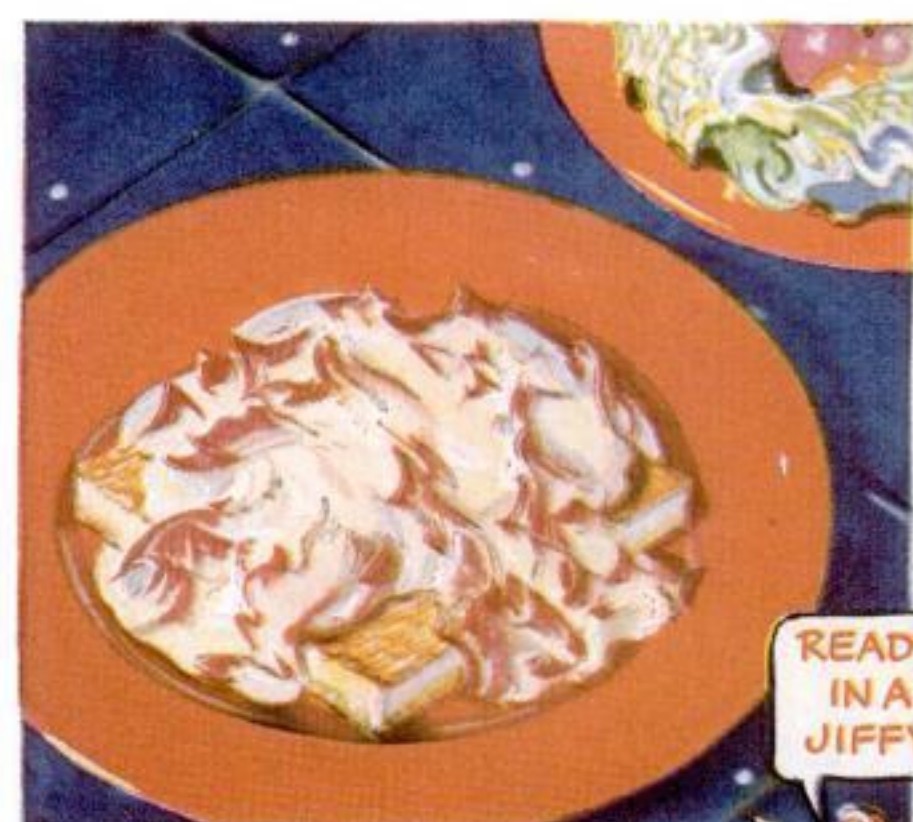


IT TAKES TEN QUARTS
OF RICH, WHOLE MILK
TO MAKE ONE POUND
OF DELICIOUS GOLDEN
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CENTRATED GOODNESS!

MY WIFE
SURE CAN
COOK!



BUTTER-CRUST MEAT PIE, a treat men go for! Make biscuit dough. Use $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter for shortening. Roll and line buttered casserole. Bake 450° —10 min. Fill with left-over, diced, cooked meat, vegetables. Cover with butter-flavored white sauce. Top with grated cheese. Bake 350° —40 min. Serve butter pat on each portion. Butter adds color—gives a quality flavor to economy dishes like this.



READY
IN A
JIFFY



BUTTER-CREAMED CHIP BEEF—Cook chip beef in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter—add 2 tsp. flour, blend, stir in one cup evaporated milk, one cup water. Cook 'til thick. Season. Serve on buttered toast. Here's a "quickie" that gives maximum food goodness and energy—because it's made with *butter*—and it takes 10 full qts. of rich, whole milk to make one pound of golden butter. That's *concentrated food goodness!*



A GOOD
HOSTESS'
DREAM



BUTTER-FROSTED CREOLE FUDGE CAKE—Lucky America—there's plenty of butter! Even for party-treats like this! Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, add $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar, 3 beaten eggs. Sift cake flour, measure 2 cups, resift with 1 tsp. salt, 1 tsp. soda. Add to mixture alternately with 1 cup sour milk. Add 3 ozs. melted choc., 1 tsp. vanilla. Bake in 3 pans, 350° 35 min. Ice with butter frosting: Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, 2 cups confectioner's sugar, add dash salt, tsp. vanilla.



OH, BOY
IS THIS
GOOD!



BUTTER-MADE GINGER SQUARES—Bake your favorite gingerbread using butter for shortening. Cut into squares—spread with butter—serve with milk. The butter makes every square an investment in health. It gives Vitamin A—the natural way—to help build up resistance against colds and other infectious diseases. Serve butter regularly! It gives children something to grow on—everyone something to go on.



DAD'S
FAVORITE



ALL AMERICAN CHEESE SOUP—Make white sauce using 4 tbs. butter. Add 2 tsp. minced onions—2 cups chicken bouillon, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. grated cheese. Stir until melted. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each, minced cooked carrots and celery. Add pat of butter to each serving. Be sure to use *butter* as directed—because *only butter* tastes "like butter". Science has never duplicated its matchless food value and flavor.

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LIFE'S PICTURES

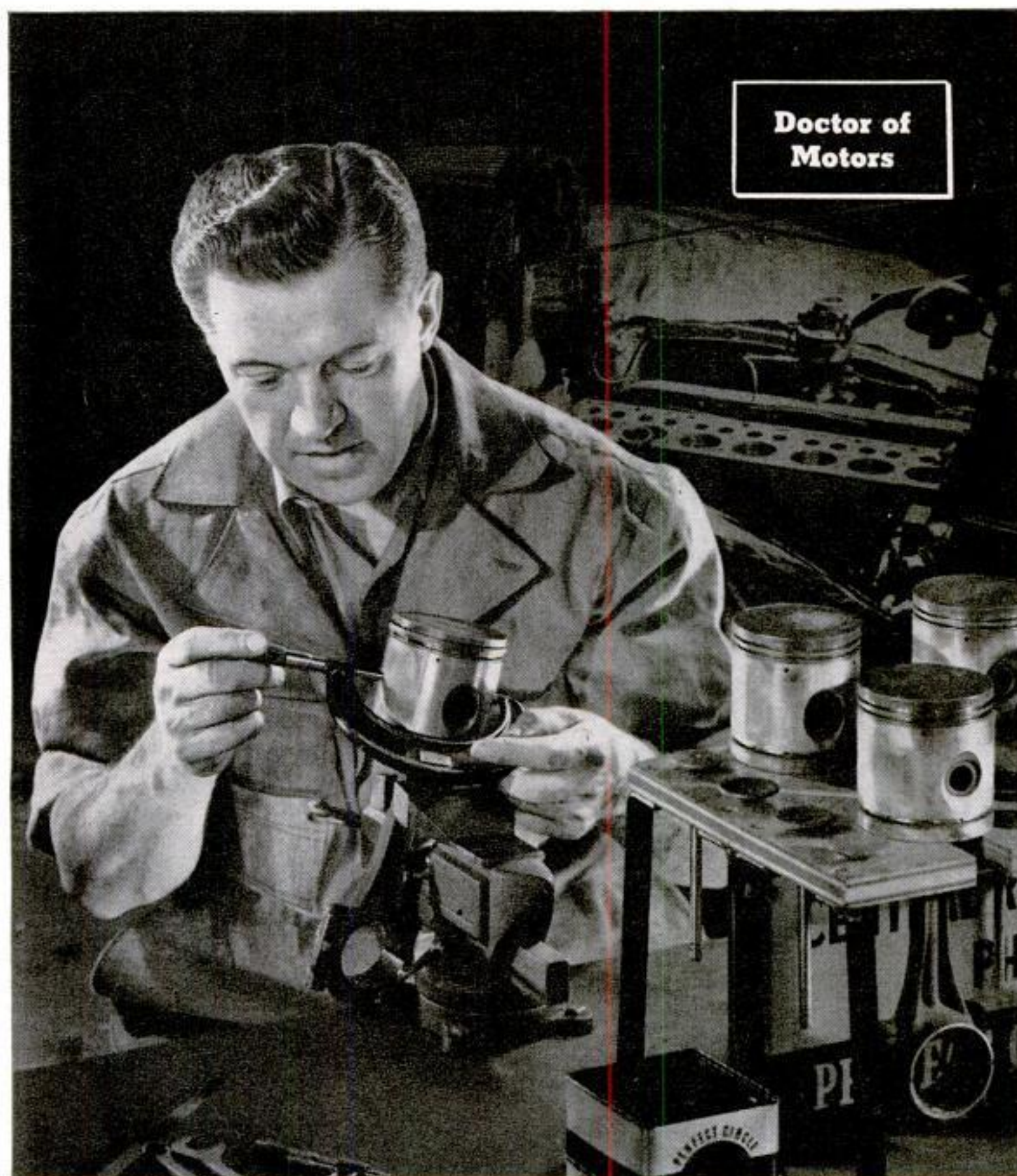
Nimble LIFE Photographer William ShROUT here perches precariously atop a rafter at the Army Air Force bombardier school at Midland, Texas, where he took the pictures that appear in this week's essay (pp. 73-79). Below him a student cadet rides the high-scaffold bomb trainer, plotting a problem in drift and learning his first use of the secret bombsight. For the remarkable triple exposure that ShROUT got from this vantage point, see page 75.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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FIRE AFTER BOMBING SWEEPS MAYMYO, STILWELL'S HEADQUARTERS IN BURMA. JAP BOMBS AND NATIVE ARSONISTS BURNED OUT MOST OF THE TOWNS AND VILLAGES OF BURMA

THE JAPANESE SWEEP THROUGH BURMA

Burma last week became the name of one more lost battlefield for the United Nations. The British had tried to fight it out by themselves, letting in the Chinese armies of Chiang Kai-shek from the north too late to help. With Burma were lost more men, more weapons, more precious resources. Worst of all, there was lost the famous Burma Road by which Allied weapons went overland to China (pp. 28-29). And the Japs gained a new way into the back door of Free China.

On the following pages are reports on Burma by LIFE's three observers there. U. S. General Joseph Stilwell's headquarters at Maymyo between Mandalay and Lashio was the brief meeting place in early April of Correspondent Clare Boothe, LIFE Photographer George Rodger and Jack Belden, correspondent for LIFE and *Time*. Miss Boothe reported on the meeting there between General Stilwell and China's Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, at which last week's fall of Burma was clearly foreseen, in her dispatch printed in LIFE, April 27. She returned last week to the U. S. and is now writing her experiences for LIFE. With her she brought Photographer Rodger's pictures of the Chiang-Stilwell conference (see next page) and the Jap bombing of Maymyo (see

above). Leaving Maymyo in the jeep lent him by General Stilwell, Correspondent Belden headed south for the fighting front around the Yenangyaung oil fields. His account of how the British Army fought its way out of a Jap trap there, to continue its retreat, begins on page 25.

The whole Pacific war was actually started by Japan's lust for Burma and the Burma Road. The U. S. and Britain had told Japan she could not have it. Japan decided to begin the war at Pearl Harbor, rather than wait for it. In mid-January, the Japs invaded Burma, took Moulmein Jan. 31. By the time Singapore in Malaya had fallen, the Chinese troops had been admitted part way into Burma and the Japs had attacked in earnest. On March 9, Rangoon fell, left a smoking ruin by the retreating British. Today Rangoon is a prime bombing target for U. S. Flying Fortresses from India.

Again and again, new Japanese armies appeared out of the "impassable" mountains to the east, on the flanks of the British and Chinese. The simple lines of invasion shown on the map on page 27 were at every point a number of waving tentacles. Hopelessly outnumbered, unrested, unrelieved, without information or water, for three months the United Nations troops

fought their way out of a series of traps, always retreating northward. But their every move was reported at once to the Japs by the vast Burmese fifth column. Burmese, who had been described as "pro-Allied" before the invasion, led the Japs through back paths to the Allies' rear. A few loyal Burmese fought well for the British. Others fled into India, carrying a plague of cholera. Those who remained joyfully burned down all the towns that the Japs had not ignited.

Burma was an unexpected battlefield for Chinese-speaking General Stilwell, whom Chiang had put in command of the two Chinese armies in Burma. The landscape of his retreat was endless sand and scrub, from which rose an occasional gold-domed Burmese temple, among arid hills and jagged gullies. Advance headquarters might be in a grove of mango, jackfruit and palm trees, but the Chinese lacked the cover under which they had always fought best against the Japs.

By last week, the main British and Chinese forces were both crossing the mountains on opposite sides of Burma. Meanwhile at week's end one isolated Chinese detachment, left fighting in the valley, recaptured Maymyo, deep in the Jap rear, just as Stilwell cut off a Jap column well along the Burma Road into China.



The Chiangs and General Stilwell are wreathed in smiles after April 7 conference at Maymyo, where Generalissimo Chiang

Kai-shek told Chinese generals in Burma that the U.S. Army general was their boss in Burma fighting. Chiang and Stilwell

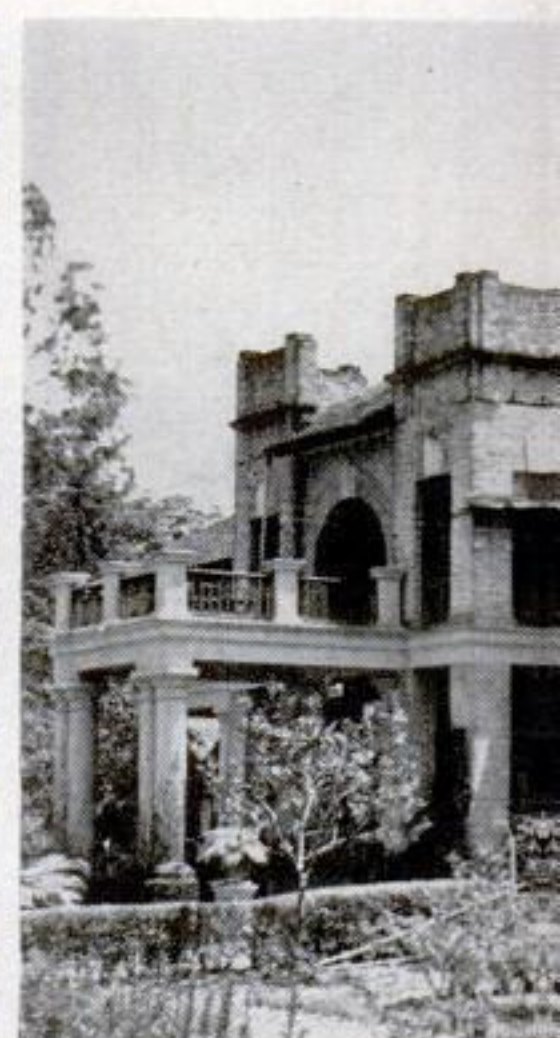
demand the offensive spirit and produced it themselves in savage counterattacks on Japs halfway up the Burma Road.



Jack Belden, LIFE and Time correspondent in Burma, drives a jeep lent him by General Stilwell into Maymyo. He also carries a tommy gun against rebellious natives.



Stilwell's staff listens to the radio in parlor at GHQ at Maymyo: Stilwell (right) in dark coat, bespectacled General Hearn, Colonel Roberts (left).



Headquarters at Maymyo of General Stilwell was mission

HOW BRITISH IN BURMA ESCAPED A JAP TRAP

LIFE CORRESPONDENT REPORTS ON THE RETREAT FROM OIL FIELDS AMID HEAT, HUNGER, THIRST AND TREACHERY

by JACK BELDEN

At dusk on April 16 our jeep pulled up onto the crest of a hill overlooking the Irrawaddy and the oil fields at Yenangyaung. We had come to see the British destroy the last remaining thing of value in the path of the advancing Jap army. Oil tanks and wells were ablaze. But the city power plant had not yet been demolished. Unless it went we knew the scorched earth would be a failure. By the plant we found a few grimy, weary soldiers waiting grimly for the final order. "Wish they'd set a match to this place so we could get the hell out of here," said one.

Since the power plant had not yet been destroyed we decided the Japanese must still be a good distance away, and we started southward toward Magwe, looking for the front. Soon we ran into columns of Indian soldiers, mixed with guns, donkeys and ambulances, and crying aloud in the dark for water. Dust-caked, tortured faces, drooping mouths, open thick lips, dead-eyed stares revealed in the flickering light of lanterns that these men had been marching all day in terrible heat. Their bandages gleaming in the dark made you know there had been a heavy fight, and even the wounded had to walk.

Soon we discovered the Commander lying beneath a tree with his chief of staff and pet cocker spaniel by his side. He told us there had been a terrific fight that morning around Magwe. The Japanese had felt out their positions, overrun the Indian battalion with superior numbers, precipitating the general withdrawal to the north toward Yenangyaung. The troops had marched 25 miles under a cruel sun, were continually harassed by planes, and nearly exhausted. "I hope the Japs don't follow us tonight," he said. "If my troops could get only one complete night of rest, a day without marching in the sun, with plenty of water to drink, they would soon be back in fighting trim. This war is different from the World War. There you fought six weeks in line and were relieved. But here we are fighting three months without relief, averaging 20 miles a day marching, fighting, on the whole a grand delaying action."

We left headquarters, roaring back toward Yenangyaung which was blazing more furiously than ever, lighting the road so headlights were unnecessary. There was a line of cars ahead of us and English soldiers stopped us, warning us that the power plant was about to be exploded. We climbed a near-

Jack Belden is a 34-year-old ex-newspaper reporter who recently joined the staff of LIFE and Time in Chungking. Before that he spent ten years in China where he learned the language and covered the war as a free lance, often getting from one front to another by bicycle. After writing this article Belden returned to headquarters of U. S. General Joseph Stilwell, where he now is.

by hill; suddenly a few yards away we saw a blinding flash, then a terrific explosion split the air, flames burst out in the darkness and soon the great building was an outlined blaze. Sentries gave the go-ahead signal to the waiting cars and we slowly crept up to the plant and found a native of Leeds who had stayed to the last, squatting in soiled white pants and shirt beside the blazing building. We helped him drag beds, machinery, automobiles into the flames which were now licking through the plant with tremendous fury.

The only thing left to destroy was the ice plant and we started toward it thinking of the ice water we would drink before we blew it up, when out of the gloom a man came running with upraised hand, yelling: "Japanese put block across road," and out of the dark came voices uttering those words so terrible in war: "Cut off." The enemy was in our rear.

"The Japs are all around us"

A British soldier jumped onto the car from the bushes saying: "For God's sake, get me out of here, Guvnor, the Japs are all around us." He had hardly finished these words when the steady clatter of machine guns was heard from the north, then a duller boom like that of a mortar. That sounded like real strength. The Japanese seemed to be moving fast for they now had blocks both north and south of us and were only two miles from where we stood. For a few moments we looked at each other helplessly. Then the commander declared: "The situation is unclear. Nothing we can do now. Everyone come to my place to sleep. All messages will be relayed to me there and we will find the true situation in the daylight." So off we went to the brigadier's quarters.

Next morning at 5:30 I heard that the convoy was going to try to break through. Amid the jumble of

evacuating cars leaving the vicinity of Yenangyaung and the soldiery advancing from the south, we lost contact with headquarters and wandered up and down searching vainly through wasteland parched by the bitter sun. There was no cover anywhere—merely scrub and brush 2 ft. high on sandy, crumbling earth. Our motor transport couldn't hide but only could be dispersed so that it was an open target for planes from which we constantly ran, each time growing fainter from heat and lack of water.

All through noon and afternoon the only saving factor was that the planes, though zooming and diving constantly overhead, did not bomb in our vicinity, though we heard they bombed Indian troops drawing in closer to us from the south. When at last we found division headquarters we learned that the Chinese had agreed to attack from the north toward the Chang the next morning, but were afraid that we might mistake them for Japanese. I described to officers what the Chinese looked like and offered to go identify them if the occasion arose. A plan, however, was made for the Chinese to seize only the north bank of the Chang and halt there while we drove up to the south bank.

Headquarters itself was in a large temple beneath a great grove of trees which were so green and so protecting that I wanted to cry aloud with the beauty of it. As it grew dark and the coin of Burma's ever blood-red sun sank into the Irrawaddy at our backs, commanders and staff officers gathered in a circle under the trees and held a council of war. Slowly the division commander outlined his plan. The objective of the attack was the small village of Twingon, on the northern edge of a town near the Pin Chang, and was where the Japanese held a road block. All roads converged ultimately at this point and we, with all the motor transport, couldn't get through unless this was captured. "The attack is to jump off at dawn and must be pushed through immediately or our position will be precarious," announced the commander. The officer in charge of supplies then rose and announced that there were no reserves of ammunition and only a small rice ration for one day.

We bedded on the ground, not unrolling our blankets, first filling up the water bottles in order to ensure a swift getaway. At 6:30 in the morning, April 18, we stood on a rise of ground half a mile from Ye-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



house, set in a fragrant garden of roses and poinsettias.



Officers' mess in Maymyo mission house gets delicious strawberries, bad coffee, no liquor. At first bombing all the Burmese servants ran away.



Belden and General Tu at Maymyo. Chinese Generals Tu and Ti in Burma command were called "Do and Die." Belden was welcomed at GHQ because he had war news.

BURMA RETREAT (continued)

nangyaung with the Commander and watched the first detachment of Scottish soldiers file hurriedly past us into blazing Yenangyaung. As we watched we knew our fate depended on them and called: "Give 'em hell, boys!" We received the answer: "We have broken through before—we'll do it again. We're tough!"

About 4 in the afternoon, we were suddenly terrified by screams, as shells began pouring into our exposed position. The Indians came up the mountain. The guns, unlimbered, banged with a terrific clatter, slowly driving back the Jap mortars. We heard the commander was going to make a dash for it, while the chief of staff stayed with the motor transport commander and directed reserves. We asked permission to go. The chief of staff replied, "Certainly. You're noncombatants. It is your duty to get out of this as best you can." We started the mad dash down the hills, around winding curves, weaving in and out of piled-up trucks, radio staff cars and ambulances.

We came out on a small plateau and ran into tanks scooting up and down the road and saw a brigadier come hurtling down the hill in a scout car, rush up to the commander and inform him that the break-through would have to be postponed. We didn't know what happened—only that this was dreadful news and we were not to be given a chance now to escape. But everything was moving in such a swift blur around us that we did not have time to think.

In the twilight, planes swooped over low. They were chased back by our anti-aircraft fire, but we knew, being in such an open position, that they'd be back tomorrow. Tanks began rumbling back from the front, carrying the wounded on their decks and depositing them in the dirt along the road. The commander called roughly, "You war correspondents, make them comfortable." There was nothing much we could do but place a sheet on the ground under them, and raise their heads and give them a few drops of available water. I did not hear one groan or complain as they lay, dust-choked on the hillside, with every passing car throwing dirt into their wounds.

By now the terrible realization that we were stuck here for another night, still surrounded, bore in on us with dreadful certainty. Our commander had radioed to the rear, "Position desperate," but the order had come back to hold on and try to get out the animal transport which was some miles to our rear and was also in a trap.

Enemy closes in from three sides

That night, the full seriousness of the situation was apparent even to the humblest private. Our attack on Yenangyaung had failed and the Japanese had come up the Irrawaddy and landed from gunboats in unknown numbers, forcing our complete withdrawal from the road junction which we had seized earlier in the morning. From the west, north, and south of us the enemy was closing in, while the situation across the broken ravines to the east was uncertain. We were without reserves of water, and the small amount left in one truck had to go to the fighting troops and wounded who couldn't be bathed.

For a third day we were practically without food. Out of this desperate situation a workable plan had to be hammered for tomorrow. Yet this plan was hard to contrive. We were in a position almost checkmate. If we elected to withdraw to the west and south and try to escape across the Irrawaddy, we would find the Japanese in our path and no boats along the river. If we elected again to try to break through Yenangyaung City itself with all our numbers, we ran the risk of being attacked in the flank and, moreover, we would be repeating a plan that had failed once and had already lost the confidence of the men. Finally, if we chose to concentrate all our forces for a direct smash through the oil fields and the village of Twingon, we would run into a Japanese block and be forced to cross the sandy-bottomed waters of the Pin Chang within the range of Jap guns while the Japanese would close in from the south and attack all our transport at our heels. Yet this last alternative was the one the commander chose.

In fact it was the only alternative. Its essence was simplicity. The Chinese would attack from the north at 4 o'clock and we would attack from the south at 6 next morning—go straight on the road through Twingon village and the Jap block. It was necessary to break through or die—die either of thirst or hunger while slowly being cut to bits by the closing-in enemy.

We pitched beds behind the shelter of the tanks. We saw the fires flickering on the hills to the south of us. And on this weird waterless battlefield in the midst of the oil derricks, with the Japanese growing ever closer, I went to sleep with the thought that if surrender ever came I would make a break for it.

At 6:10 on the morning of April 19, a series of high-pitched screams broke from the darkness of the hills surrounding us. Then came a rapid burst of machine-gun fire, then rifle bullets whistling. The whole camp sprang into action with soldiers yelling: "'Ere they come, the bloody devils, let 'em have it," and our machine-gun fire was soon whipping across the hills, tracer bullets glowing in the early morning dust, whanging

JAPS BOMB STILWELL'S MAYMYO HEADQUARTERS,



A wounded Burmese at Maymyo is caught by LIFE Photographer Rodger being photographed by Clare Boothe. Below is picture Miss Boothe got, with Rodger in the rear winding camera.



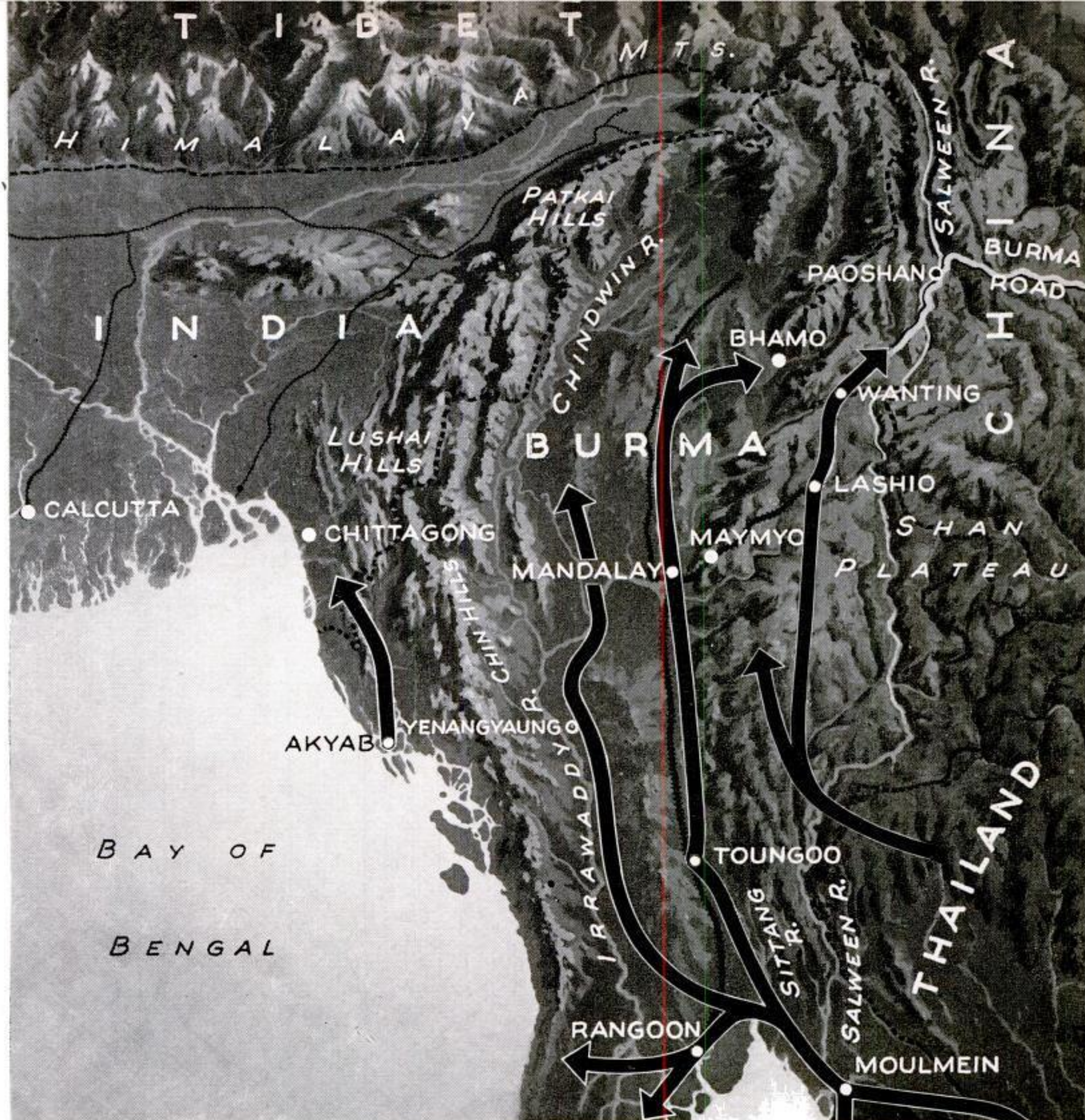
Five minutes after bombing, a small civilian stands ready to evacuate beside his parents' luggage (above). Below, he and his barefooted father start out of Maymyo with unstrapped luggage.



LOOKING FOR GENERALISSIMO



Near-miss across the road from GHQ is left by 28 Jap planes dropping salvo of 150 bombs, including 500-pounders. Chiangs hid in the woods.



The rat-trap of Burma is a curving valley between narrowing mountains. Japs were last week approaching Paoshan

(Yungchang) halfway up Burma Road when Stilwell hit their extended columns. British were backing into India.



The horses of Maymyo ran wild when the Japanese bombs fell close to them. Still jittery, they are rounded up while a doctor

in a new-type American helmet pokes among bomb damage. Not much harm was done. Chief objectives of the Japs were

Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek who missed a bomb by only 50 yd. One bomb hit twelve children in a trench.

BURMA RETREAT (continued)

their way "Wham! Wham! Wham!" into a derrick straight ahead of us.

As our guns replied we grew calmer. At 7 o'clock tanks swept down the road for attack to try a break-through where Jap mortars and field guns were holding the road under fire. The infantry went after snipers in the derricks. Desperately we hoped they'd break through quickly for by now there was no water to drink and absolutely no food. We lay by the road waiting for news. Three Jap bombers circled overhead, turned and came back low. We were exposed and expected to be decimated and everyone was yelling for ack-ack fire. Suddenly as the planes came straight for us, a terrific burst from the ground shot into the air. White pellets flecked on the edges with fire began curving into the Jap formation. Then the men stood on their feet and started firing rifles and pistols and all of us began cheering and yelling. Wretched and in despair, this ack-ack fire brought us back to life again.

At 9 o'clock the tanks started off in earnest to try a break-through and we raced into line in back of them. The chief of staff, who was staying behind, called: "If you don't make it and have to abandon your jeep, strike out toward the east. You might get through there."

Mortars began to make a wreck of lorries and ambulances—piling up wreckage on the road and closing the block tighter than ever. With a sudden jerk the whole motor column moved forward in the direction of the block with the infantry streaming in and out among the wheels of tank treads and it seemed there was only one thought in everyone's mind: "Hurry, hurry." Gradually, however, quiet was restored and troops began moving off through fields on the right in a wide sweep around the tanks as the whole force was ordered to try a break-through. We could only hope that someone was protecting our rear.

It was now 11 o'clock, the sun was blazing down and the exhausted men began to lie down by the roadside panting and gasping. I had grown so weak that I crawled back to a truck seeking refuge from the sun. Captain Niher sought to find me water but could not. An Indian who was wounded crawled under beside me gasping: "*Pani, pani!*" but I had not a drop to offer him. Across the hills to the east a pipeline ran and someone shot a hole in it. Water gushed out and the crowd tumbled over each other fighting for a chance to fill their canteens. It seemed as if the morning never would end.

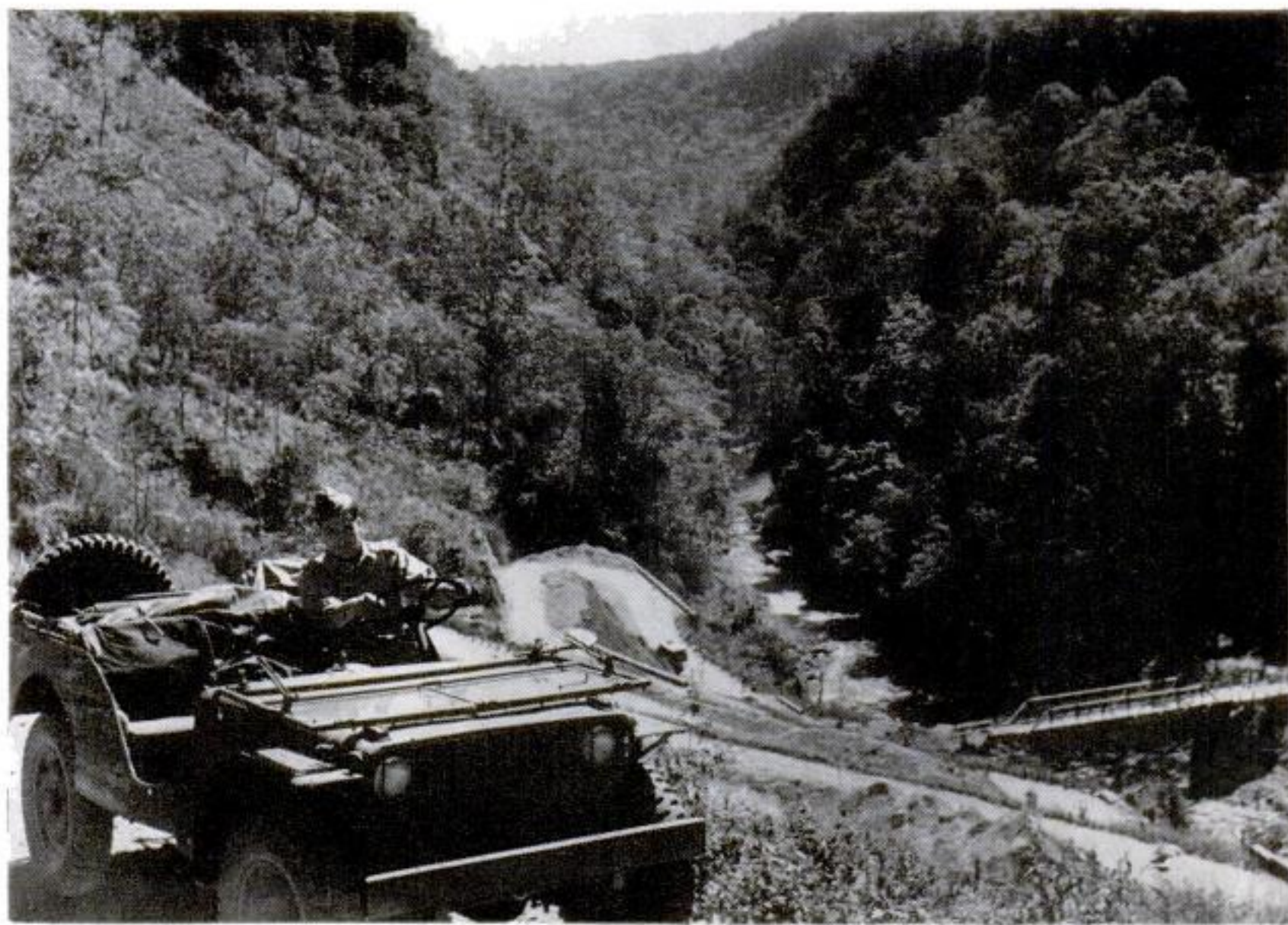
The crossing of the Chang

We constantly heard the Chinese attack was going to start and finally did hear the rattle of fire on the west and hoped it really was the Chinese trying to cross the Chang into Yenangyaung. At this moment the tanks informed us they were abandoning their attempt to break through the main road but would try to find a detour through ox-cart tracks to the east. Yorkshire and Enniskillen infantry were thrown out on either side. We did not know exactly where we were going or where the Japs were but we hurried close behind the three tanks, glad at any chance of crossing the Chang. Behind us were several more tanks but we were in the only automobile in the column. Our way wound across country through thick patches of sand dunes and our driver hastily shifted the jeep into four-wheel drive but even then we stuck on a high center ridge of the cart road and got out, helplessly planning to give up the jeep until a tank came and gave us a shove.

As we dipped up and down over the ridges, we caught glimpses of the water of the Chang and somehow we felt if we could reach it we'd be safe. But suddenly the column stopped. The leading tank, which was searching out the trail, radioed it had been mortared. The others wove backward finding a new trail and we went on until we came into a palm-tree grove on the banks of the sandy Chang. Animal transport crowded the banks and the Indian soldiers were throwing themselves into the water. We were now on comparatively level ground and roared after the leading tank across the Chang, but when we were on the other side there was no road and we went through a hedge into an open field. Suddenly around us appeared a dozen or so Burmese—chattering unintelligibly and making motions with their hands. They looked unfriendly and hastily we backed up and returned to the Chang. Now we raced up the bed of the Chang itself behind two or three tanks which were streaking westward toward the main road. On our left from the low ridges of Yenangyaung overlooking the Chang came bursts of machine-gun fire and we rushed up beside the tank, sheltering ourselves on the far side of the firing.

As we came up the main road we saw green-clad soldiers wearing bits of trees in their caps which were embossed with a white sun, moving southward across the Chang. A tide of overpowering joy flooded through me as I recognized the insignia of the Chinese Army and I stood up shouting "*Chung Kuo Wan Wan Sui*"—which means "China for ten thousand years." And the Chinese soldiers raised their clenched fists and paused in the midst of smashing through Jap lines in Yenangyaung and returned their ancient war cry, "*Chung Kuo Wan Wan Sui*."

JAPS FIGHT WAY UP BURMA ROAD INTO CHINA



Between Maymyo and Lashio, Japs sliced in from the flanks of the Burma Road through the Shan States in the southeast. They had reached this little bridge by April 28. This is Photographer Rodger's jeep.



The border between Burma and China was reached by the Japs by May 5. Chinese battled in hills beyond Wanting (background) while these supply trucks scuttled north with all supplies they could load.



Wanting's frontier arch, which Japs captured May 5, shows welcome to Chinese who had passed south month before. Japs raced on, before the Chinese could destroy bridges, to Salween River (opposite page).



By May 5, Japs reach the Salween River gorges
where the Burma Road snakes north into China

LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

The U. S. suffers a big defeat, wins a nice victory, gets tough

In the first week of May, 1898, Americans got news of Dewey's victory in Manila Bay. The news caused wild excitement as it traveled up and down the land, awakening the U. S. to the fact that it was one of the great powers of the earth. But in the first week of May, 1942, Americans got other news. They learned that their Philippine adventure had come full circle. Corregidor had fallen.

This news also traveled up and down the land, but with a different impact. It bit like strong acid into American hearts. It etched out, for clear observation, the errors and confusions of the past. It settled like a clammy mist over the graves of former heroes. And it paused at one particular grave on Long Island, N. Y. to trouble the remains of the man who had sent the original instructions to Admiral Dewey.

More than any man of his time Theodore Roosevelt had inspired the U. S. to a realization of its place in the world, its mission among men, its "manifest destiny." In the light of last week's events it was clear that he had been looking far ahead. He had sensed the day when the world would need the U. S. and the U. S. would need the use of islands all over the earth and a gigantic fleet. Americans could not help wondering what old T. R. would say, were he able to come back. With what new and wonderful words would he describe the foreign policy of those self-styled liberals who have counseled American withdrawal from the world—the pacifists—the "mollycoddlers?" The U. S. would like to hear those words now.

A New Cycle

But if Corregidor was the end of a cycle, Americans had no time to gloom about it. The new cycle had already begun with a fierce naval engagement off the Solomon Islands. Fired by the rocketing communiques from MacArthur's headquarters, the American press burst into an announcement of a tremendous victory. Conservative observers, remembering that the disaster of Macassar Strait had also been announced as a victory, scarcely dared to speak. But before the week closed Americans knew for sure that a Japanese armada headed in the general direction of Australia had been intercepted and pounded until it hurt.

While it was probable that the Japs would try to push on, the smashing of their first effort was of worldwide significance. The battle demonstrated that the U. S. Navy could strike with terrific force far across the Pacific. It also showed that American reconnaissance is on the job. And it proved that the Navy understands airpower. No one knew how many

of the shattered Jap warships had been accounted for by aircraft, how many by surface vessels. But the fact was plain that there had been a murderous coordination of air and sea.

Thus the United Nations were beginning to use Axis tactics against the Axis. And in this the U. S. was joined last week by the British. Farther around the planet, the British pounced on the great island of Madagascar. In 48 blitzkrieg hours they won the valuable naval base of Diégo-Suarez, and with it a dominant position in the western half of the Indian Ocean.

Iron in the Soul

Time was, not so many weeks ago, when such victories might have made Americans complacent. But in the shadow of Corregidor they had no such effect. The people were elated. But they could not forget that the big Japanese war machine in Asia was driving ahead. Last week it reached out toward India and thrust a long spearhead up the Burma Road into China. These were stupendous historical facts that had to be faced. How serious they had become, in the lives of most Americans, was revealed in two announcements. Recently the *Fortune* Survey disclosed that more than half the population (54%) now have relatives in the armed forces. Last week Washington announced that 48,000 of them were in the hands of the Japs, and 6,000 were surely dead.

Consequently the victories tended to make Americans hard rather than soft. It was a self-disciplined nation that stepped up for the first rationing in its history. Long queues of people anxious to do the right thing filed through the doorways of the nation's schools. There was little confusion. Some babies in the arms of their mothers began to cry, had to have their diapers changed. One woman was hurt by a passing truck. But by the end of the week 96,000,000 had been registered and had received their first stamps. Self-discipline was also called for by the Treasury in its new income-tax proposals, which reached down to married incomes of \$1,200, single incomes of \$600. In addition the people faced new credit regulations clamping a 40-day limit on charge accounts and a twelve-month limit on almost every article that is purchasable on the installment plan. Patriotic pledges provided further evidence of iron in the soul. The Iowa Farm Bureau sent the President a Victory Pledge, backing the control of all prices, including farm prices. The executive committee of the American Legion came out for the future acceptance of international "responsibilities."

Farm Bloc Suicide

As a result of all this the people began to look at some of their erstwhile leaders with cold and unfriendly eyes. A month ago Illinois Republicans renominated Isolationist Curly

Brooks for the U. S. Senate, but last week the citizens of Indiana, South Dakota, Alabama and Florida would stand for no such monkey-business. Two isolationists (Senator Bulow of South Dakota and Representative Schulte of Indiana, both Democrats) were licked.

Most precarious of all was the position of the farm bloc—politicians who had hitherto made their living by getting the most for the farmer, come hell or high water. Last week this bloc was plotting to break up the President's seven-point program by insisting on higher farm prices (110% of parity). But there were signs that such a move would be political suicide. In general, farmers were behind the President's program, behind the war, struggling to get their crops through and satisfied to get parity. As a prominent Kansan put it, "The farm bloc boys who were isolationists *too* are going to have a lot of explaining to do." Another, in Minnesota, described the farm bloc activities of Representative August H. Andresen of that State as "a smoke screen to hide his isolationism." Farmer Virgil Boss of Lafayette, Ga. managed to sum everything up without any oratory at all. He came down from his hilly farm last week to cash his \$68 AAA benefit check. But he did not trouble to thank his Congressman. He walked over to the bank, added the \$7 necessary, and bought a \$100 War Bond.

Echoes in the Tunnels

All that the farmers asked was a square shake. They insisted that the President must be just as tough on labor as he was on them. They asked that labor forget the "Labor Movement" for a while and accept its equal share of sacrifice. Consequently, the most disquieting fact in the nation last week was that no prominent labor leader had accepted the sacrifice of future wage increases. Consequently all eyes were turned on honest Phil Murray, chief of the C. I. O., the man who could best provide the necessary labor leadership. But Mr. Murray's attitude was disappointing. Harassed by the wordy John L. Lewis and his tiresome daughter Kathryn, who were playing Union politics on the edge of an abyss, Mr. Murray backed the President with words but fell far short of deeds. He would go no further than to say that Mr. Roosevelt's program is "now being studied." And he came out "unalterably" against the freezing of wages.

Amid the lonely echoes in the tunnels of Corregidor, the desolation of Mandalay, the crash of guns in the Coral Sea, the long prowling nights on the Atlantic, these words sounded pretty thin. Over them you could hear the ghost of old T. R. calling for an end to "studies" and "unalterable" attitudes. You could see him shake his fist. You could know that he would be quoting what Farmer Jay Dillon of Nebraska said last week: "This is not the time to measure our sacrifices by what the other fellow is doing."

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

On the night of April 30 the bright midtown section of Manhattan was blacked out. No one took the air-raid drill more seriously than the staff of St. Vincent's Hospital, which had long been prac-

ticing for such an eventuality. Sisters of Charity, doctors, nurses and attendants scurried from ward to ward, evacuating ambulatory patients to lobbies and moving bedridden patients away from

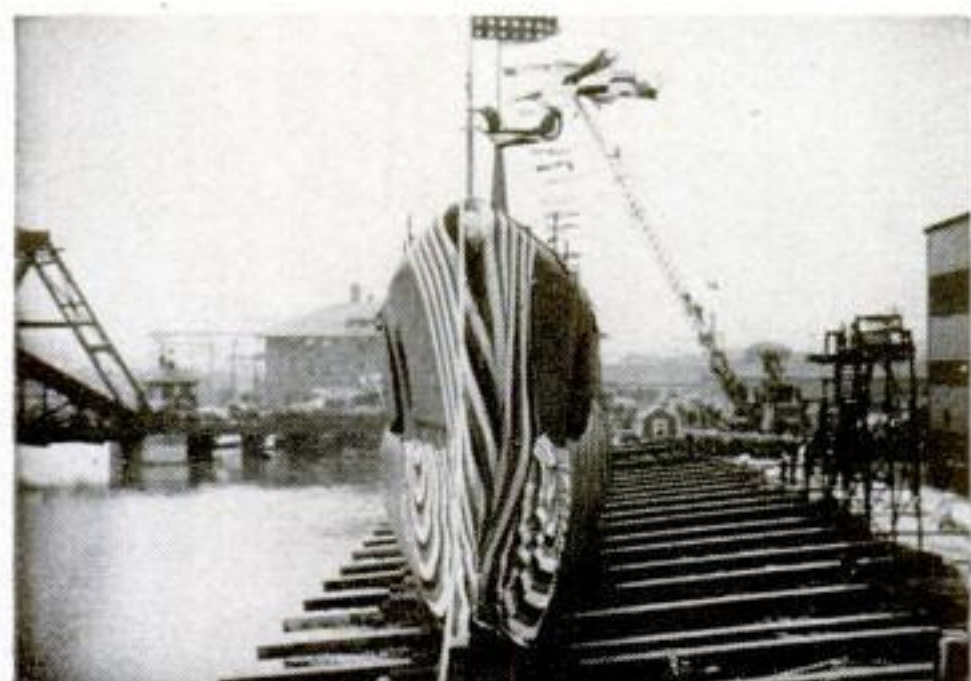
windows, swinging out their emergency crews to the street to set up first-aid stations on curbs. In the picture opposite, nurses with flashlights watch over sick children lying in the safety of a corridor.



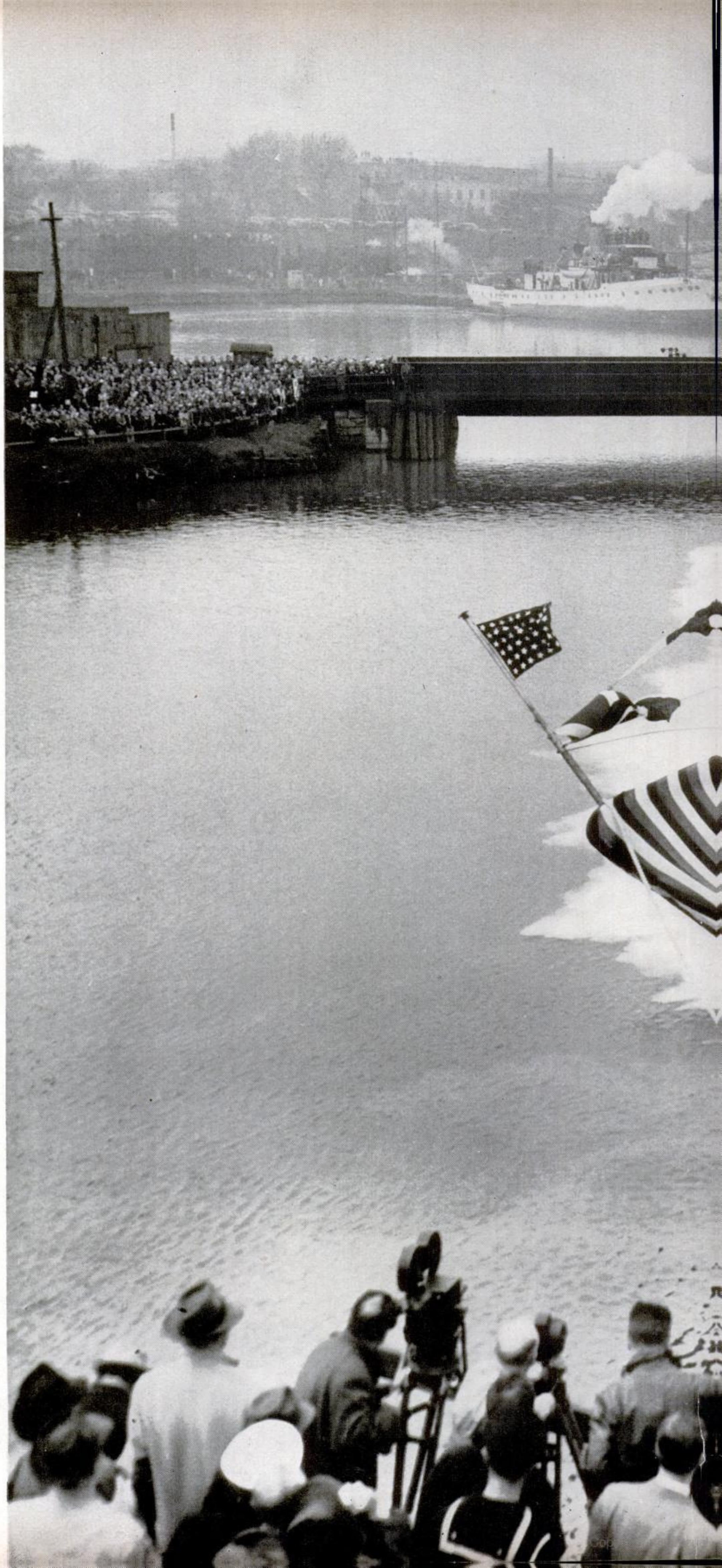
St. Vincent's Hospital children's ward takes shelter
in corridor during New York City air-raid rehearsal

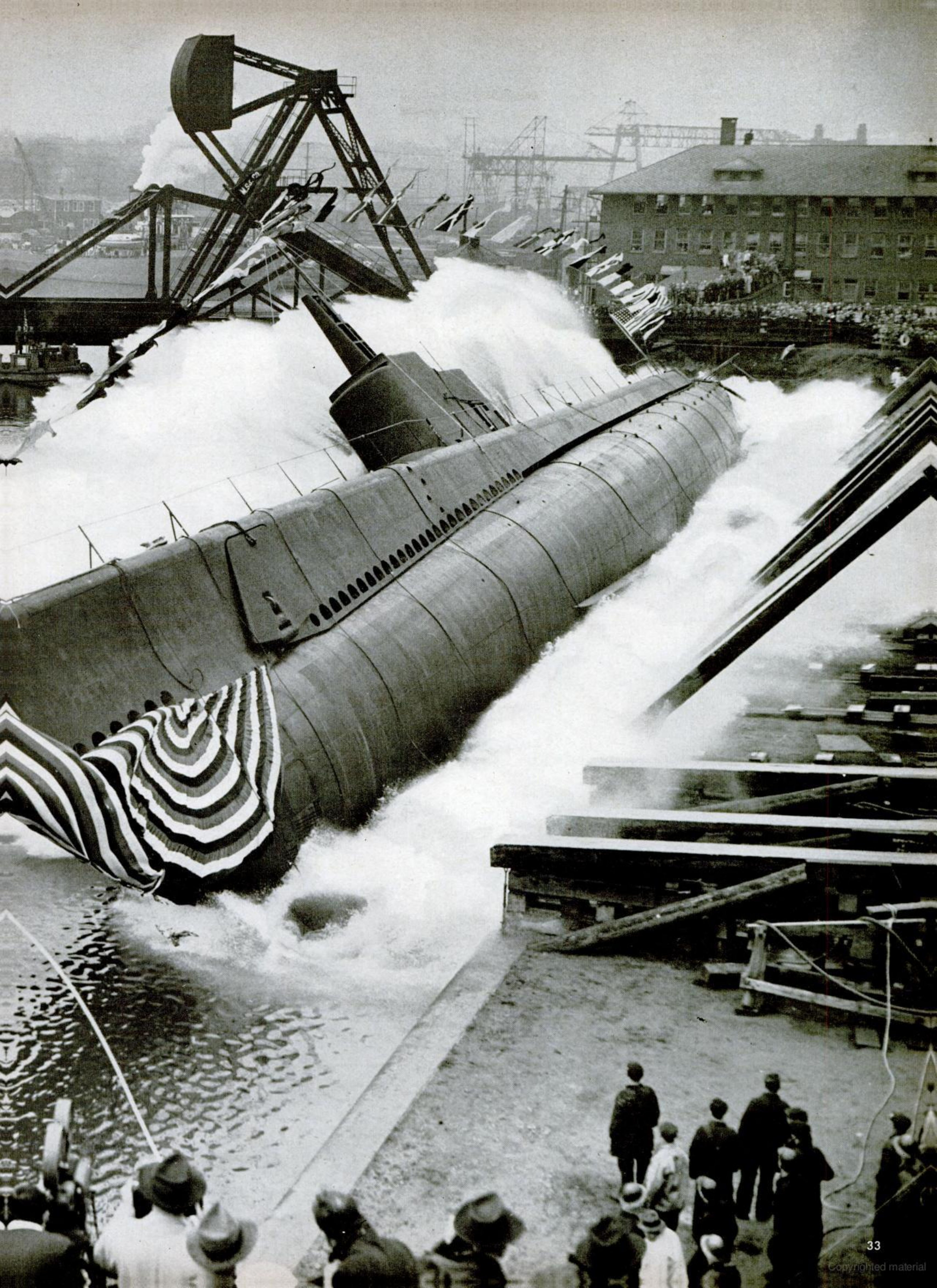
SUB HITS WATER SIDEWAYS IN NAVY'S FIRST MAJOR LAUNCHING ON GREAT LAKES

In Manitowoc, Wis. on April 30, the 1,500-ton, submarine *Peto*, first major Navy vessel built on the Great Lakes, was launched sideways into a basin of Lake Michigan. It was a ticklish operation, for no U. S. shipbuilder had ever before pitched so complex and costly a craft as a submarine into the water on her beam ends. For months engineers at the Manitowoc Shipbuilding Company had been experimenting with a scale model of the *Peto* and a miniature slip, taking slow-motion pictures and studying every reaction of wedges, water and sub. At 11:49 a. m. after *The Star-Spangled Banner* had been sung, a vice president of the shipyard turned a switch that automatically cut all ropes holding the *Peto*. A Navy wife swung a bottle of champagne and the big ship roared down the timbers, cascaded into the water, rolled drunkenly for an anxious moment and then, as shipbuilders and naval officers sighed with relief, gently righted (*see below*).



Newsreel shots show *Peto* poised on brink of ways, splashing in lake, and steadying at last amid the floating timbers.







Great big ribbons label Mrs. Carl S. Hoskins and Mrs. Fredrick P. Latimer as vice presidents-general. The palms attached to ribbons signify number of ancestors each had in Revolution. Below: Mrs. William H. Pouch, president-general of D. A. R., greets two members during tea at Chicago Historical Society.



OFFICERS CONFRONT ORCHIDACEOUS AND LORGNETTED DELEGATES AT OPENING

D.A.R. MAKES HISTORY

The Daughters of the American Revolution did something really revolutionary last week. They held their 51st Continental Congress in Chicago. Never before, since the society's founding in 1890, had its annual Congress met outside Washington and away from its beloved Constitution Hall. "D. A. R. is making history tonight," Mrs. William H. Pouch, President-General proclaimed. "Some might get the impression that we were driven from Washington, that here we are, war refugees trekking westward toward the great open spaces. Thank goodness, it's not as bad as all that." The move was voluntary and undertaken simply to avoid adding congestion to an already congested capital.

Apart from its environment, however, the Congress seemed much

PRESIDENT-GENERAL POUCH MOVES DOWN AISLE, ROBED IN DIGNITY OF OFFICE





SESSION OF CONGRESS IN MEDINAH TEMPLE, SANCTUARY OF CHICAGO SHRINERS

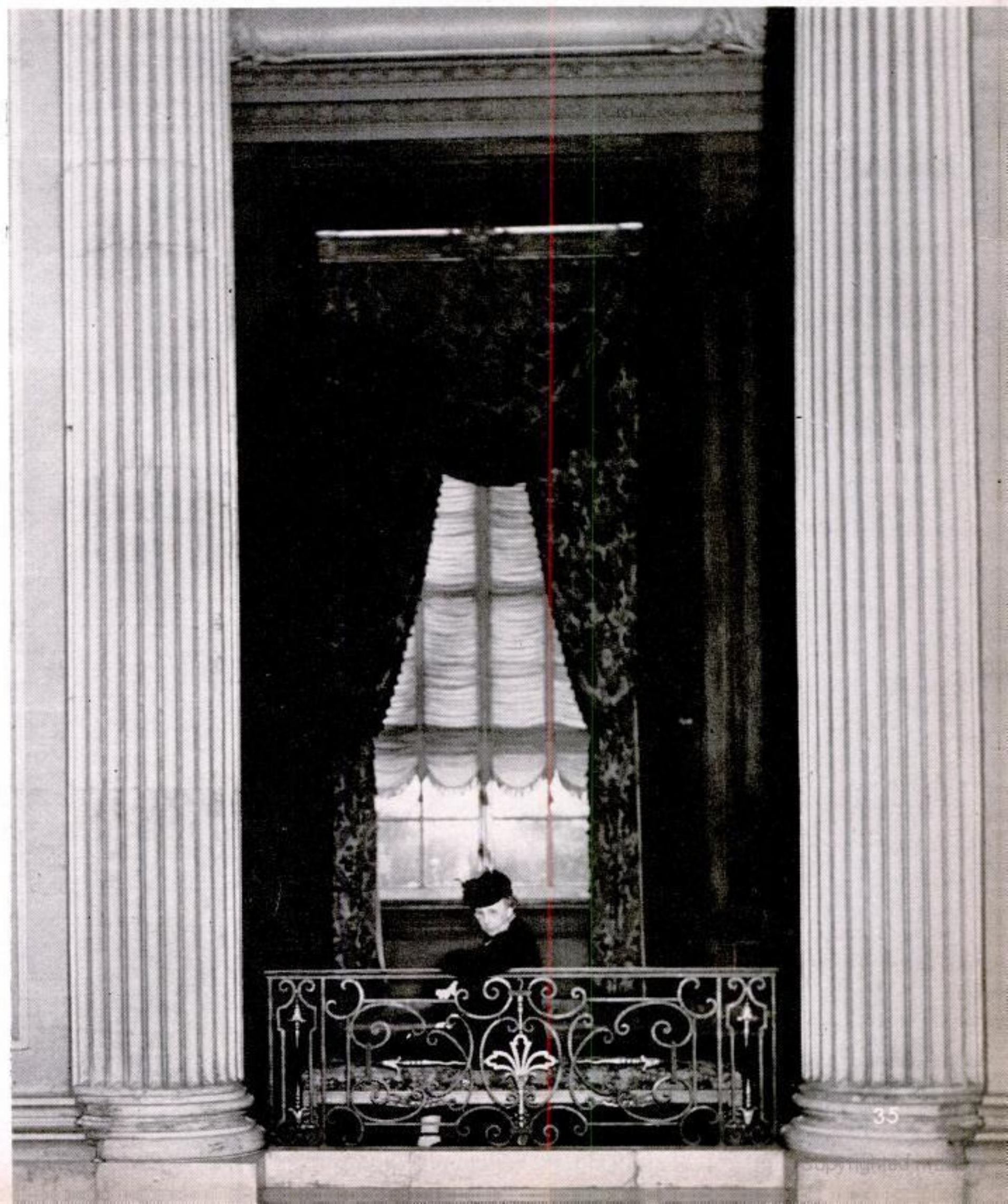
AT CHICAGO MEETING

like those of former years. The oratory, the genealogical fervor, the ribbons and receptions all were there. Delegates enacted resolutions endorsing the Dies Committee, opposing joint income tax returns and foreign language schools, and expressing "pride, devotion, love and sympathy" for Mrs. Douglas MacArthur. Only strange new note was sounded by Mrs. Tryphosa Duncan Bates-Batcheller, state regent for France, who told the Daughters that Europe's chief hope now rested with Russia. To an obbligo of gasps from her audience, Mrs. Bates-Batcheller said: "Stalin is a university graduate and a man of great studies. He is a man, who, when he sees a great mistake, admits it and corrects it. Today in Russia, Communism is practically non-existent."

MRS. TRYPHOSA DUNCAN BATES-BACHELLER MAKES OBSERVATIONS ON RUSSIA



Up from the heart soar the strains of *The Star-Spangled Banner*. The 4,000 delegates sang the national anthem and pledged allegiance to the flag nine times during their five-day convention. Below: an early arrival perches in mezzanine of the Stevens Hotel and watches delegates registering on the floor below.





CAMERAMAN CATCHES FINAL SECOND OF SUICIDE'S DIVE

In Buffalo, May 7, a 35-year-old Chicago divorcee named Mary Margaret Miller crawled onto an eighth-story ledge of the Genesee Hotel. For 20 minutes she perched there, swinging her legs and waving, while patrol-car sirens screamed in the street below. With the police arrived Photographer I. Russell Sorgi

of the Buffalo *Courier-Express*. As he set his camera, Mrs. Miller clutched a ventilator in both hands and lowered herself over the ledge. Then she let go. Women in the street screamed. And Sorgi, snapping his shutter in the last dreadful split second before death, captured the breath-taking photograph shown above.

Mrs. America 1942 Model.

DELIVERY GIRL, TAXI DRIVER, VOLUNTEER—
SHE SEES THE NEW IMPORTANCE OF
REGULAR, EXPERT CAR SERVICE... DEPENDS
ON HER MOBILGAS DEALER.



How your Mobilgas Dealer helps keep your car on the road... helps make it last!

1. Free Air? Sure—we'll be glad to check your tires once a week!
2. Let us switch tires each 5,000 miles, inspect for cuts and bruises—check wheel alignment, too!
3. Your battery needs our check-up every 2 weeks.
4. Let us change your oil every 1,000 miles—we'll put in clean, tough Mobiloil!
5. Let us Mobilubricate your car every 1,000 miles—protect every chassis part from costly wear!
6. We'll protect your car's finish, too! Let us wax it every 3 months!
7. Let us flush cooling system twice a year—condition the fresh water to guard against damaging, clogging rust!
8. Let us make sure that gears are protected... we'll check every 1,000 miles.
9. Let us clean your spark plugs every 5,000 miles—help you save gasoline.
10. Let us check your air filter every 2,000 miles—change your oil filter every 8,000 miles.

SOCONY-VACUUM
OIL CO., INC., and Affiliates:
Magnolia Petroleum Co.,
General Petroleum Corp. of Calif.



GIVE YOUR CAR A "FRESH START"...

YOUR FRIENDLY MOBILGAS DEALER



How about a nightcap when the final's put to bed?



MANAGING EDITOR: A highball? You bet I will! The minute the last edition goes to press.

US: Fine—and we'd like to propose something *very special* in the way of a nightcap. Which brings us to a question: have you tasted *today's* Four Roses?

MANAGING EDITOR: As a matter of fact, I haven't—though I've been meaning to for a long time.

US: Then tonight's the night—and we promise you one thing: As a newspaper man you've known plenty of thrills...but you're in for still *another* when you discover what wonderful things have happened to *today's* Four Roses. You've never tasted such full, rich magnificence...such mellow softness...such glorious flavor!

MANAGING EDITOR: Are you by any chance trying to hint that today's Four Roses is sort of a seven-star final in the way of perfection?

US: *We are—and it is!* What's more, when you taste it, we're certain you'll agree that the virtues of Four Roses should be praised in the biggest headline type there is!

MANAGING EDITOR: If you're right—in fact, if you're only *half* right—what a whiskey it must be! Where's my hat—let's go!



Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

**YOU'VE NEVER TASTED SUCH WHISKEY
AS TODAY'S **FOUR ROSES!****



A ROOSEVELT OAK GOES OFF TO WAR FROM ITS ANCESTRAL HYDE PARK ACRES. YOUNG TREES, ONCE SHADED BY ITS BRANCHING STAGHEAD, WILL GROW FASTER IN SUNLIGHT

ROOSEVELT HARVESTS CROP OF NAVY KEELS

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, in private life a farmer who grows trees, is currently enjoying the privilege of doing business with his favorite Navy. For the keels, ribs, stems and sternposts of its growing fleet of wooden subchasers, mine layers and sweepers, the Navy is scouring the forests of the Northeast for tall, straight oak trees. Silviculturist Roosevelt is, therefore, harvesting his biggest crop, 2,000 mature staghead oaks, from

80 of his 1,200 woodland acres at his Hyde Park estate.

At the Outpost Nurseries sawmill in Ridgefield, Conn., the hearts of the 300 tallest, straightest Roosevelt oaks will be squared into keels. Most of them will be laid in a shipyard in Kingston, across the Hudson from Hyde Park. In the few months that it takes to build and fit a wooden warship, Roosevelt oaks will go down the river and out to sea, in search of Nazi subs.

"Your Ma's a CRAB!"



How right is he, mother?

Are you cross and shrill when the day's work has worn your nerves to a nub? Then, about mid-afternoon, get into the tub with a cake of Ivory Soap.



Freshen up in an IVORY BATH

What a relief from worry and weariness to smooth New Ivory's lavish velvet suds over every inch of your body! How gratefully your skin responds to the gentle baby-care of the lovely Ivory lather from that big white floating cake. Like a new woman with a new skin, you step out.



A Fresh Start for the Day's Best Hours!

You're in love with life all over again after your Ivory Bath. That fresh, clean "Ivory" smell leaves you fresh, dainty. And with a delightful disposition . . . ready for fun. Ivory lathers faster than any leading toilet soap. An Ivory Bath is one of life's most inexpensive luxuries . . . never fails to give you a Fresh Start. Enjoy one every afternoon!

99⁴⁴/100% PURE • IT FLOATS

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTER & GAMBLE

For a FRESH START... Take an IVORY BATH

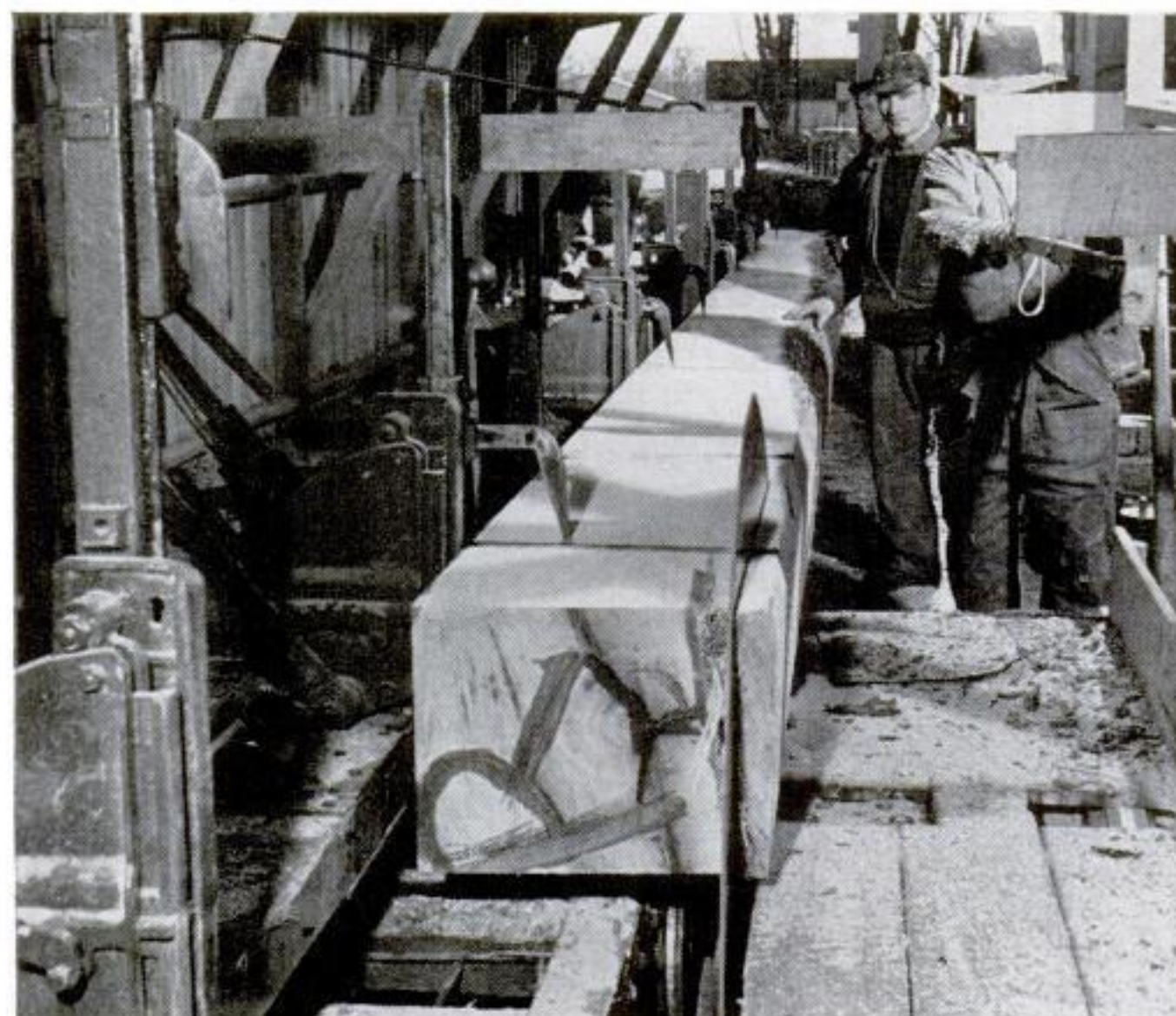
Roosevelt Oaks (continued)



Oak tree contract is signed against President's barn door. J. M. Woodcock (left) signs for Outpost Nurseries, Inc. Prof. Nelson C. Brown of Syracuse represents Roosevelt.



Off to the wars, a big Roosevelt oak is heaved onto Outpost Nurseries truck trailer. Selective cutting of mature oaks thinned Hyde Park woodlots for new crop of timber.



Boxing the heart is the operation here performed by a buzz saw on a Roosevelt oak. By-product flitches and boards are stored for use someday in flooring and furniture.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42



COURTESY UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS

Moving troops and moving you—that's Pullman's job today

MOVING troops long distances—often 1500 miles or more—sometimes leaves less Pullman sleeping cars available for civilian travel than are needed to meet extra wartime demands. This means:

1. *You may not always be able to get the exact Pullman accommodation you want exactly when you want it.*
2. *You may even find it necessary to postpone an occasional trip.*
3. *You can help a lot by reserving space early when you know you'll need it and by cancelling promptly when your plans change.*

Despite the fact that so many sleeping cars are in military service, you can *generally* get a bed—a soft, sleep-inviting Pullman bed—whenever you have to take an overnight trip.

It may not be the type of accommodation you request when you make your reservation, but whether you sleep in a Pullman berth, a Pullman section or a Pullman room, you can stretch out comfortably—enjoy complete privacy—get a good, refreshing night's rest—while you speed safely toward your next day's duties.

And *that* is the important thing. With so many wartime jobs to be done, and with so many miles

between so many of them, you have to *sleep* going to *keep* going.

Wars aren't won by *tired* men.

***SLEEP GOING—
TO KEEP GOING—
Go Pullman
SAFE — DEPENDABLE***

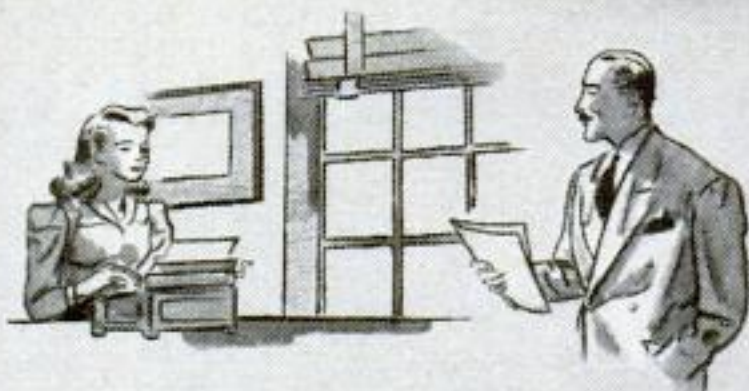
BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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The Pullman Co.

*If you're thinking
of buying a watch*



HARVEL—for men in the service, defense workers, Americans on the go—the SELF-O-MATIC. It winds itself automatically. Here's a watch you don't have to coddle no matter how active you may be. Waterproof, shockproof, dustproof, non-magnetic, all steel. Radium dial, unbreakable crystal. With expansion bracelet. 17 jewels. No. 1200 . . . \$50.00



HARVEL—for the modern business executive, government official, professional man—a watch that expresses dignity yet exhibits a dash of style in keeping with this streamlined age; 17 jewels; rose gold-filled case. No. 847 . . . \$42.50

HARVEL—for lovely ladies when they want to look their exquisite best! A watch created fine enough to be envied wherever it is worn. 14kt rose gold case with 8 genuine rubies and 4 full cut diamonds; fine 17 jewel movement. No. 1537 . . . \$150.00



HARVEL—for the nurse, welfare worker, business girl, or recruit of the OCD! With sweep-second hand that helps you time a pulse or catch the "8:15" with utmost reliability. All steel, waterproof, dustproof; non-magnetic; radium dial; unbreakable crystal. 17 jewel movement. No. 8005 . . . \$37.50



HARVEL—for the school or college graduate—and perfect for birthdays and all gift occasions! A distinctive watch designed to give lasting pleasure and service. Tasteful 14kt rose gold case; 17 jewels. No. 1410 . . . \$37.50



HARVEL

One of America's Fine Watches

If your jeweler can't supply you, write to us

HARVEL WATCH COMPANY • ROCKEFELLER CENTER • NEW YORK

Roosevelt Oaks (continued)



Roosevelt keel is laid in Hildebrandt Drydock Co. yard at Kingston, N. Y. Three or four 30-ft. oak timbers are spliced together to make keel. Stem is shaped by adz.



Oaken ribs of subchaser rise from keel. Rib timbers, cut from heart of oak, have been steamed and arched on the bending slab. Wooden shipbuilding is finer craft than steel.



Ready for arming, completed mine sweepers are moored at Hildebrandt shipyard pier in Kingston. These little ships will mount small-caliber guns and a rack of depth charges.



One-half-carat diamond
priced \$150 to \$350

Three-carat brilliant-cut diamond.
Prices for this size begin at \$1500

One-carat brilliant-cut
generally priced from
\$350 to \$725

Actual size of two-carat stone
obtainable from \$900 to \$2200

THE TIMES and fortune vary for men through the ages.
Love does not. Each young lover regards his lady
with the same rapturous incredulity hidden in his heart,
whether he has spent a decade sighing 'neath her window
or whether he must count the hours and minutes remaining
of his furlough. . . . There are two great expressions of this
emotion that he owes it to his later life not to overlook in
these times. However hasty their plans must be, the tender
memory of a religious wedding ceremony is one of a woman's
lifetime treasures. And her engagement diamond ring is the
one material symbol of his love that she must have now, or
forego forever. A shining, eternal star of hope if they are
parted — a source of joy and pride to them through their
later years if chosen wisely. . . . Only a trusted jeweler should
be consulted naturally for such an important purchase.
Many will be able to arrange extended payments so that the
young pair may choose worthily now for all time to be.
De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., and Associated Companies.

Prices shown on this page are for
unmounted diamonds of quality.
(Federal tax included.) Exact
weights shown are infrequent.
Size alone does not determine
values. Modern cut, clarity, bril-
liance and color also affect price.

*The law
sez only
6 to 1...*

*Search that
man! He's got
"33 to 1"*

33? !!!
GOSH ALL HEMLOCK,
HOW'D YOU DO IT?
ER— I MEAN THAT'S
BAD, YOUNG FELLER.

WELL, WARDEN, HE
WANTED THE PRIZE
CATCH OF THE SEASON—
AND HE GOT IT!

AS GAME
WARDEN HERE,
IT'S MY BOUNDEN
DUTY TO TAKE
YOU IN, YOUNG
MAN!

YOU'RE THE ONE
WHO'S "TAKEN IN",
WARDEN. HE MEANT
THESE 33 FINE
BREWS, BLENDED INTO
ONE GREAT BEER!

RIGHT—
BLENDING'S
WHAT GIVES IT
THAT SWELL
FLAVOR ...
TRY IT!

FLAVOR! EXTRA-
DELICIOUS FLAVOR... BECAUSE
PABST BLUE RIBBON,
LIKE FINEST CHAMPAGNES,
REACHES PERFECTION
THROUGH BLENDING. IT'S
SPECIALLY BLENDED
"33 to 1."

WELL, SNAP MY GAITERS!
WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY YOU HAD A
STRING OF **PABST BLUE RIBBON!**
THIS IS MIGHTY GOOD!

NO "LIMIT" ON
ENJOYMENT WHEN BEER
IS BLENDED "33 to 1,"
EH, WARDEN?

YOU'RE ALWAYS in luck with
"33 to 1". Expert blending gives
it a flavor that can't be copied
...a mellow, sparkling goodness
all its own. That's why it's
America's leading beer at out-
ings as well as in the home.
Enjoy it today—in regular or
club size bottles, and on draft
at better places everywhere.

33 Fine Brews Blended
into One Great Beer

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Pabst Brewing Co.,
Milwaukee



VICTOR MATURE, AS COMPOSER PAUL DRESSER, GIVES A TRICKY CONCERT ON TWO PIANOS IN A MEDICINE SHOW. THIS IS HOW DRESSER ACTUALLY GOT STARTED AS A COMPOSER

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

My Gal Sal

The Life & Songs of Paul Dresser

The Dreiser boys, Paul and Theodore, were born in Terre Haute, Ind. Paul Americanized his name to Dresser and wrote the best-loved songs of the 1890's. He died in 1906. Then Theodore, the younger, became a distinguished novelist and recently wrote the story of his brother's life which 20th Century-Fox has converted into a musical movie, *My Gal Sal*. Paul's simple-hearted music is a lot better than Theodore's movie story.

With Victor Mature playing the part of Paul and Rita

Hayworth singing his songs, *My Gal Sal* meets a current demand, both in the movies and radio, for the nostalgic delights of the 1890's. Tinted in lush Technicolor, the movie is overloaded with production numbers but scores generally for its gaslight glamor and the saucy dancing of Rita Hayworth. (Her dubbed-in songs are really sung by Nan Wynn.) Dresser fans will only regret there was no room for such tear-jerkers as *I Can't Believe Her Faithless* and *The Pardon Came Too Late*.



Tarred and feathered for performing with a dishonest peddler, Paul is rescued by Carole Landis and her father.



Paul comes to Broadway where he accuses Rita Hayworth, standing backstage between two managers, of stealing one of his songs for her show.



Rita dances to Paul's tune, *Come Tell Me What's Your Answer*. Her feud with Paul soon ripens into friendship.

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Williamson



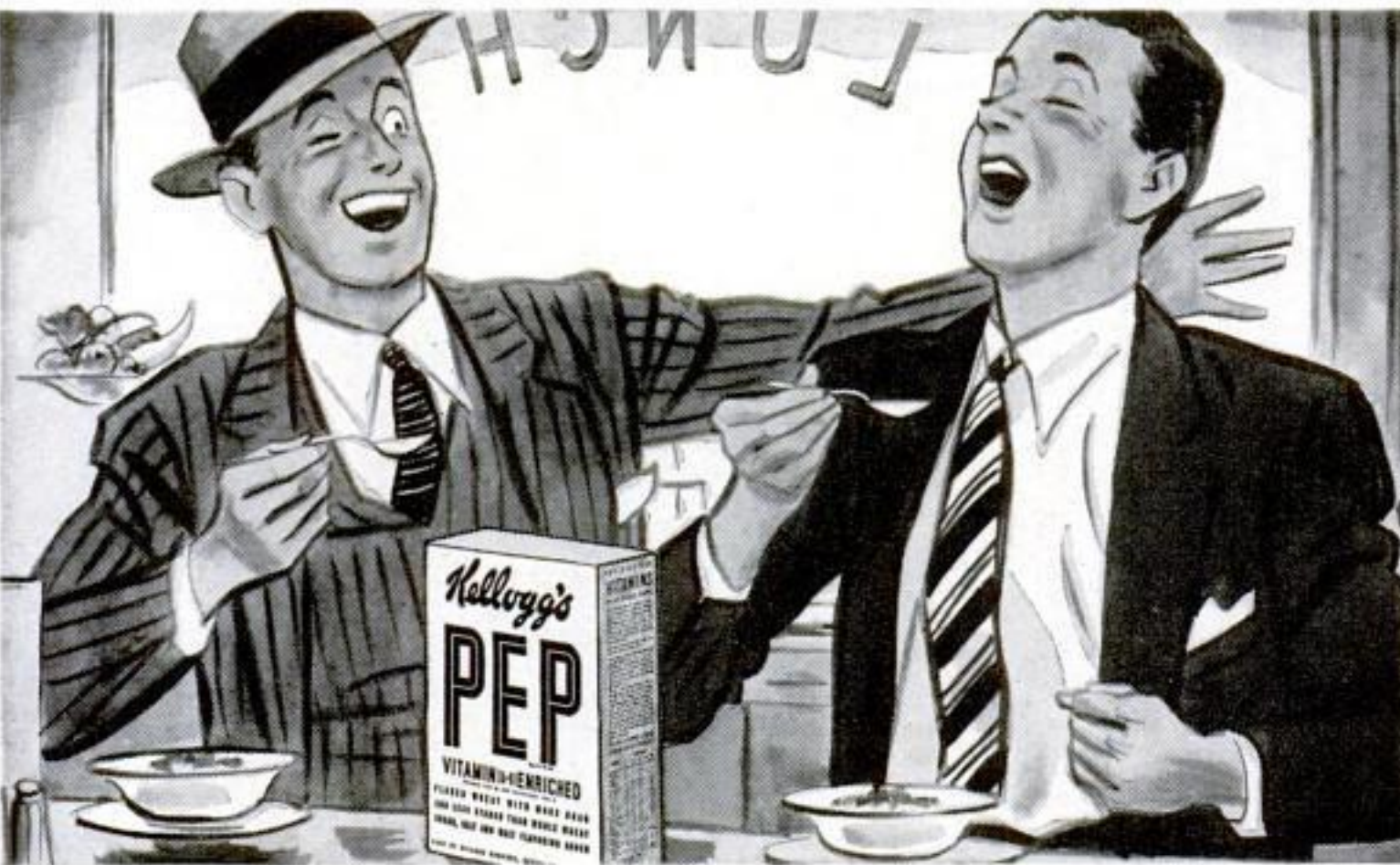
The Boss: Sorry. Can't use it. That song's got no whoosh! No bang! No *pep appeal*!

Joe: That lets us out, Art. You've got no words—I've got no tune!



Art: No pep appeal, huh? Say! I was reading the other day about how you can't have pep without vitamins. And that's us, pal! I bet we haven't been eating right. You know, not getting all our vitamins.

Joe: Maybe you're right, Art. And *that* gives me an idea. Come with me, boy!



Joe: This is the ticket, Art. Look what it says: "KELLOGG'S PEP is made from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat and contains extra-rich sources of the two vitamins most likely to be missing in ordinary meals—vitamins B₁ and D."

Art: And, mister, does it taste *good*? Boy! If getting the rest of our vitamins is as much fun as eating this swell, crunchy cereal, we'll be in the big time before we know it!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE

"My Gal Sal" (continued)



"On The Banks Of The Wabash," danced above by Rita Hayworth, is the most celebrated of Paul Dresser's 200 songs. Written in 1896, it sold more than 600,000 copies



This village scene for the musical number, *On The Banks Of The Wabash*, is reminiscent of Dresser's home town, Terre Haute, Ind., which borders the big Wabash River.



and was translated into every important European language. Paul's brother, Theodore Dreiser, wrote its words about "candlelight gleaming through the sycamores."



Dresser was one of 13 children and was originally educated to be a priest. After his death, Dresser's deathless Wabash song was adopted as the Indiana State anthem.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

FOR UNCHANGING QUALITY
Count on **KAYSER**

A. Dot-embroidered gown . . . 2.50
B. Moulded midriff slip . . . 2.25
C. Basic foundation slip . . . 2.25
(PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE)
COPYRIGHT 1942, JULIUS KAYSER & CO.

be wiser buy Kayser underwear

gloves
hosiery

OUR GOVERNMENT URGES US TO
EAT NUTRITIONAL FOODS

Fortify your family's
wartime diet with

Nutritious **MOR**



George Rector
Food Consultant
to Wilson & Co.



MOR is all Meat—rich in
VITAMINS, ENERGY and GOOD EATING



MOR is doing its part, helping to keep our Fighting Forces well fed. It's one of the many choice foods on Uncle Sam's menu.

On the Home Front, nutritious MOR is helping to keep production workers "on schedule." Use MOR for box lunches and for every occasion, cold or hot.

MOR is juicy, tender, cured pork shoulder meat. MOR is temptingly spiced to give it a delicious flavor. MOR is a natural source of protein, Vitamin B₁, minerals and energy.

MOR is economical, too—no bone, no gristle—NO WASTE. Eight dinner-thick slices or sixteen sandwich-size slices to the can.

TRY THIS HEARTY
EASY-ON-THE-COOK DINNER

SERVES 4 COOKING TIME: 20 MINUTES
MOR SLICES (browned) CORN ON COB
CAULIFLOWER CREOLE HARD ROLLS
TOSSED GREEN SALAD
STRAWBERRY CHIFFON PIE

PREPARATION TIPS: Slice MOR in 8 dinner size slices. Brown in butter. Top cooked whole cauliflower with tomato sauce. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs.
N. B.—Conserve on sugar supply with packaged strawberry gelatine.

Also, serve MOR baked, broiled, fried or sliced cold. Eat MOR Victory Sandwiches.



IT'S "QUICK AS
A WINK" FOR
LUNCH BOX
SANDWICHES



The Wilson label protects your table

"My Gal Sal" (continued)



Paul composes a song, *Oh The Pity Of It All*, for Rita while his friend, John L. Sullivan, chimes in on the chorus. This is one of the new song hits written for the movie.

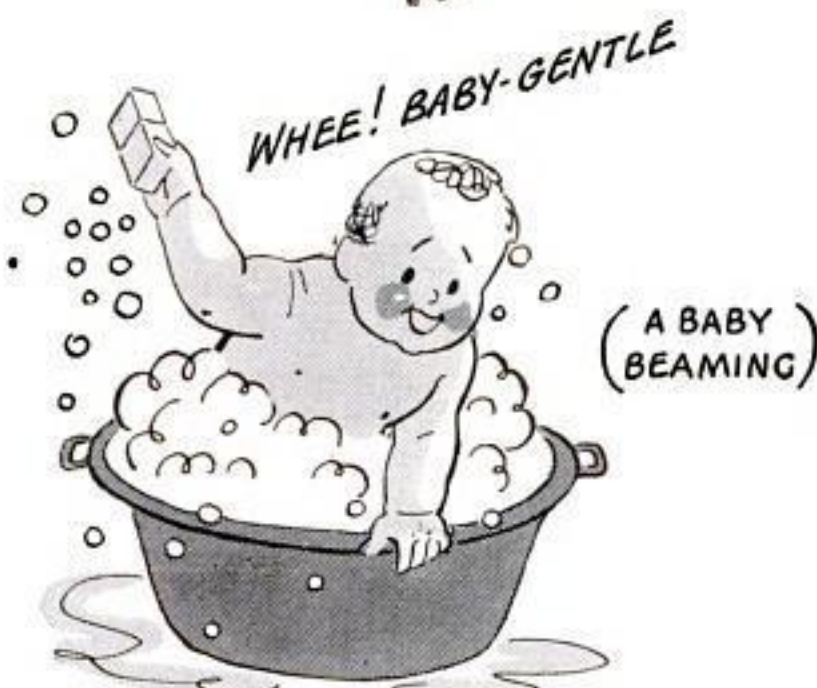


Paul moves in on Rita Hayworth, subjects her to a whirlwind wooing. In this role Victor Mature plays his fourth heavy lover since he returned to Hollywood a year ago.



Rita listens to a new hit sent to her by Dresser. Called *My Gal Sal*, it was one of Paul Dresser's greatest numbers and, in the movie, serves to unite the lovers in marriage.

SWAN up, folks, 'cause Swan sure is A Baby-Gentle sudsin' whiz!

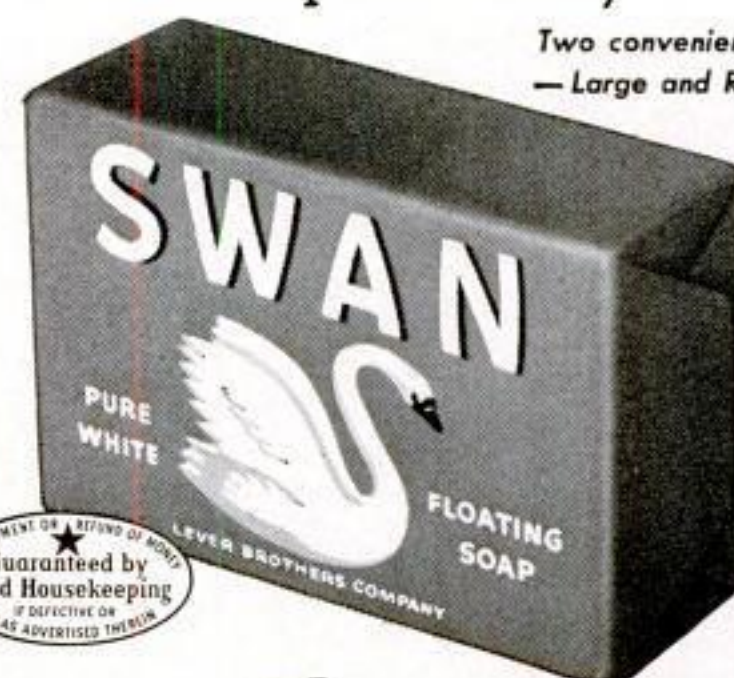


You cannot buy a purer soap
Than baby-gentle Swan.
No wonder it's the sudser
That babies beam upon!



Swan goes *swoosh!* and ooh what suds!
Fast'n, rich'n, creamy...
For doing dishes folks all say
Swan soap is a dreamy!

Two convenient sizes
— Large and Regular



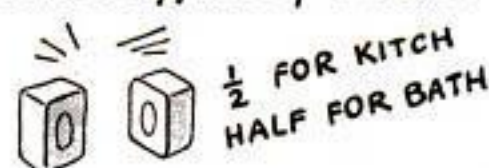
Because it's extra kind to hands
Folks use Swan for all soaping.
The duper-mildness of Swan suds
Will win you, too, I'm hoping!



I'd like to say just one word more.
Silks an' woolies both adore
The baby-gentle suds Swan makes—
So won't you try a dozen cakes?



If you like suds aplenty
And yet you want to save
Just buy some Swan and try it.
Oh! Lady, will you rave!



P.S. Don't forget, when a
Swan bar breaks, you get two
thrifty handsome cakes!

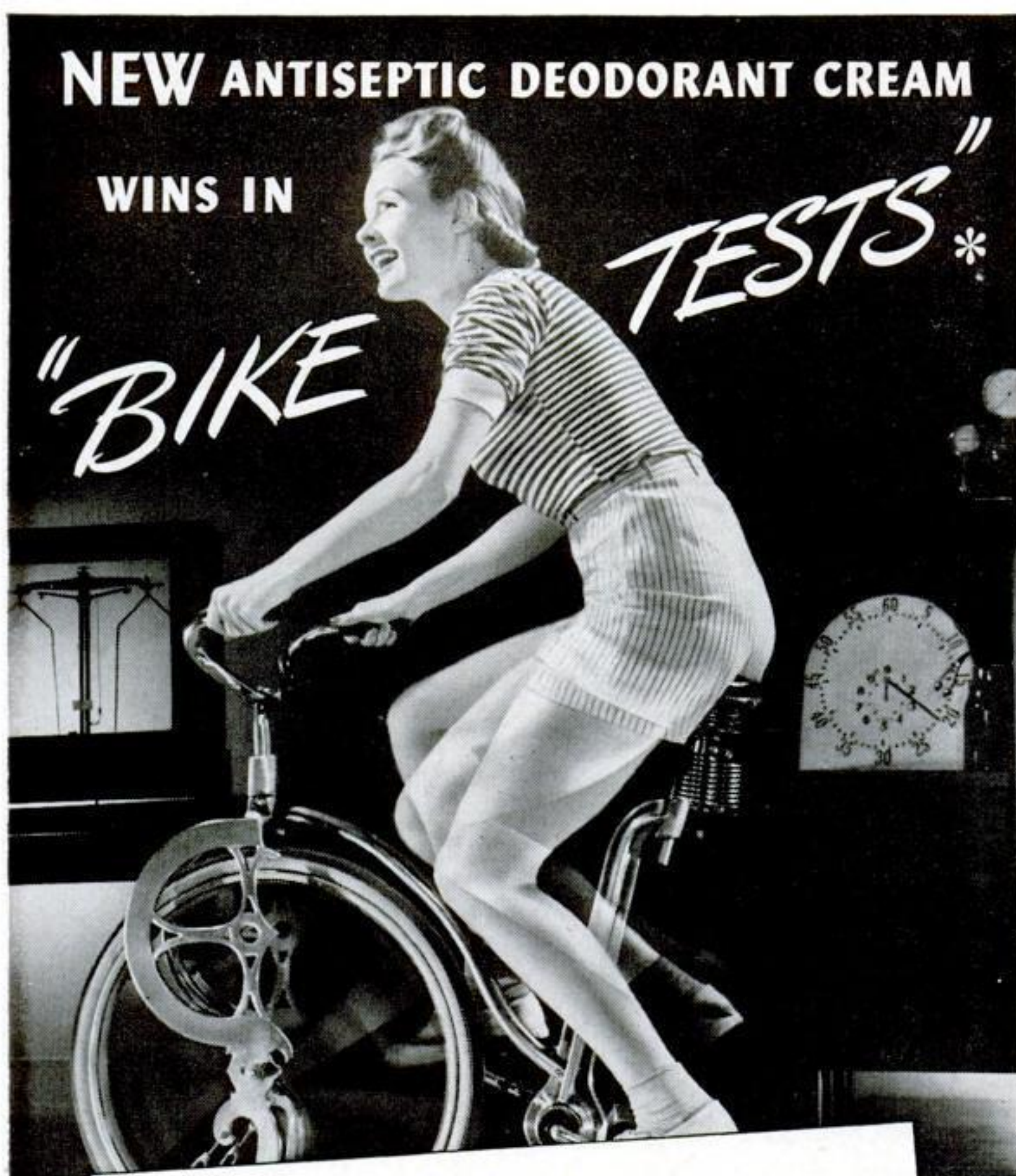
SWAN

The baby-gentle
floating soap that's
a sudsin' whiz!



MADE BY LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

NEW ANTISEPTIC DEODORANT CREAM
WINS IN
"BIKE TESTS"



OVER 24% MORE EFFECTIVE AGAINST PERSPIRATION ODOR

—than the two other most popular deodorant creams tested ... 24% to 48% more effective... according to impartial laboratory "bike tests" in a great university—using the newly perfected sensitive precision instrument, the olfactometer, to measure under-arm odor for the first time. In these tests, the new Etiquet Deodorant Cream gave "bike" exercisers over 24% MORE PROTECTION!* Details sent upon request.

Etiquet WORKS 5 WAYS

Copyright, 1942, by Lehn & Fink Products Corporation, Bloomfield, N. J.

1. **STOPS** under-arm perspiration *odor* 1 to 3 days.
2. **STOPS** under-arm perspiration *itself* 1 to 3 days.
3. **PURE**, soothing, antiseptic. Not irritating to normal skin. Safe to use every day. Smells nice and fragrant!
4. **PREVENTS** clothes-stains, clothes-rot due to perspiration.
5. **WORKS FAST** *invisibly*—disappears from sight. Not greasy, not sticky. No need to rinse off. Dab on . . . dress . . . dash!

TRIAL SIZE YOUR GIFT

WITH 39¢ JAR. Try gift jar **FREE**. If not satisfied, return large jar unopened, get **MONEY BACK**. Made by makers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. At toilet goods counters. Also 10¢ size.



Etiquet DEODORANT CREAM

Stops Under-arm Perspiration and Odor 1 to 3 Days



COOL AND COMFORTABLE, THIS SHORT, SLEEPER ALSO CONSERVES MATERIAL

CONSERVATION REACHES INTO BED,

That the conservation program will eventually affect almost everything in everyday use is an accepted fact. That it would reach right down under the bedcovers and cut off the bottoms of one's nightgown and pajamas comes as a surprise. Without benefit of WPB regulations several makers of intimate feminine wearing apparel have launched several fabric-saving innovations. Among them are 1) short-sleeved nightshirts which save over half



SUMMER VERSION OF MAN'S NIGHTSHIRT ADAPTED TO WOMAN'S NIGHTGOWN

SNIPS OFF BOTTOMS OF NIGHTGOWNS

a yard of material, 2) short-sleeved knee-length one-piece pajamas which take one yard less material than regular pajamas, 3) long-sleeved short nightgowns on which savings are so slight as to be negligible. Short sleepers are practical because they don't twist, are cooler for summer wear, can double as blouses when worn under slacks and will not produce bulky bulges. Above are examples of short nightgowns. Turn page for short pajamas.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



**What a difference when breakfast tastes good—
and also has VITAMIN B₁ as NATURE provides it***

"I've found a way to start my husband off right every morning. We breakfast on foods that give us food values essential to family fitness. And so simple—Nabisco Shredded Wheat

and milk with fruit or berries. He loves that refreshing nut-like taste of toasted 100% whole wheat. We never get tired of it because it 'wears well,' it keeps on pleasing, day after day."



HAPPY, SUCCESSFUL DAYS begin with the proper breakfast. Common sense says that this 100% whole grain food, Nabisco Shredded Wheat, gives us important food values for busy mornings.



CHILDREN ESPECIALLY need energy foods—substantial breakfasts made from 100% whole grain. Wise mothers know Nabisco Shredded Wheat is a good source of Vitamin B₁ as Nature provides it.



Baked by **NABISCO** . . . NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

INHALING

needn't worry YOUR throat!



THERE'S a lot of difference in cigarettes!

And here's how the five most popular brands stack up—as compared by eminent doctors:*

The other four brands averaged more than three times as irritant as PHILIP MORRIS

And this irritation—from the other four—lasted more than five times as long!

Sure, you inhale. All smokers do. So—be sure about your cigarette!



**REAL PROTECTION
ADDED TO
FINER PLEASURE!**

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S Finest CIGARETTE

(*Reported in authoritative medical journals.)

Short Sleepers (continued)



"Night-n-day" is Lord & Taylor's name for abbreviated all-in-one pajamas. The model above has drop seat. When worn under slacks, top serves as blouse, bottom as shorts.

The Best from 4 Great Distilling States
Now in ONE Great Whiskey*

INDIANA FOR
SMOOTHNESS

PENNSYLVANIA FOR
BODY

KENTUCKY FOR
RICHNESS

MARYLAND FOR
BOUQUET

Drink
SCHENLEY
THE TASTE IT TAKES
4 STATES TO MAKE

***BLENDED WITH THE FINEST NEUTRAL GRAIN SPIRITS FOR PERFECT MILDNESS!**
SCHENLEY, 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. SCHENLEY RESERVE, 67% Grain Neutral Spirits. Both BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corp., N.Y.C.

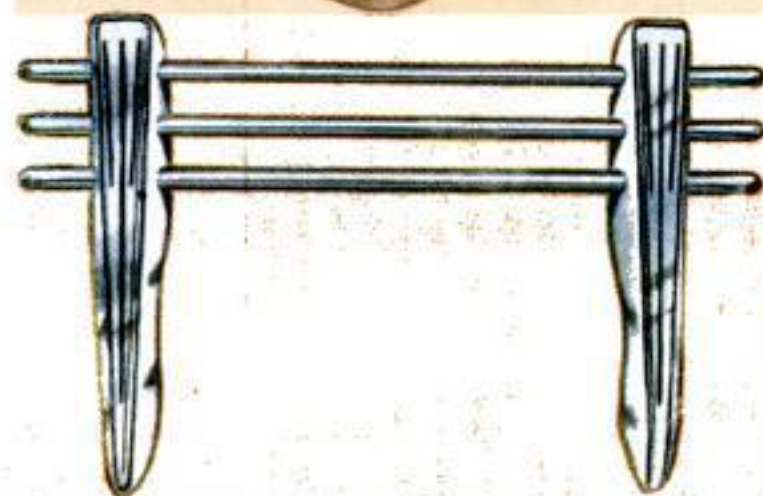


Firestone

Free PACKAGE OF FLOWER SEEDS BURPEE'S FAMOUS SUPER GIANT ZINNIAS

No cost, no obligation, no need to buy anything. A package of 100 seeds, regular price 25c, is yours for the asking.

COME IN AND GET YOURS TODAY



IN THESE CRITICAL TIMES of shortages and restrictions, BE ALERT to values! At your nearby Firestone Dealer or Firestone Home and Auto Supply Store you will find an even larger stock and wider variety of high-quality necessities for your home, garden and car.

For the Home there are gas and electric ranges, washing machines, electrical appliances, table and console radios and phonoradios, record albums, durable hardware, electric irons, ironing boards, step ladders and many other housewares — and timely housecleaning needs such as interior and exterior paints, vacuum cleaners, carpet sweepers, mops, brooms, brushes, waxes and polishes.

For the Garden there is a complete line of lawn tools, mowers, lawn and vegetable seeds, fertilizer, rubber hose and sprinklers.

For the Car there is the free Firestone Extra Mileage Plan as well as batteries, spark plugs, brake lining, radiator hose, automobile radios, seat covers, grille guards, driving lights, horns, car cleaning supplies and many other products that will help you get longer service from your car. And for those who secure rationing certificates there is a complete line of tires and tubes.

For Recreation there are portable radios, luggage, bicycles, fishing tackle, badminton and croquet sets and other sporting goods.

Make every dollar count — see the many Spring and Summer suggestions now on sale at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Firestone Home and Auto Supply Store. You can buy them on convenient budget terms if you prefer.

REGISTER YOUR CAR NOW FOR THE FREE TIRE-SAVING, CAR-SAVING, MONEY-SAVING FIRESTONE *Extra Mileage* PLAN

Your tires will be examined, inflated to correct pressure and "Safti-Branded" with your initials. Your battery, spark plugs, brakes, lights, wheels and lubrication will be checked. All this service is free! Go to the nearest Firestone Dealer or Firestone Home and Auto Supply Store equipped to give this service and register your car today. Get your copy of the free booklet "How to Get More Mileage from Your Tires and How to Keep Your Car Operating More Economically."

Listen to the Voice of Firestone with Richard Crooks, Margaret Speaks and the Firestone Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Alfred Wallenstein, Monday evenings, over N. B. C. Red Network



A man in a light green shirt and blue jeans is washing a vintage purple car in a yard. He is using a white bucket and a hose. The car is parked on a red brick path. In the background, there is a house with a purple roof and two dormer windows, and a large tree. A large orange flower is in the bottom left corner.

Trade in your winter-worn battery on a new Firestone Battery, famous for long life and reliability.



WAR PRODUCTION IS FIRST AT FIRESTONE

Every plant is working 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, manufacturing anti-aircraft gun mounts and carriages, oxygen cylinders for airplanes, tank tracks, metallic belt links for machine gun cartridges, bullet sealing fuel tanks, military and combat tires, gas masks, barrage balloons and many other products used by the Army and Navy and their Air Forces.

[illegible]

HOME SUPPLIES
 Bathroom scales . . . Brooms
 . . . Carpet sweepers . . .
 Cleaning materials . . .
 Clocks, electric . . . Clothes
 dryers . . . Coffee makers . . .
 Door chimes . . . Door mats
 . . . Dry cleaner . . . Electrical
 supplies . . . Flashlights,
 batteries and bulbs . . . Floor
 and furniture waxes and
 polishes . . . Grills . . . Ironing
 boards, pads and covers . . .
 Irons, electric . . . Light bulbs
 . . . Mixers, electric . . . Mops
 . . . Paints, interior and
 exterior . . . Painting acces-
 sories . . . Phonograph
 records, albums . . . Radios
 and phonoradios . . . Radio
 accessories . . . Ranges, gas

and electric . . . Shavers,
electric . . . Stepladders . . .
Toasters . . . Tools, household
 . . . Vacuum cleaners . . .
Waffle makers . . . Washing
machines.

GARDEN SUPPLIES
Fertilizer . . . Garden hose,
sprinklers and fittings . . .
Garden tools . . . Lawn, flower
and vegetable seeds . . . Lawn
mowers . . . Work gloves.

AUTO SUPPLIES
Batteries . . . Brake lining
 . . . Cleaning materials . . .
Cushions . . . Driving gloves
 . . . Driving lights . . . Fan
belts . . . Grille guards . . .
Horns . . . Oil filter cartridges
 . . . Radios . . . Seat covers . . .
Solder and hose . . . Spark

plugs . . . Sun glasses . . .
Tires and tubes . . . Tire
repair materials . . . Tools
. . . Windshield wiper blades.

RECREATION SUPPLIES

Badminton sets . . . Baseballs,
bats and gloves . . . Fishing
tackle . . . Golf supplies . . .
Luggage, complete line . . .
Picnic jugs . . . Roller skates
. . . Table tennis sets . . .
Tennis rackets.

BICYCLES

and Accessories . . . Scooters
 . . . Velocipedes . . . Wagons.

Ask your nearby Firestone Dealer or Firestone Home and Auto Supply Store for a complimentary copy of the new Spring and Summer catalog.



Copyright, 1942, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

For the World's Lightest Highball

Seagram's V.O.

Canadian Whisky at its
Glorious Best! *



Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York



THIS IS A TANKER, THE 13,000-TON "ESSO BOSTON." THE VIEW IS AFT, ALONG THE CATWALK, OVER THE INTAKE AND DISCHARGE LINES, TOWARD THE GAWKY SUPERSTRUCTURE

WORLD OIL

**ITS GEOGRAPHY
GUIDES THE WAR**

The oil tanker is a homely vessel. It is long and low-slung. When empty it bobs in a choppy sea like a lively dolphin. When full, it slogs through rough water more smoothly than even the best-balanced luxury liner. The tanker is thoroughly useful and thoroughly unromantic and on it hangs a great hunk of the world's future.

The logic of war now seems to point the German war machine at the oil of the Middle East and the Caucasus. If the Germans do push through, they will probably find the oil fields destroyed or dreadfully damaged by the Russians and British whose motto will be: "If we can't have this oil, neither can the enemy." So saying, the Allies will burn and dynamite the fields, choke the wells with cement.

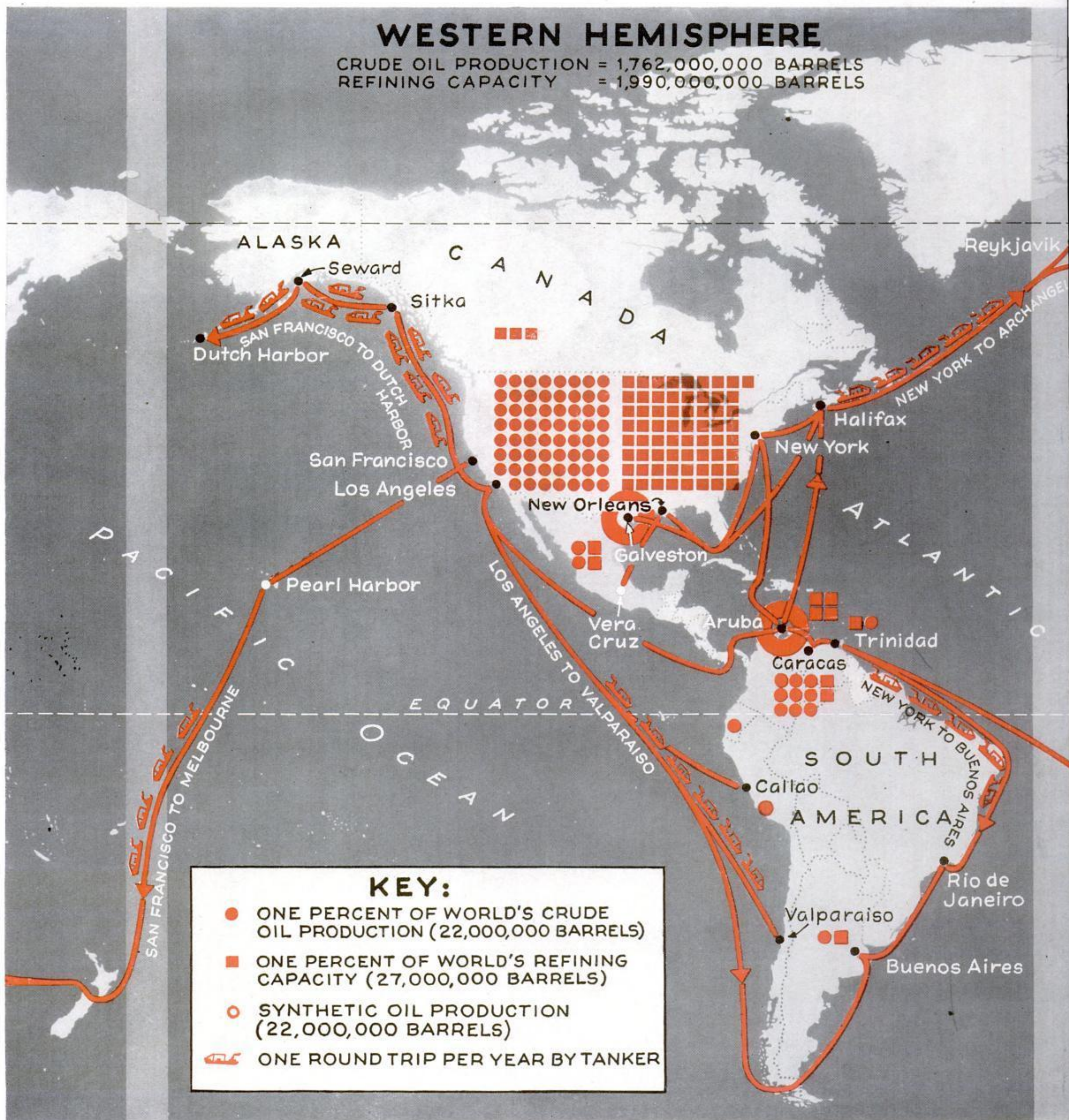
But the Axis strategists have this same approach toward world oil. They also say that if they can't have it, neither can the Allies. In oil, the Allies have

always been the great "have" nations, the Axis the "have-nots." The Axis now aims as much to keep vital oil sources from the Allies as to get the sources for themselves. This scheme to keep oil from the Allies has more importance now than ever. The growing industrial might of the U. S. is turning out the tanks and planes that can win the war. If Axis military conquests and U-boat inroads can keep fuel from these machines, the industrial weight of the U. S. may be seriously reduced.

The Japanese have already made it hard for Australia which, having once got oil from right around the corner in the Netherlands Indies, now must get it from the U. S. or from Iran. To supply Australia, England and even its own needs, the U. S. must have tankers. Many are being built but many are also being sunk by German submarines. The map on the following pages shows how heavy a burden these oil boats carry.

WESTERN HEMISPHERE

CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION = 1,762,000,000 BARRELS
 REFINING CAPACITY = 1,990,000,000 BARRELS



THE ALLIES MUST TRANSPORT GREAT OIL RICHES OVER GREAT DISTANCES

This map shows sharply how the Western Hemisphere and the U. S. dominate the production of world oil. It shows just as sharply why the United Nations may starve for oil in midst of petroleum plenty.

The big dots on this map, which measure the production of crude oil, and the big squares, which measure refining capacity, weight the world's oil balance heavily in the west. There are 63 dots and 65 squares (each representing 1% of world output) in the U. S. There are only ten dots and nine squares in Russia, second-biggest producer. The Venezuela-Colombia region has ten dots, seven squares. The fabled fields of the

Netherlands Indies have only three dots, two squares.

Yet the Allies' oil superiority now hangs on the thin lines which shuttle the great distances across the map. The lines show how many round trips a year a tanker can make between ports. The war has already erased some of the big lines—between U. S. and Japan, between Middle East and England through the Mediterranean. The line from Australia used to go to the nearby Netherlands Indies. Tankers could make a dozen round trips a year between Melbourne and Batavia. Today the tankers must go to Abadan, five round trips a year away, or to far-off California, four round trips away.

AXIS EUROPE

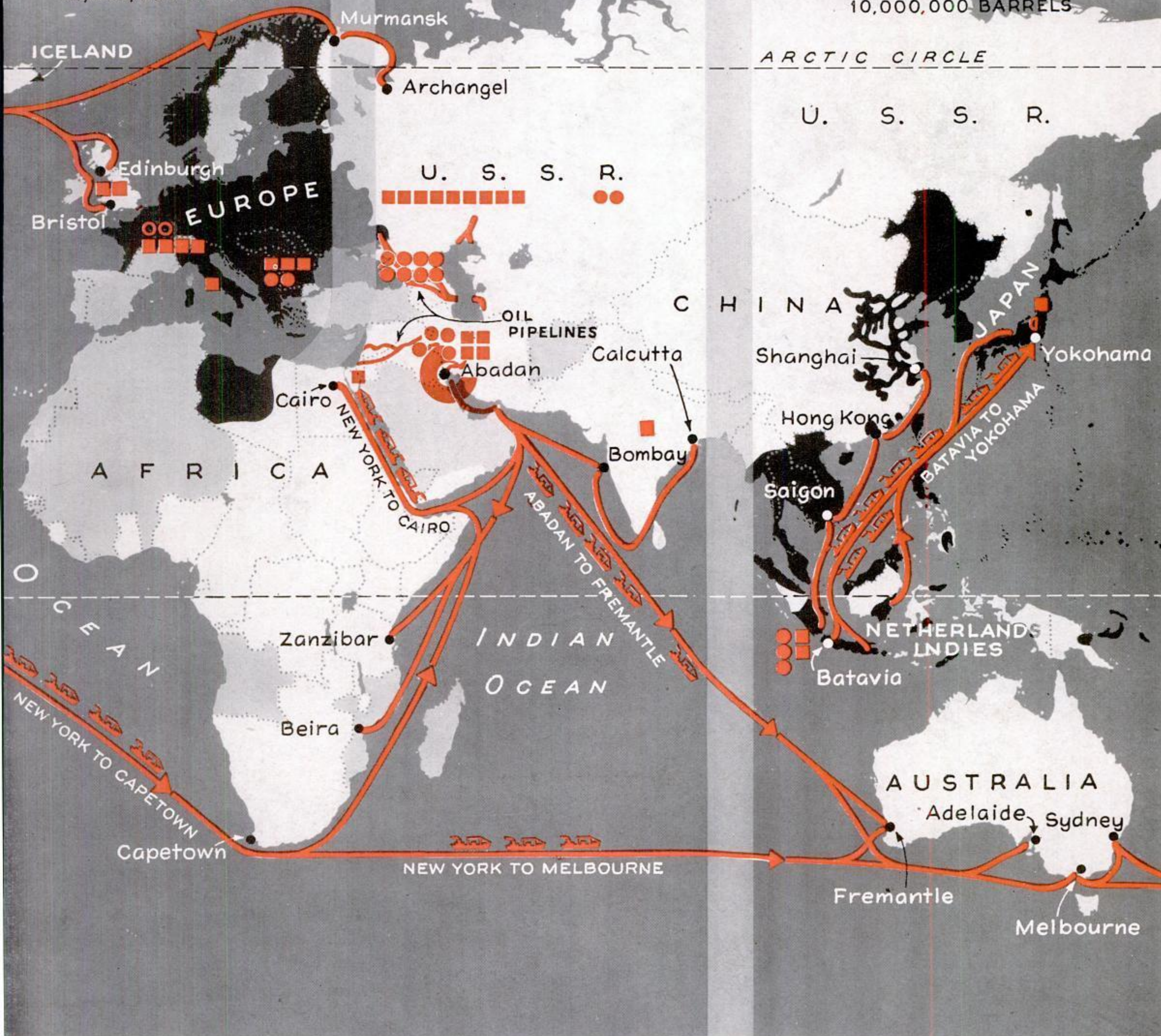
CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION =
54,000,000 BARRELS
REFINING CAPACITY =
190,000,000 BARRELS
SYNTHETIC PRODUCTION =
45,000,000 BARRELS

NEAR EAST

CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION =
312,000,000 BARRELS
TOTAL REFINING CAPACITY =
360,000,000 BARRELS

FAR EAST

CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION =
84 985,000 BARRELS
REFINING CAPACITY
105,000,000 BARRELS
SYNTHETIC OIL PRODUCTION =
10,000,000 BARRELS



ABADAN, second-biggest refining center in the world with a capacity of 280,000 barrels a day, serves the fields of central Iran and the oil-soaked island of Bahrein on the Gulf of Persia.

ARUBA in the Caribbean is world's biggest refining center with a capacity of 285,000 barrels a day. It serves rich Venezuela fields, is set up to produce high-octane gasoline in quantity.

AXIS EUROPE feeds all its oil to Germany's war machine. Germany's synthetic industry produces almost as much as Axis Europe's oil fields, biggest of which are in Rumania.

AUSTRALIA produces a tiny amount of shale oil, imports all the rest.

CHINA produces no oil worth mentioning.

DUTCH HARBOR, site of Navy base, is supplied from the U. S. as is all Alaska.

EDINBURGH AND BRISTOL are big British oil entry ports. Britain produces no oil at all. Poor forecasting found the British Isles so short of oil last summer that 50 U. S. tankers had to be diverted in emergency to fill up her depots.

GALVESTON, along with Houston, is the shipping port for the huge East Texas fields, which themselves produce nearly three times as much crude oil as all of Axis Europe.

INDIA used to get some oil from the Burma fields, now destroyed by the English before the invading Japs.

JAPAN has hardly any oil of her own. To make up for it, she has

fostered a sizable shale oil industry in Manchukuo and built up huge stocks from imports.

NETHERLANDS INDIES are now Japan's. Despite destruction by retreating Dutch, Japan is already drawing on these fields, like the one at Tarakan in north Borneo, whose crude is so pure that it can be used without refining in engines of Japan's freighters.

SOUTH AMERICA is oil rich only in the north, though Ecuador and Peru produce an appreciable amount. Argentina produces enough to take care of two-thirds of her needs.

U. S. S. R. gets most of its oil from Caucasus region between Caspian and Black Seas. In Siberia the Soviet has secretly drilled wells, built refineries whose exact capacity can only be guessed at.

HERE IS THE WEALTH THAT THE AXIS POWERS ENVY

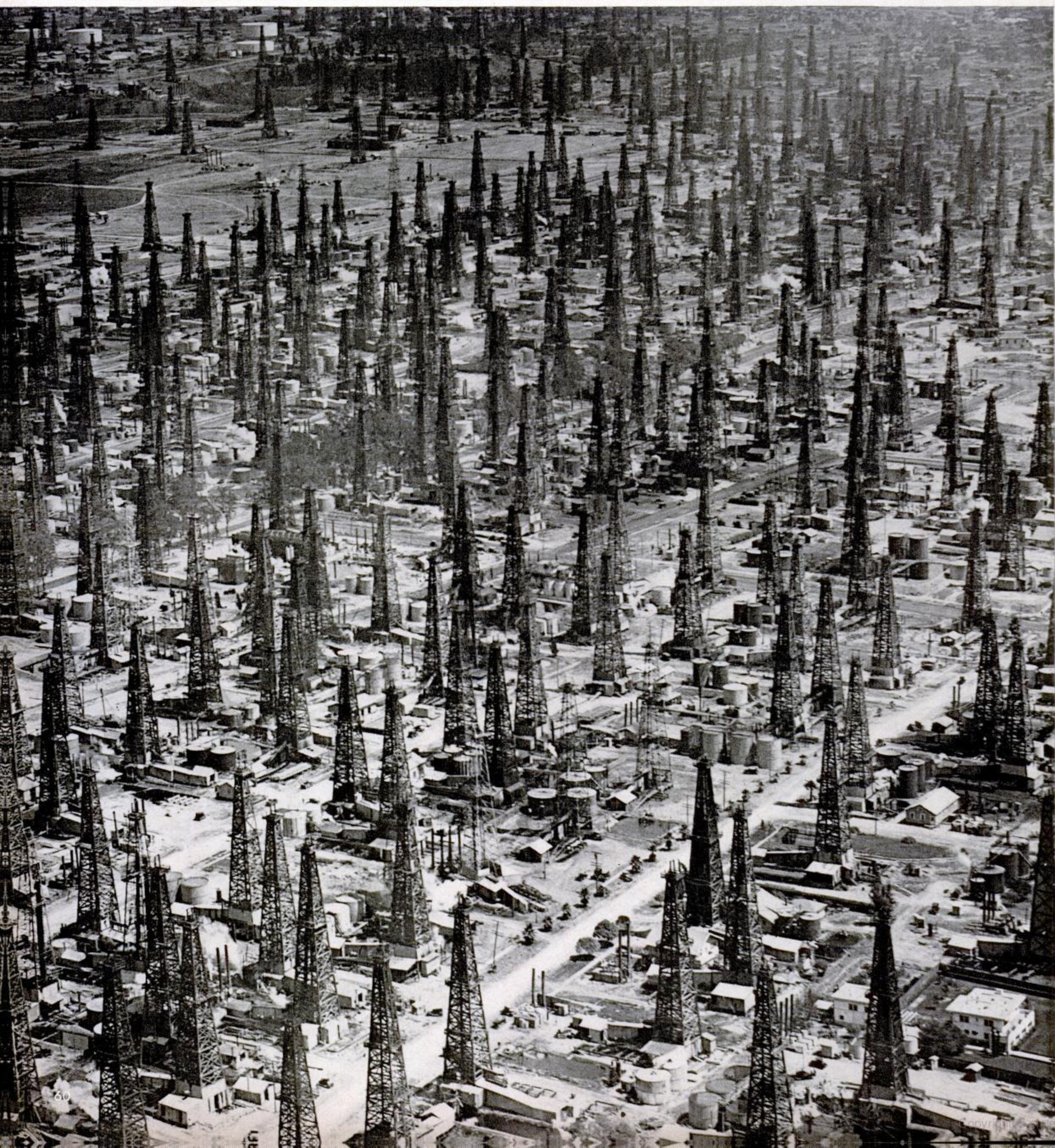
The sights on these pages are enough to make the oil-starved Axis countries drool with anger and envy. These are the great oil sources of the Western Hemisphere and the Middle East, the fields and refineries of the U. S., South America, Soviet Russia, Iran. Even after having lost the big Far Eastern oil fields to Japan, the Allies still control 93% of the world's crude-oil production, 88% of its refining capacity, plus almost 90% of its tanker tonnage. In two normal weeks the U. S. alone can produce enough oil to keep Japan going for a

whole year, even during wartime. The California oil fields, which are not nearly so important as the Texas fields, gush out more oil than the wells and synthetic plants of Axis Europe.

Even before it took the Netherlands Indies, Japan had carefully stored away enough oil to keep its war machine going for more than a year. Germany still seems to have enough petroleum for its 1942 campaigns, getting most of its requirement from Rumania and from synthetic plants. If it does conquer the Middle East-

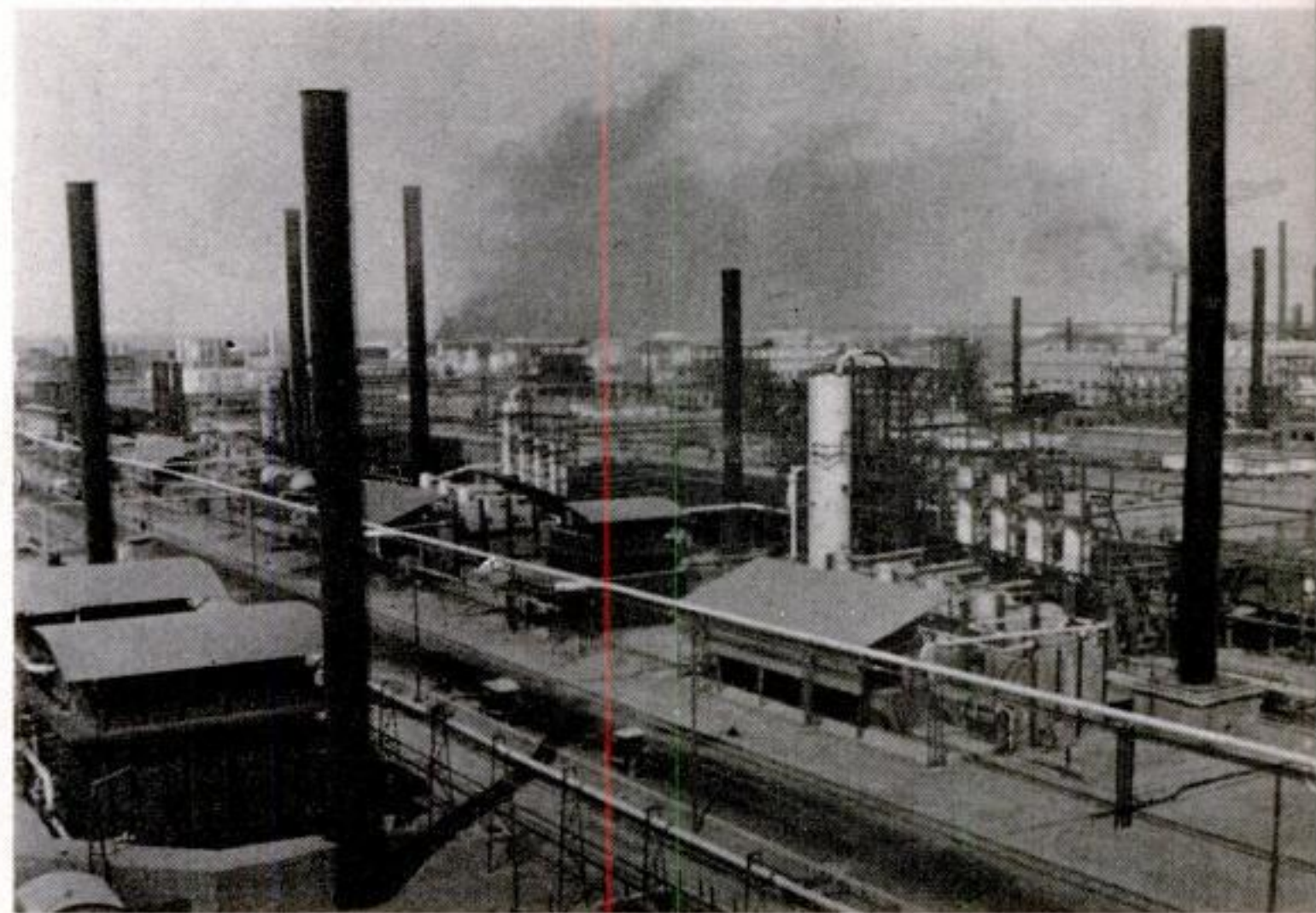
ern fields, Germany will still face a cruelly hard job of transporting the oil to its factories. The railroads of Europe are already squeaking under the task the Nazis have given them. Germany's and Italy's few tankers will have a difficult time getting through the Mediterranean. In the meantime, the gasoline rationing the U. S. now faces is nothing at all compared to present restrictions in Europe where nobody can motor for pleasure and where, except for hard utilitarian manifestations, the automobile age seems almost to have vanished.

A DENSE THICKET OF DERRICKS COVERS THE GROUND AT A BIG CALIFORNIA FIELD WHERE A HORDE OF INDEPENDENT DRILLERS CROWDED WELLS AS CLOSE TOGETHER AS THEY COULD



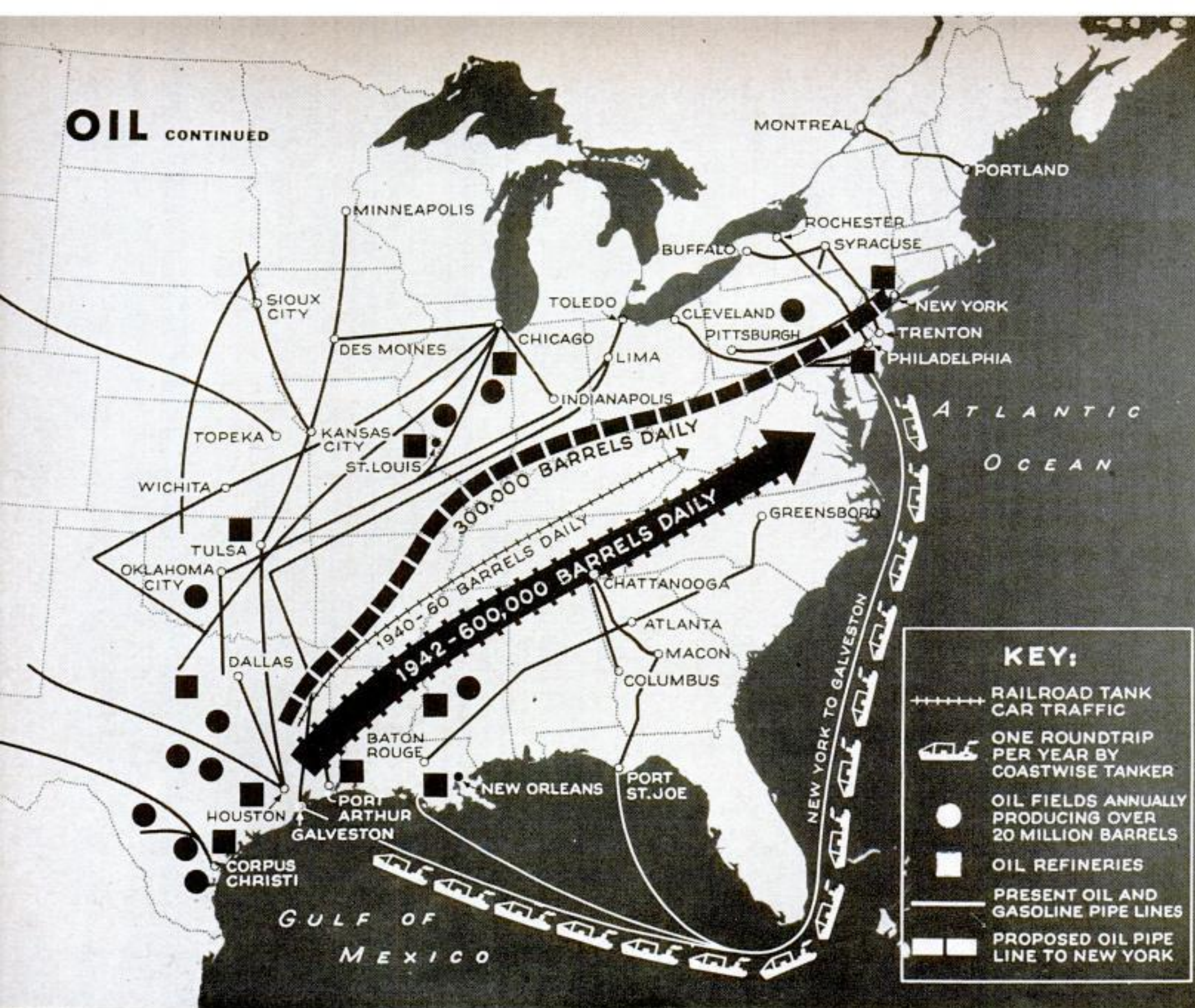


MAJOR RUSSIAN OIL FIELDS LIE BEHIND THE HIGH CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS AND ALONG THE SHORES OF LANDLOCKED CASPIAN SEA. THESE WELLS ARE AT BAKU ON THE CASPIAN
 WORLD'S BIGGEST REFINERY AT ARUBA IN THE DUTCH WEST INDIES HAS BEEN SHELLED BY SUB THE WORLD'S SECOND BIGGEST REFINERY AT ABADAN, IRAN, IS VITAL TO ALLIES



BIG SILVERED SPHERES IN TEXAS STORE HIGHLY VOLATILE GASOLINE PRODUCTS UNDER PRESSURE. THIS CUTS DOWN EVAPORATION AND MINIMIZES THE INFLUENCE OF HEAT AND COLD





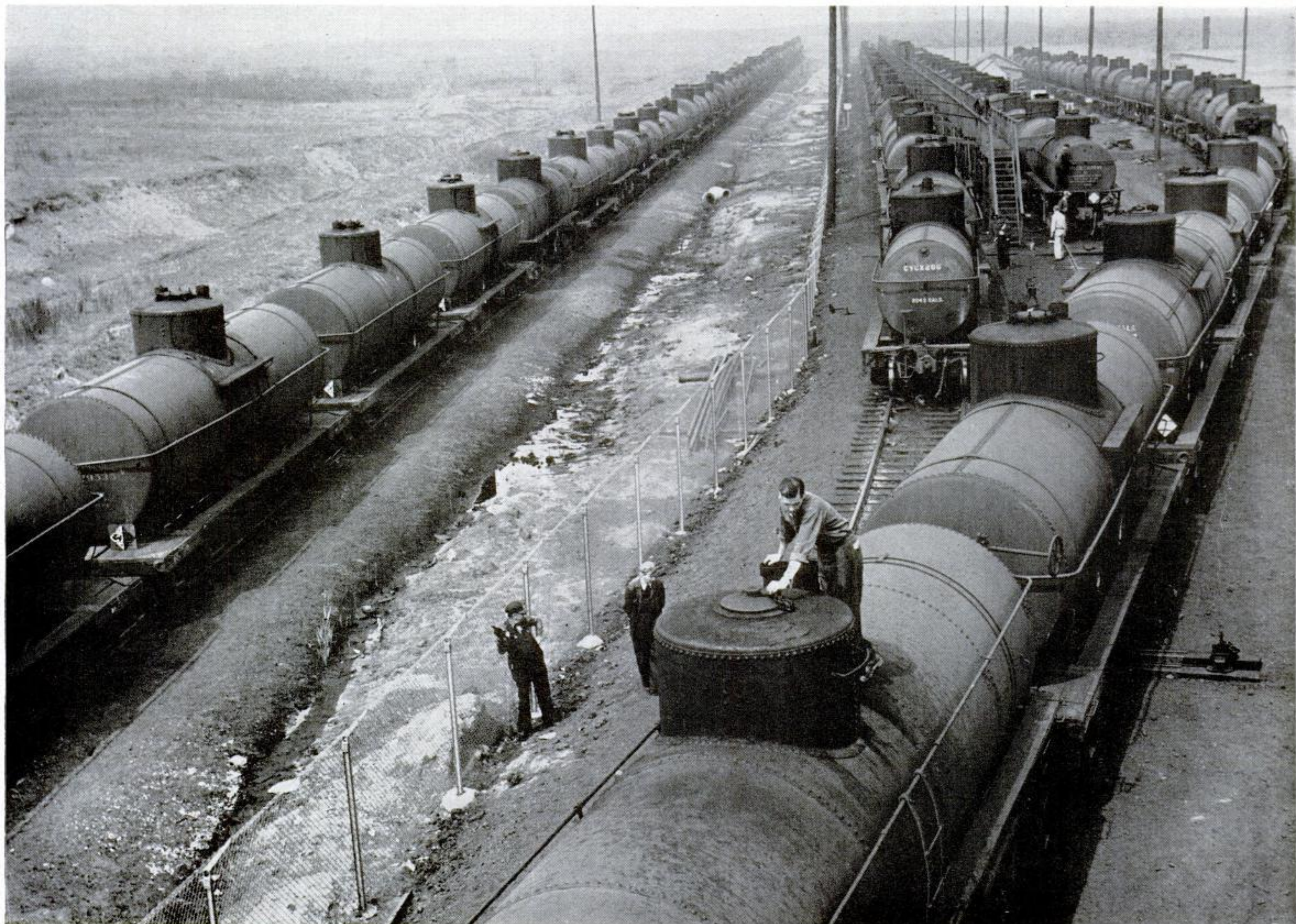
OIL TRANSPORTATION in the U. S. depends mainly on pipelines, tankers, railroads. Big web of pipelines spins out from Texas. No line goes clear to East Coast but, if steel is avail-

able and Secretary Ickes prevails, one may be built (dotted line). Very thick line shows job railroads are doing. Tanker makes 15 round trips a year between Gulf and East Coast.

RAILROADS HAUL BIG U. S. LOAD

Along with its great oil industry, the U. S. built up a great oil transportation system. It laid down 420,000 miles of pipelines. It constructed a fleet of 450 tankers. It also built a lot of railroad tank cars but nobody paid very much attention to them before the war. Last fall, when oil shortage was threatening the East Coast and Secretary of Interior Harold Ickes was demanding that a huge Texas-East Coast pipeline be built, the railroads declared they could carry 200,000 barrels of oil a day for the East. Since the roads had carried only 60 barrels a day during 1940 nobody believed this. Events prove both railroads and disbelievers wrong. Today the railroads are hauling oil at the historic rate of 500,000 barrels a day.

This has saved the East Coast because the number of tankers available has been drastically cut. Some have been sunk but most have been diverted to other routes. Until the U. S. building program—which calls for several hundred new tankers—is fulfilled, the tanker shortage will exist. It will grow immeasurably worse if the Axis drives against Allied oil fields and oil tankers should succeed. Meanwhile the railroads will work harder. Small pipelines which carry gasoline westward from coast refineries will have their flow reversed to carry crude oil eastward instead. Nonessential pipelines will be torn up, the pipe laid down where more badly needed. And gasoline will be rationed.



TANK CARS LINE UP in record-breaking numbers at sidings of Standard Oil of New Jersey refinery. Oil is piped out from valve on underside of car into pipes which run under wooden walk between the tracks to the refineries. Some tank cars are used to shuttle over gaps between pipe-

line terminals and refineries but most of them make long hauls. It takes 355 railroad tank cars to carry as much oil as a single 10,000-ton tanker. Using railroads has been an expensive proposition for the oil companies which lose as much as 70¢ a barrel shipping their product by rail.



MAINE TO MONTREAL pipeline is one of newest in U. S. Completed last autumn, it starts at Portland, Me., saves tankers the long and dangerous sea journey around Nova Scotia and up St. Lawrence. Oil runs through it at average speed of 3 m.p.h.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Are the "GOTTA-CUT-DOWNS" getting you?

How to smoke all you want

If you love to smoke, yet keep telling yourself "I gotta cut down" . . . then new Julep Cigarettes are perfect for you! Even if you chain-smoke Juleps all day long, see how the last puff finds your mouth and throat still free of that smoke-weary sensation . . . your breath still clean of tobacco-halitus. The reason — choice tobaccos improved by miracle-mint essence. Switch to Juleps today and see if you don't get more smoking enjoyment . . . without getting those "gotta-cut-down" symptoms of over-smoking.



1 "Smoke-weary" mouth?

The miracle-mint in Juleps helps make every puff taste clean and "sparkling," helps keep your mouth refreshed to end of day.



2 "Burned-out" throat?

Miracle-mint helps make Juleps taste refreshing, helps keep throat free of that "burned-out" feeling even if you chain-smoke.



3 "Tobacco-heavy" breath?

Unpleasant tobacco-breath is a common form of halitus. The hint of mint in Juleps helps keep breath pleasant, inviting.

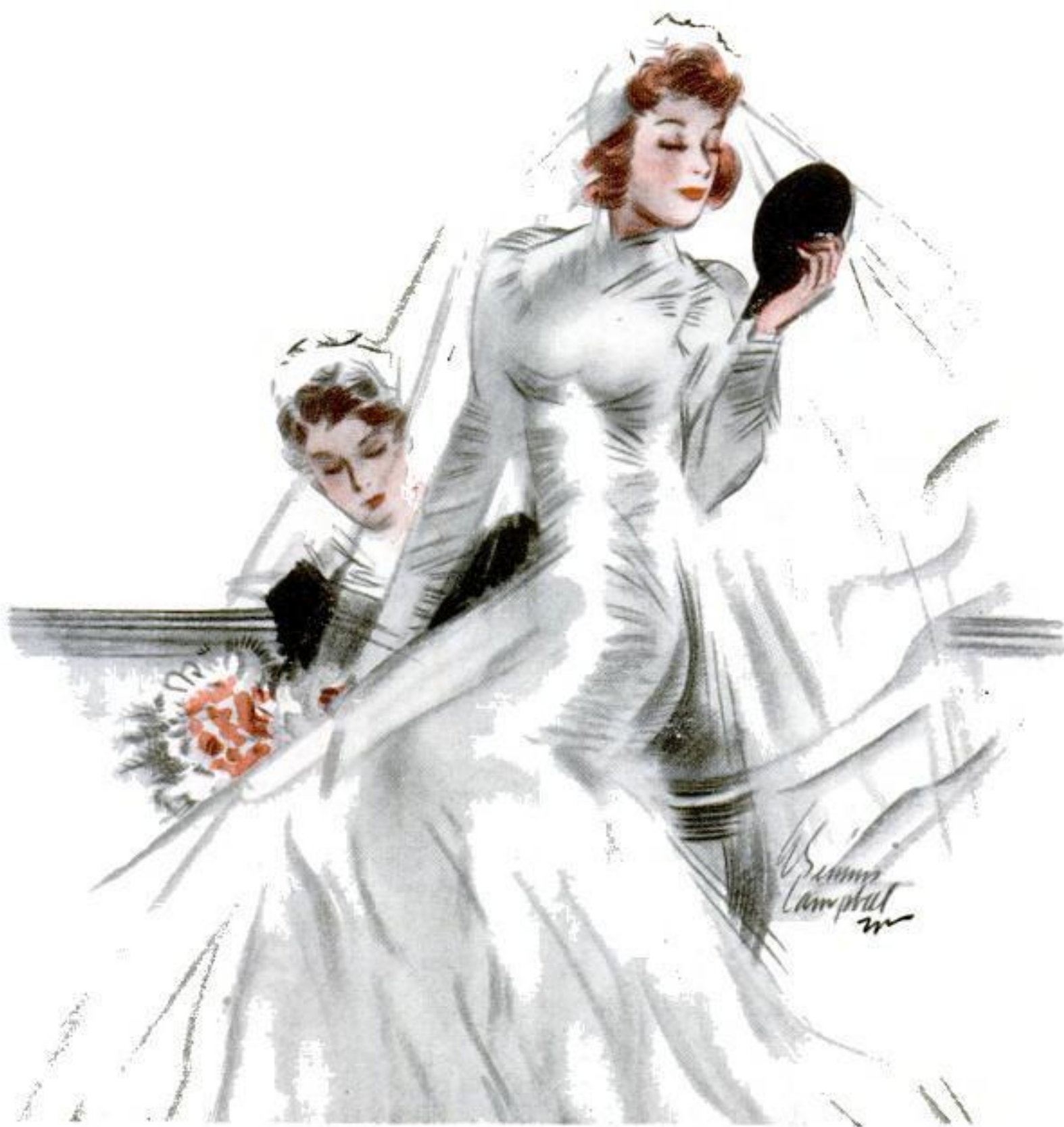


switch to **JULEPS** and smoke all you want!

ALL Cigarettes Flavored

Every leading American cigarette contains some flavoring—usually licorice, sugar, chocolate, rum, etc. But *only* Juleps contain a hint of miracle-mint to improve Nature's finest tobaccos. Do not confuse new Juleps with menthol-tasting cigarettes.

PENN TOBACCO CO., WILKES-BARRE, PA.



FAMOUS LAST THOUGHTS OF A BRIDE

"MY MOTHER told me never to marry a man to reform him...but I'm sure Jimmy is different...When I explain how much I suffered in silence from his beard-scraping kisses, he'll surely reform his old-fashioned shaving habits and get himself a Barbasol Face... um-m-m, smooth and soft as my wedding satin..."

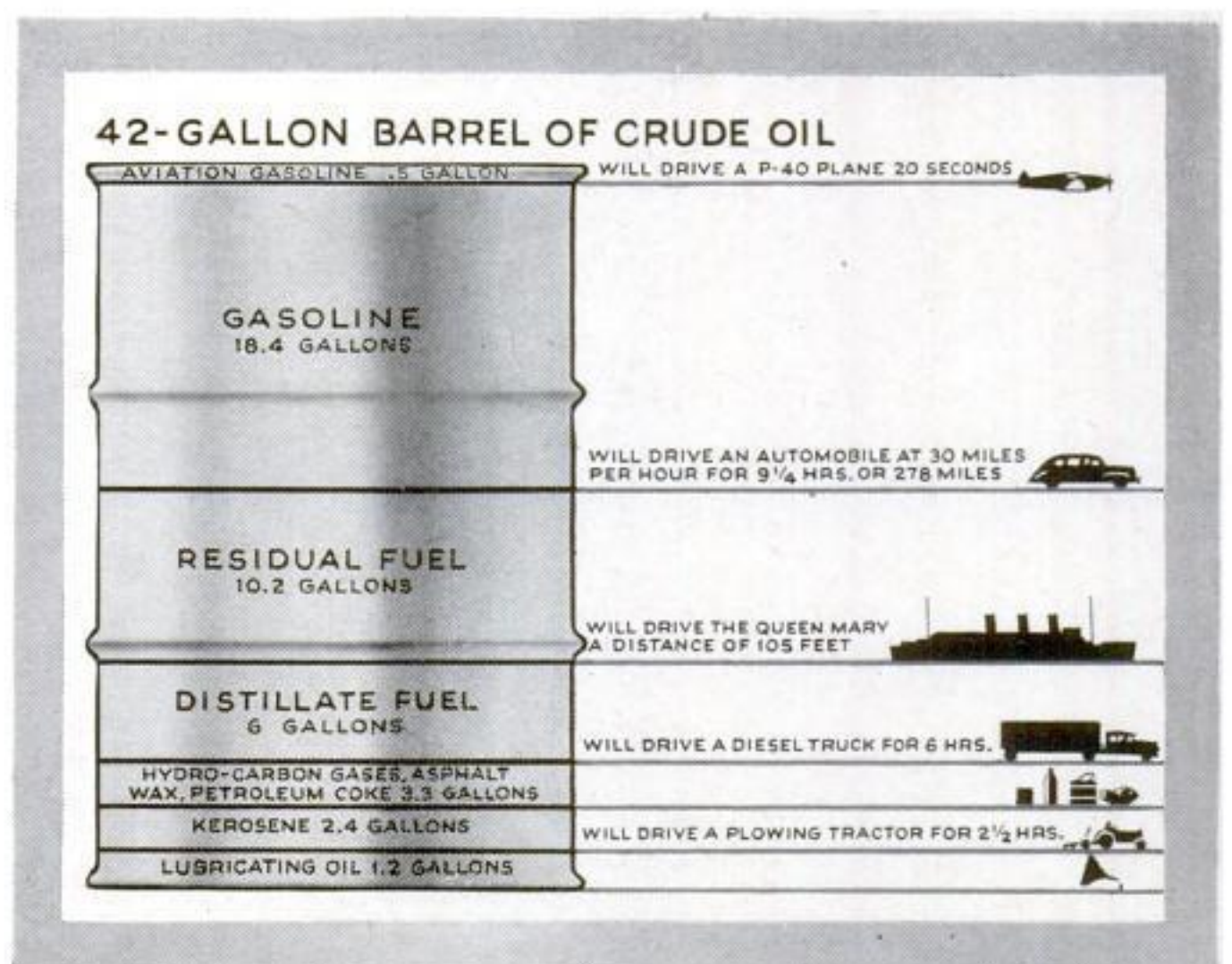
"KEEP 'EM FLYING!" That's what the Barbasol on my whiskers says to my Barbasol Blade. And that's precisely what happens. My beard fairly flies off my face... and Barbasol's beneficial oils leave my skin soothed and refreshed, feeling years younger.



EASY as rolling off a log to shave with Barbasol... the quickest, cleanest, sweetest shave you ever had! No muss, no fuss, it's the *minute* shave. Try Barbasol and get yourself a handsome Barbasol Face.



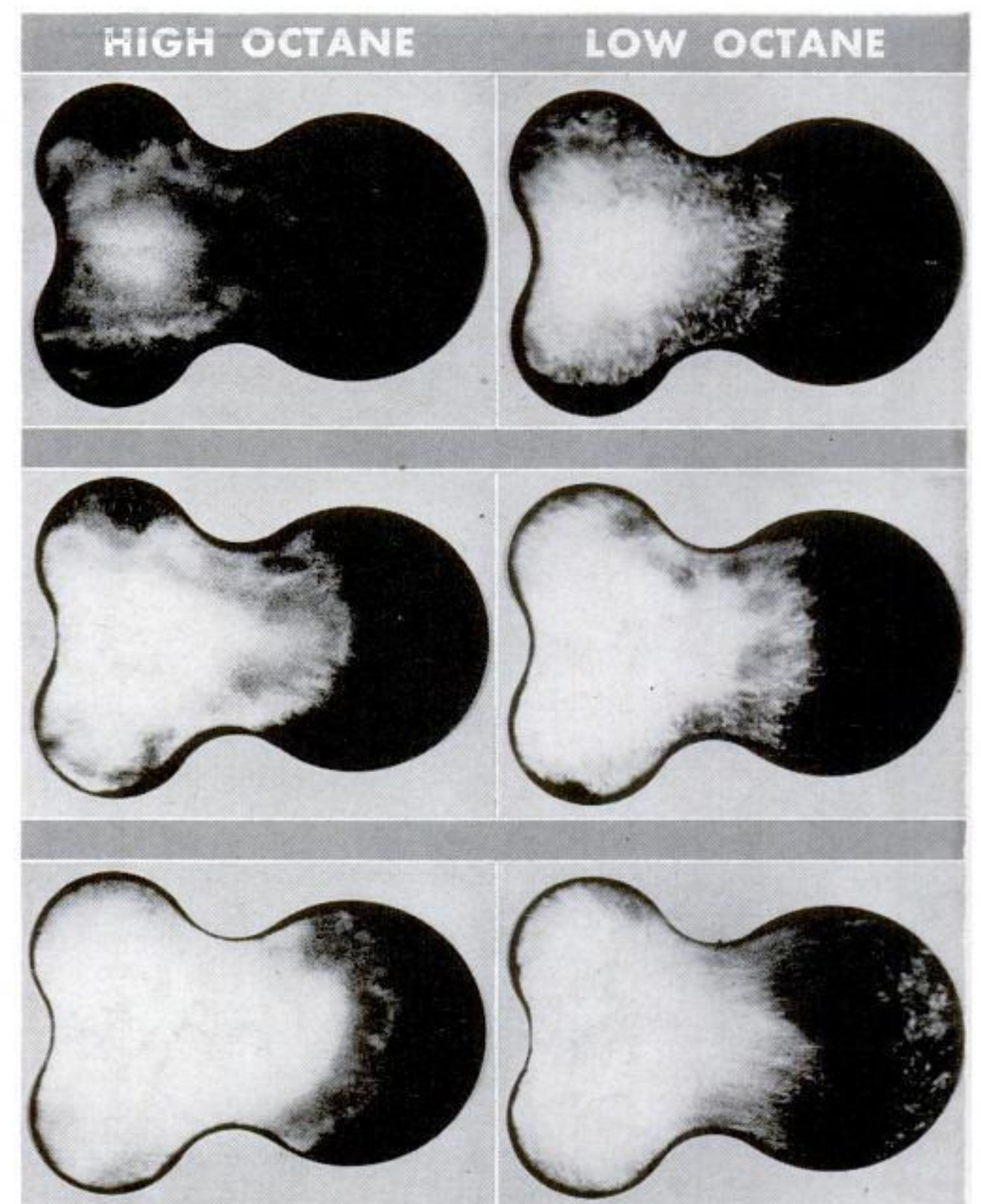
OIL CONTINUED



THIS SHOWS WHAT BARREL OF CRUDE TURNS INTO AND WHAT WORK IT DOES

AXIS LACKS OCTANES AND LUBRICATION

The thin slivers at the top and bottom of chart above are very important measures of advantages the Allies hold over Germany. Most crucial oil shortages the Nazis now face are shortages of high-octane gasoline and, even more, of lubricating oil. Though German synthetic experts can squeeze oil out of coal, they cannot in turn get nearly enough high grade lubricating oil out of synthetic crude. The Nazis can produce 90-octane gasoline by use of tetraethyl lead, the ingredient that gives high-octane rating to "special" automobile gasolines. But the U. S., using a petroleum by-product called alkalyte, can easily produce 100-octane gasoline. Used in British and American planes, 100-octane fuel gives their engine 20% more horsepower per gallon than 90-octane German gasoline, a very appreciable advantage.



VALUE OF OCTANES is shown in photographs of explosions in cylinder. At left, high-octane flame burns slowly and evenly, gives even power to engine. At right, low-octane flame burns quickly and unevenly. In bottom-right picture, the spots forming at right are useless secondary flames which wastefully ignite fuel vapor, cause knocks.

DRINK YOUR VITAMINS AND LIKE 'EM!

SAYS ELSIE
THE BORDEN COW

JUST ONE GLASS
OF **HEMO**
GIVES YOU:

JUST ONE GLASS OF **HEMO** GIVES YOU:

The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!



PLUS

The Vitamin B₁ in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!



PLUS

The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!



PLUS

The Vitamin G in 4 servings of spinach!



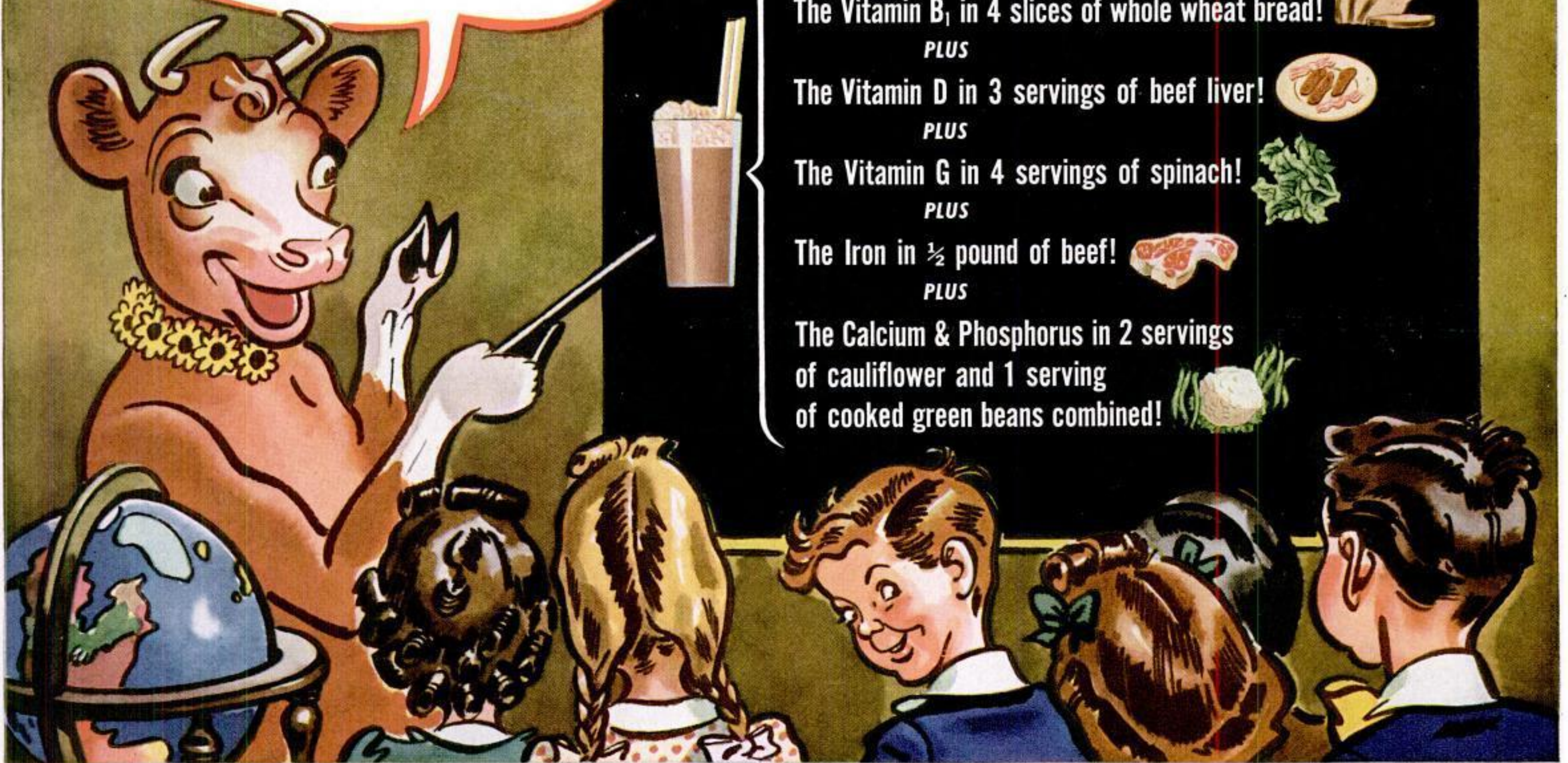
PLUS

The Iron in ½ pound of beef!



PLUS

The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings
of cauliflower and 1 serving
of cooked green beans combined!



Copyright, 1942—The Borden Company

You know you need vitamins . . . BUT . . .

. . . you can eat till you're ready to pop—and still not get enough vitamins and minerals!

3 out of 4 Americans don't get enough of these vital food elements, according to the National Nutrition Conference for Defense. But **you** can get enough with Borden's HEMO—a new drink that tastes better, is better than the grandest chocolate malted milk ever mixed.

For HEMO contains vitamins A, B₁, D, and G—**plus** iron, calcium, and phosphorus. Contains them in such quantities that a single glass daily, added to a normal diet, gives you assurance of enough of *all* of them to make up almost any shortage!

And HEMO gives you all these vital food fac-

tors—not in expensive patent medicines—but in a grand-tasting drink!

Try HEMO today! Smack your lips over the flavor. *And enough HEMO to mix one full glass at home costs only 2½¢! If it's Borden's it's got to be good!*



At your favorite fountain: Ask for HEMO made up like a malted milk in any flavor you like.

IF IT'S BORDEN'S IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

Borden's
Hemo



To make HEMO at home: Follow directions on label. Enough HEMO for one drink costs 2½¢!

Want cleaner, brighter teeth?

DR. WEST'S
BRAND *Vray*

THE MODERN DENTAL CREAM
SAVES YOU MONEY

Regularly 50¢
now **39¢**
Limited time only to get new users.
Money back if Vray isn't the
finest dentifrice you
ever used!

New economizer cap →

Vray COSTS LESS
compare it

One bottle of Vray (6 full oz., 231 brushings!) fills a tooth
paste tube **OVER TWICE AS BIG** as the average 39¢ to
50¢ dentifrice tube.

Average size tube
used by 8 most popu-
lar dentifrices selling
at 39¢ to 50¢ (6½
inches long).



It takes this giant tube
(13 inches long) to
hold the contents of
one bottle of Vray.

**An amazingly effective aid in cleansing
the whole mouth.** The surging, foaming
cleansing power of Vray goes into
action the moment you begin brushing.

**Lifts surface stains from teeth, even
difficult-to-remove tobacco stains.**

Only Vray offers Whole-Mouth Hygiene. Its power-
ful cleansing force when released by tooth-brushing

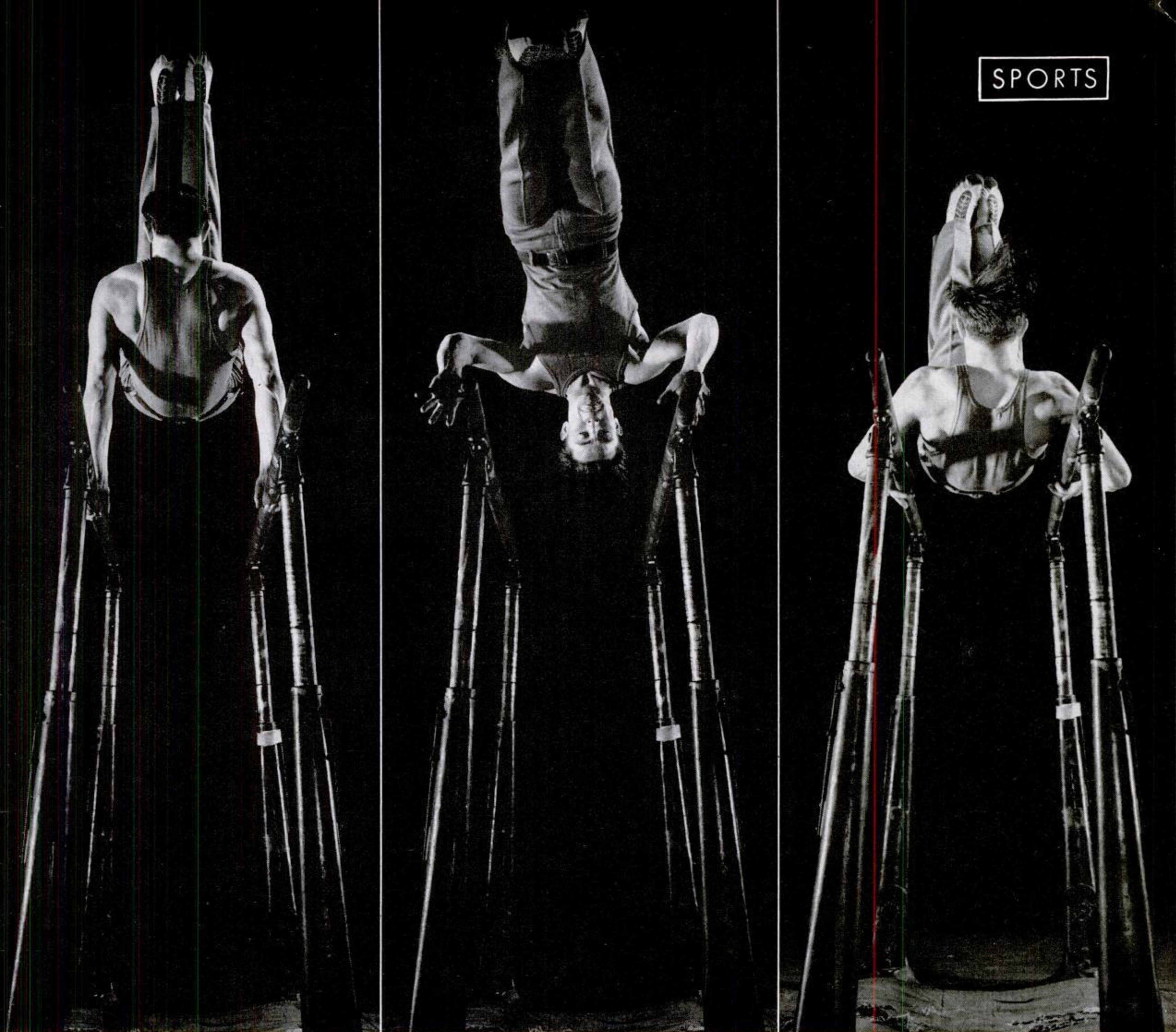
sweeps food particles before it, helps loosen and float
away surface stains and discolorations, bathes, re-
freshes, sweetens the *whole mouth*.

Only Vray proves its tooth-cleansing power by amaz-
ing Electric Eye Test—shows it makes teeth startlingly
brighter after a single brushing.

Only Vray, among dental creams, comes to you packed
in glass. Most important right now because it is essen-
tial to save precious metals for war production needs;
and tooth paste tubes are 99.4% pure tin on the average.

Copr. 1942 by Weeco Products Company

**THE FIRST
DENTAL CREAM
TO BE PACKED
IN GLASS.
SAVES TIN FOR
WAR NEEDS**



ON PARALLEL BARS, LOKEN DOES A BACK SOMERSAULT. AFTER SWINGING BACK AND FORTH TO GET MOMENTUM, HE SOMERSAULTS, TAKING HANDS OFF BARS DURING THE FLIP



Back somersault on parallel bars is clearly defined in multiflash. Loken first swings feet up, then flips over with his hands off bars, finishes by catching bars under arms, feet together.

ALL-AROUND GYM CHAMPION

Newt Loken is combination strong man and acrobat

Failure of a high percentage of draft-age men to pass Army and Navy physical requirements has stimulated fresh interest in the need for body-building gymnastics. Although a minor sport in the winning of school letters, gymnastics is recognized as a major sport in the winning of a sound body. No other athletic activity is as valuable in the development of neuromuscular skills, none so conducive to proper body control, none so beneficial as a corrective. Although some gym work is required in most schools, U. S. students do not embrace gymnastics with the zealous enthusiasm of Germans or Scandinavians. On our campuses the physical ideal is the crowd-pleasing athlete who can throw a touchdown pass, not the lonely, plodding gymnast who can execute a reverse flyaway on the horizontal bar.

To illustrate some basic stunts in gymnastics, Gjon Mili took these high-speed and repetitive-flash pictures of Newt Loken, winner of the Intercollegiate All-Around Championship this spring. Loken is 23 years old, 5 ft. 8 in. tall, and weighs 148 lb. He recently graduated from Minnesota with a B.S. in Physical Education. Last month, with an ensign's commission, he entered the Navy's V-5 training course for specialists. When he completes his training, Ensign Loken expects to condition Navy fliers so they can execute smooth reverse flyaways over Tokyo and Berlin.

whiten shoes in 1/2 the time



"Amazing!" This is what people say about Shu-Milk's new white shoe cleaning combination. It whitens shoes *better* in half the time! Shu-Milk Applicator gets Shu-Milk's famous leather-softening cleaner into corners. No smeared edges. No messy hands. Simply apply Shu-Milk direct from the bottle. Perfect for all types of two-tone shoes.

Buy Shu-Milk's streamlined white shoe cleaning combination at any drug, dep't, grocery, 5 and 10¢ store, or shoe repair shop. Shu-Milk Cleaner, 10¢; with Applicator, 20¢.

SHU-MILK PRODUCTS CORP., Passaic, N. J.

... works like a Fountain Pen



SHU-MILK

CLEANS ALL WHITE SHOES





BY APPOINTMENT
TO H. M.
KING GEORGE VI

VAT 69

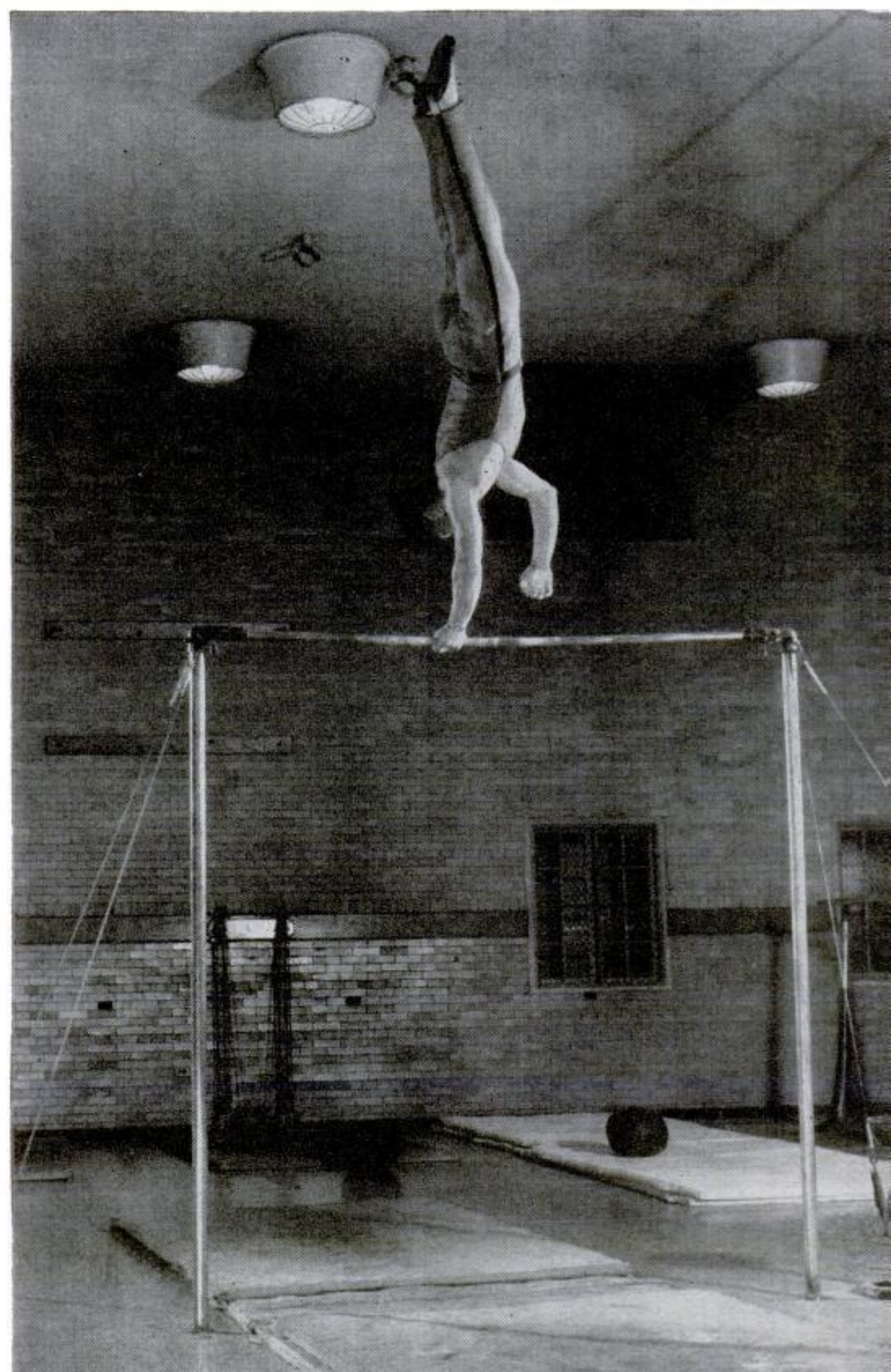
In Age and Taste
SCOTCH WHISKY
at its Best!

8 YEARS OLD
86 PROOF

"Quality Tells"

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.

All-Around Gymnast (continued)



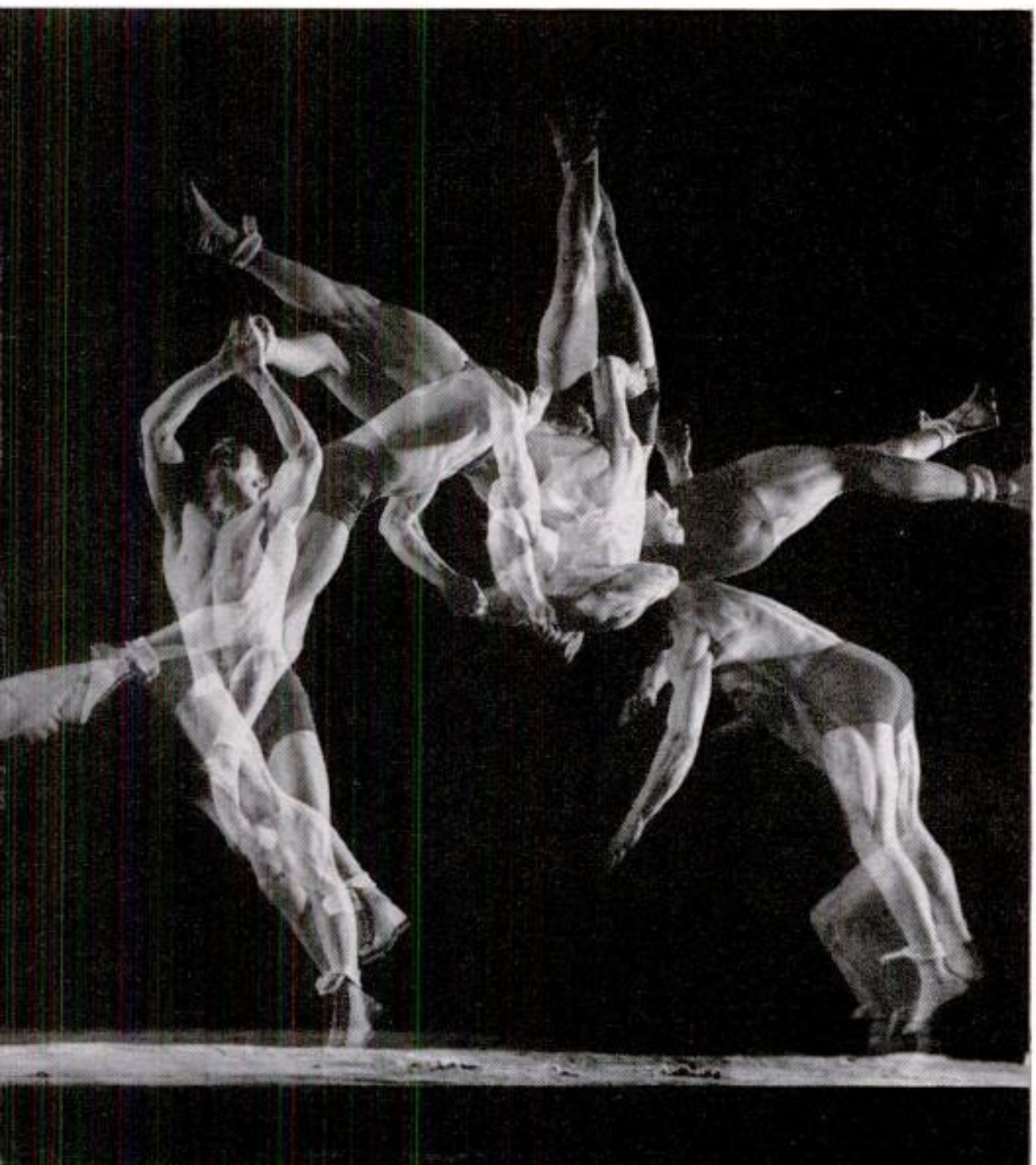
On horizontal bar, Newt Loken executes a giant swing with a half turn, shifting his hands as he completes his body twist. He starts this stunt from floor, facing camera.



Tumbling is one of Loken's best events. In this stunt he moves from left to right in front of the multiframe camera, and starting with two successive back handsprings



After giant swing with half turn, Loken swings around bar again, completes trick by dismounting with a reverse flyaway so that he lands on his feet with back to camera.



he goes into a back "layout" with a double body twist. This complicated trick helped the Minnesota gym captain win second place in tumbling at the 1942 Intercollegiates.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

LOGISTICS

Strategy is the planning of warfare.

Tactics is the execution of those plans.

Logistics, the third branch of military science, is the supplying of everything necessary to strategy and tactics—in the right amount, at the right place, at the right time.

Now, in *total* war, we must apply the science of Logistics to all of our activities as a nation—civilian as well as military. WE-ALL are part of the Victory Program.

Our supply lines are literally life lines of the United Nations. Man-power *and* munition-power are the controlling factors.

Today, Logistics dictates strategy—determines tactics.

Congress has appropriated billions of dollars *but it cannot appropriate one single second of time.*

Time favors those who appreciate it as the priceless commodity it now is.

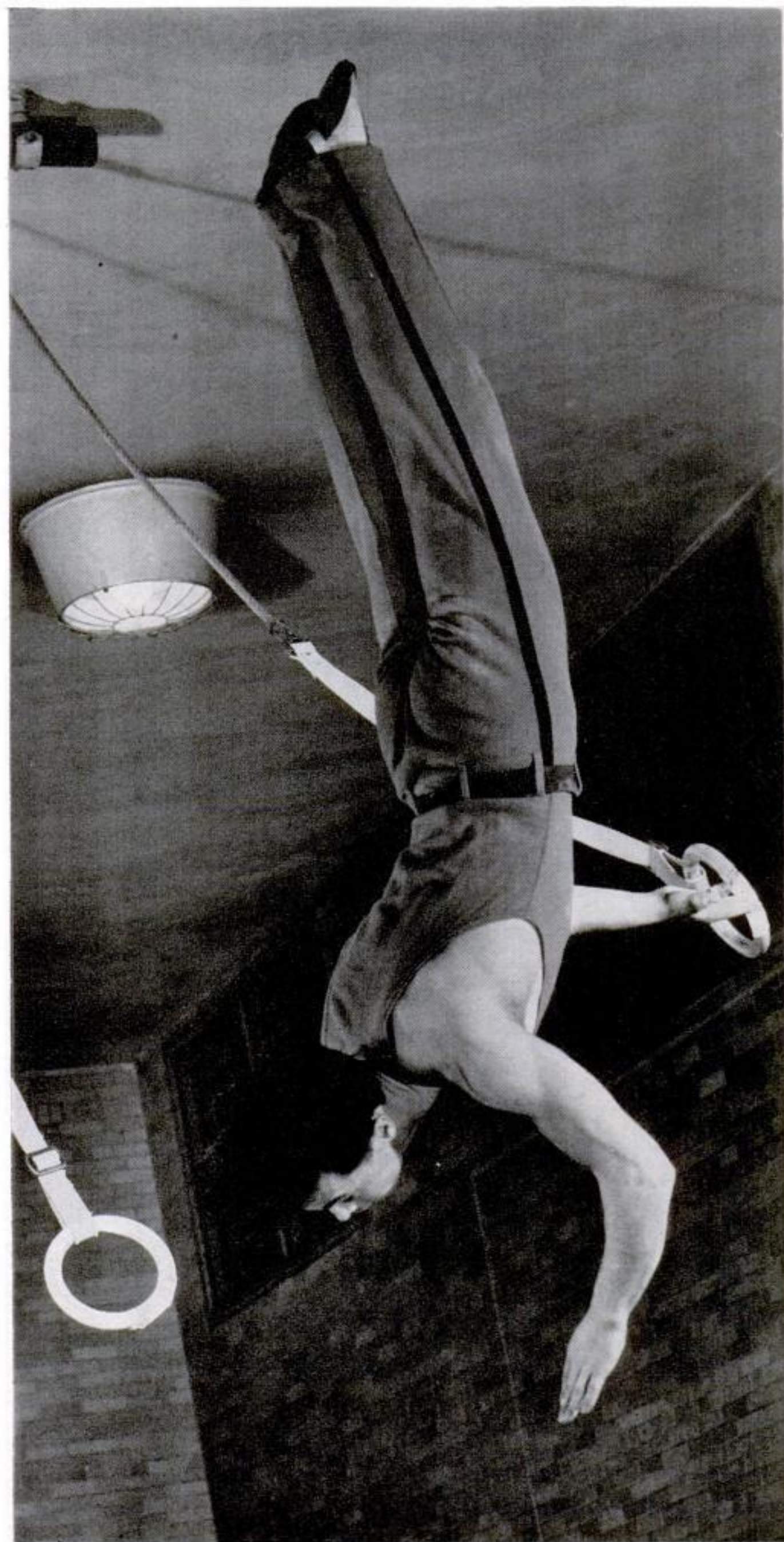
In war, when we save time we save lives—and we make our individual contribution to Victory.

DEPARTMENT OF LOGISTICS

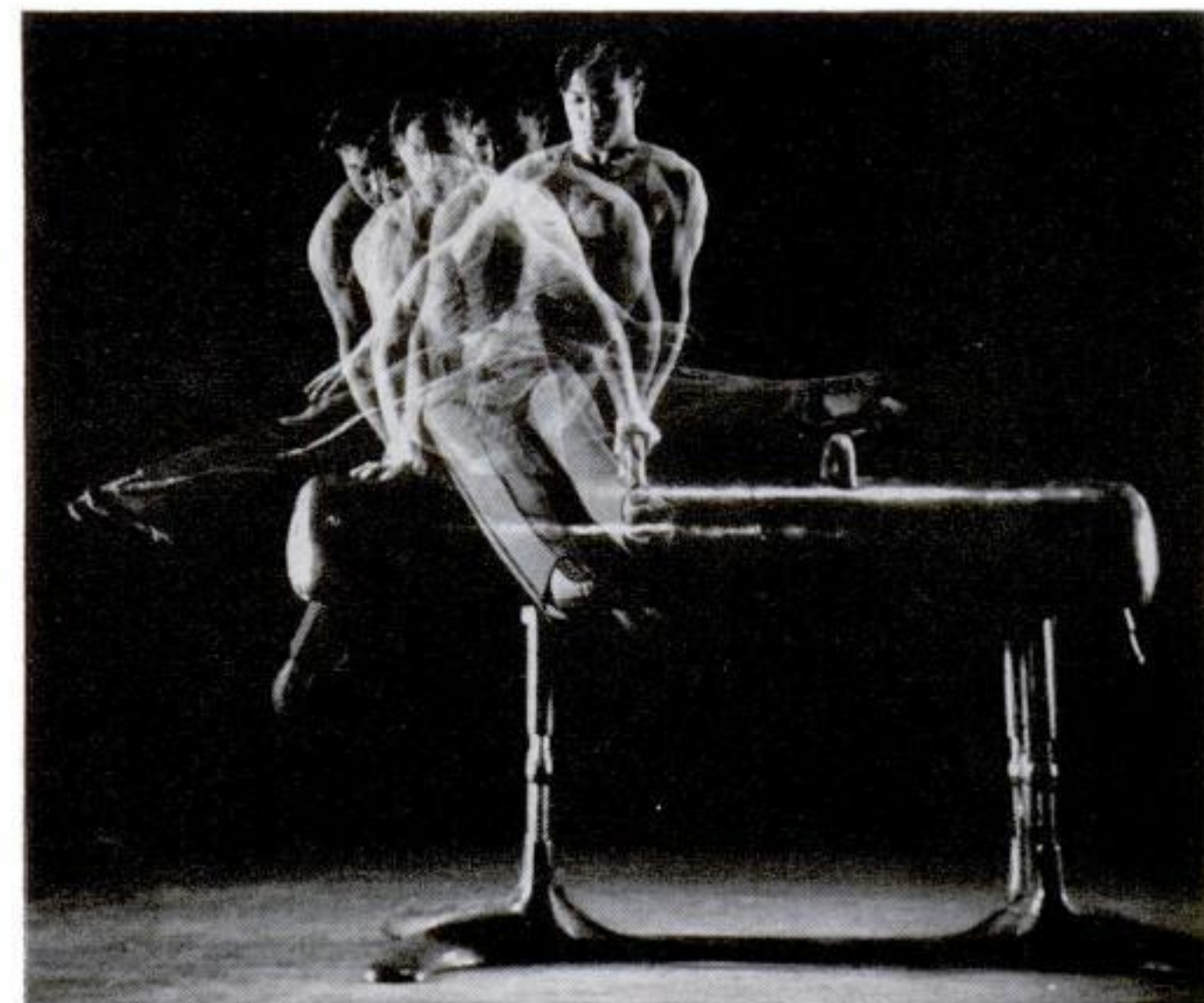
INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES CORPORATION

This message appeared in every daily newspaper, both English and foreign language, in the United States and Canada, on March 30, 1942

All-Around Gymnast (continued)



On flying rings, Loken is just letting go of the right ring as he twists his body to land on the floor facing the camera. This trick is called a reverse flyaway with a half twist.



On horse, Loken executes a leg circle around the end of the apparatus. Supporting himself on his hands, Loken swings both legs in a full circle, cutting under both hands.



Today's High Cigarette Prices needn't bother you . . . The modern KING SIZE BEECH-NUTS cost you *less*—yet you can't buy a finer cigarette at *any* price! Extra-long, extra-smooth, extra-easy on your throat. Try BEECH-NUTS, today!

PRODUCT OF P. LORILLARD COMPANY

The flavor's in- the work's out!

A new, instant Nestlé product, composed of equal parts of skillfully brewed soluble coffee and added carbohydrates (dextrins, maltose and dextrose) added solely to protect the flavor.

A TEASPOONFUL IN A CUP
ADD HOT WATER IT'S READY



● NESTLÉ'S MILK PRODUCTS, INC. • NEW YORK, U. S. A. ●

Lightning Strikes

Hard-striking, fast-striking Lightning...a wizard of high-altitude maneuverability...the Lockheed *Lightning* is a tough-sinewed interceptor, a ship built to reach new sky ceilings—and stay there to take and give plenty of fight.

It is a 'plane made to stop enemy bombers...dive or long range, high or low altitude...before they get to their objectives.

Built, too, as a fighting guard for our own bombers, it is a 'plane to sweep enemy skies as well as our own, teaming up with other hard-fighting American-built aircraft flying for the United Nations to win air supremacy to win this war.

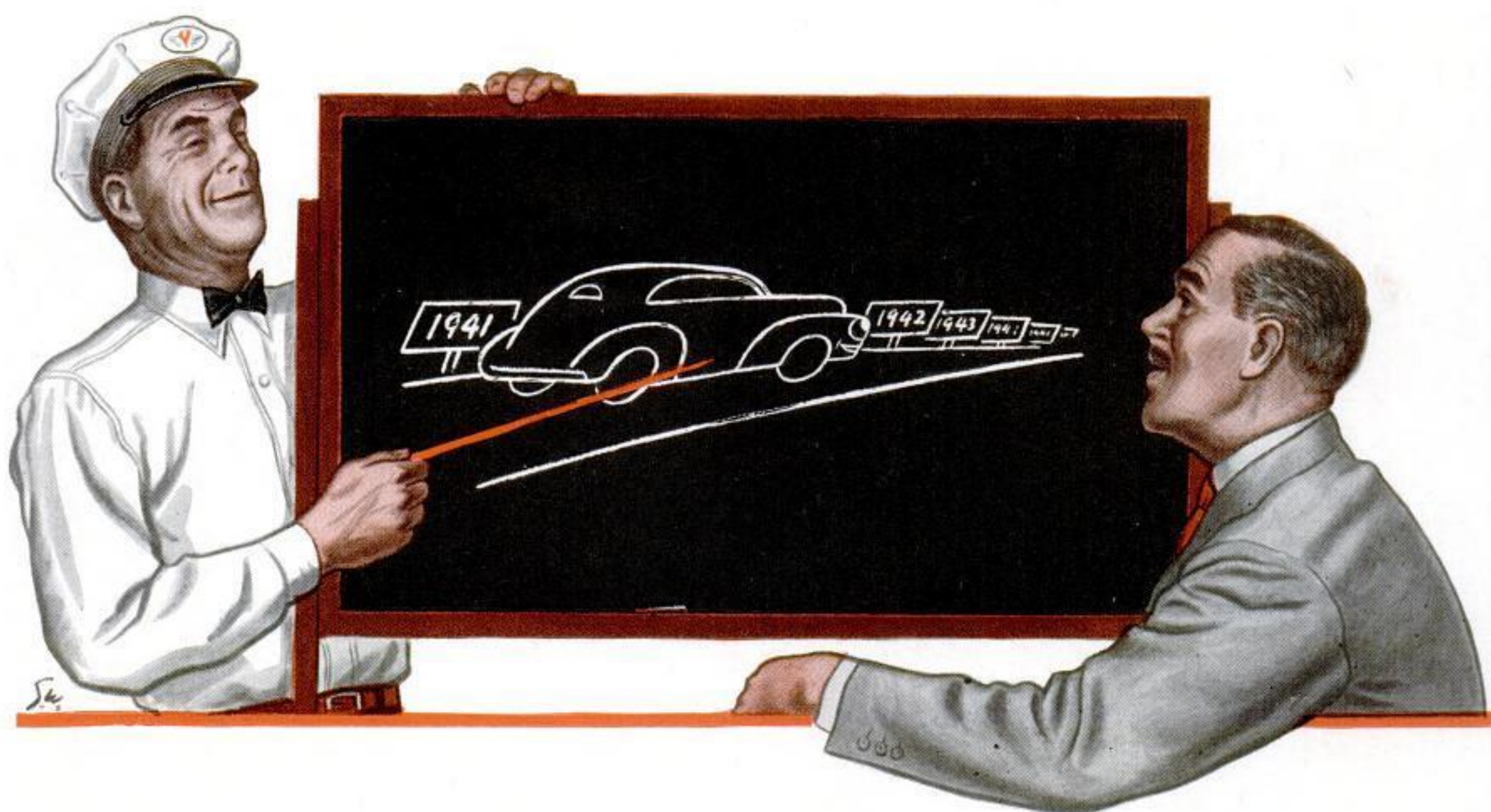
**... for Protection today
and Progress tomorrow**



LOOK TO *Lockheed* FOR LEADERSHIP



Lockheed Aircraft Corporation • Burbank, California



A Short Course in Driving Longer



This is you, learning how to drive—thousands of miles longer than you expected to! (Aren't we all?)



The first thing to learn is to dodge—WEAR. WEAR is a slow worker—but it can stop a car *fast*.

This is your teacher—a bright, fast-on-his-feet Veedol dealer. He'll teach you how to dodge engine-and-chassis WEAR the expert Veedol way.



LESSON No. 1 is—treat your engine to fresh, clean, summer-grade Veedol Motor Oil. Why? Because it's 100% Pennsylvania oil at its finest! Made from the world's toughest, most wear-resistant crude! It makes your engine run *longer*—and *better*.

VEEDOL
Safety Check
LUBRICATION



LESSON No. 2 is—pamper the chassis with Veedol *Safety-Check* Lubrication. It's scientific, thorough, blessed by your car maker. Your expert Veedol dealer gets *all* the wear spots, with the *right* lubricants. He *Safety-Checks* your tires, too—and tells you how to make 'em last.



You're graduated with a degree of M. C. D. (Master of Carefree Driving). But be sure to enroll today. See your Veedol dealer now—and for a brush-up course every 1000 miles!

Moral:

WIN AGAINST WEAR

WITH **VEEDOL**

Change to 100% Pennsylvania VEEDOL MOTOR OIL every 1,000 miles
Get 1,000-mile VEEDOL SAFETY-CHECK lubrication

Product of Tide Water Associated Oil Company

 OIL IS AMMUNITION  USE IT WISELY 



SIDE BY SIDE IN THE GLASS-ED-IN NOSE OF AN AT-11 SIT A STUDENT BOMBARDIER (RIGHT) AND HIS INSTRUCTOR. THE ZIPPER BAG ABOVE CADET'S HAND COVERS THE BOMBSIGHT

BOMBARDIER SCHOOL

AIR FORCE TRAINS ITS MEN FOR DEADLY JOB

A big modern bombing plane is built by months of work after years of planning. It is put together deviously and delicately, made tough enough to brush safely through heavy machine-gun fire and strong enough to carry huge bombs over great distances. Equipped with the finest instruments, it is flown by picked men and powered by special gasoline. And all this is designed and done to carry one man, the bombardier, who spends most of the time on a bombing mission sitting in a transparent hemisphere up in the plane's nose, waiting and smoking cigarets until it is time for him to take over the plane and guide it over the target on which he must drop destruction.

But the bombardier's brief moments are extreme-

ly crucial. On a journey that lasts 15 hours, the bombardier may do nothing for 14 hours and 58 minutes. When the plane nears the objective, he hunches over his bombsight. At his side are numerous instruments which tell the plane's speed and altitude, the speed of winds and cross drifts, the air temperature. He sets these facts into his bombsight—which is essentially a calculating machine—by twisting knobs on it. Through the bombsight's soft rubber eyepiece, he sees two hairlines and the target. He turns the knobs until the hairlines meet at right angles. The plane meanwhile flies steadily on the course he directs. In his bombsight, he sees the target move nearer and nearer the intersection of the cross hairs. When the target and the

intersection meet, the bombardier releases his bombs.

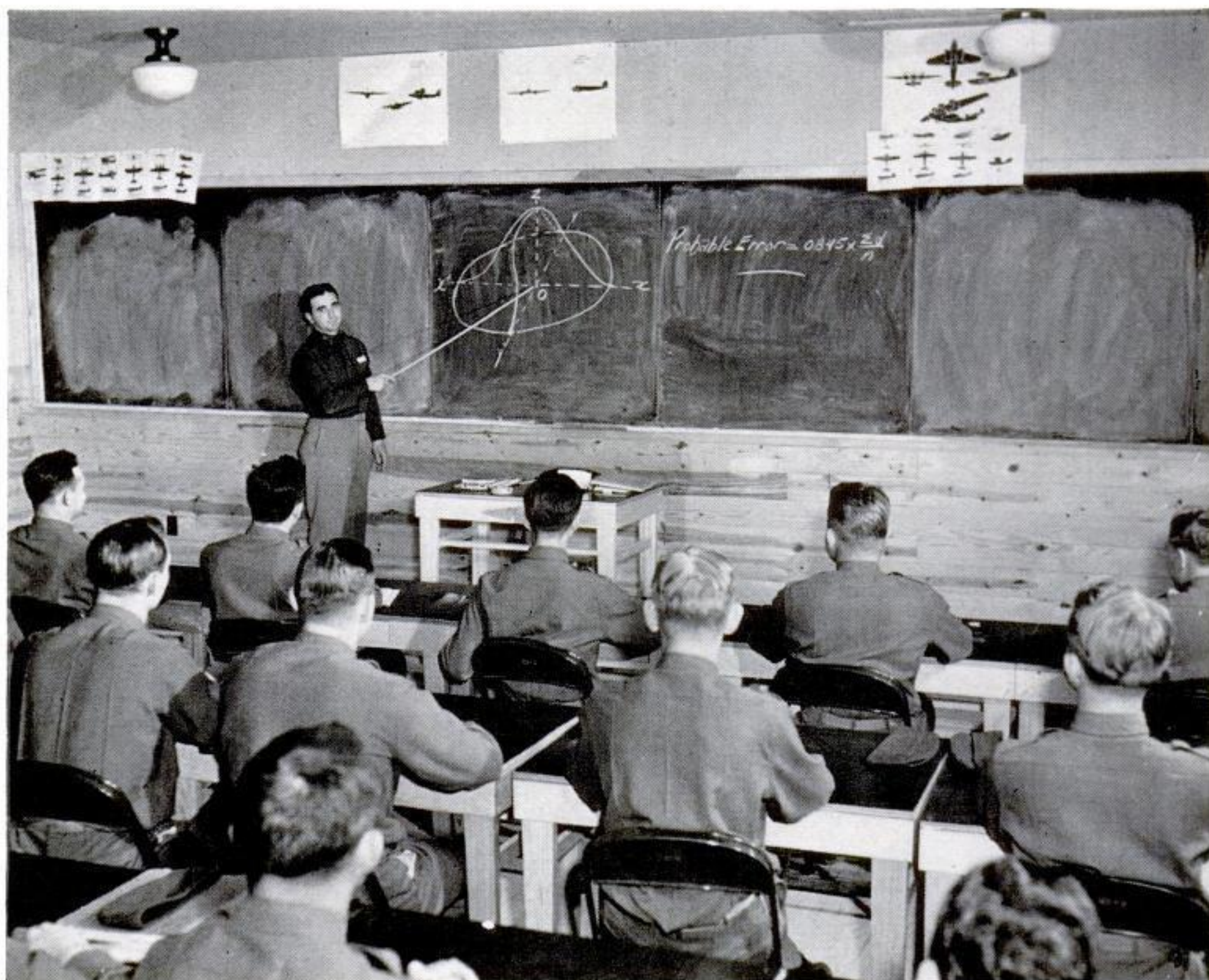
In most modern bombing, the bombardier has to be right the first time. He gets no second chance. The years of planning, building, training are wasted unless he puts the cross hairs just so, kicks his bombs off at the exact split second.

For his critical job, the bombardier must be rigorously trained. The Army Air Force is training bombardiers by the hundreds. In twelve crowded weeks, it teaches them theory of bombing, gives them ground training and flight training, introduces them to combat work. These pages show what student bombardiers, like the black-eyed fellow on the cover, are learning at the training school at Midland, in western Texas.

THE BEGINNER STAYS CLOSE TO THE GROUND

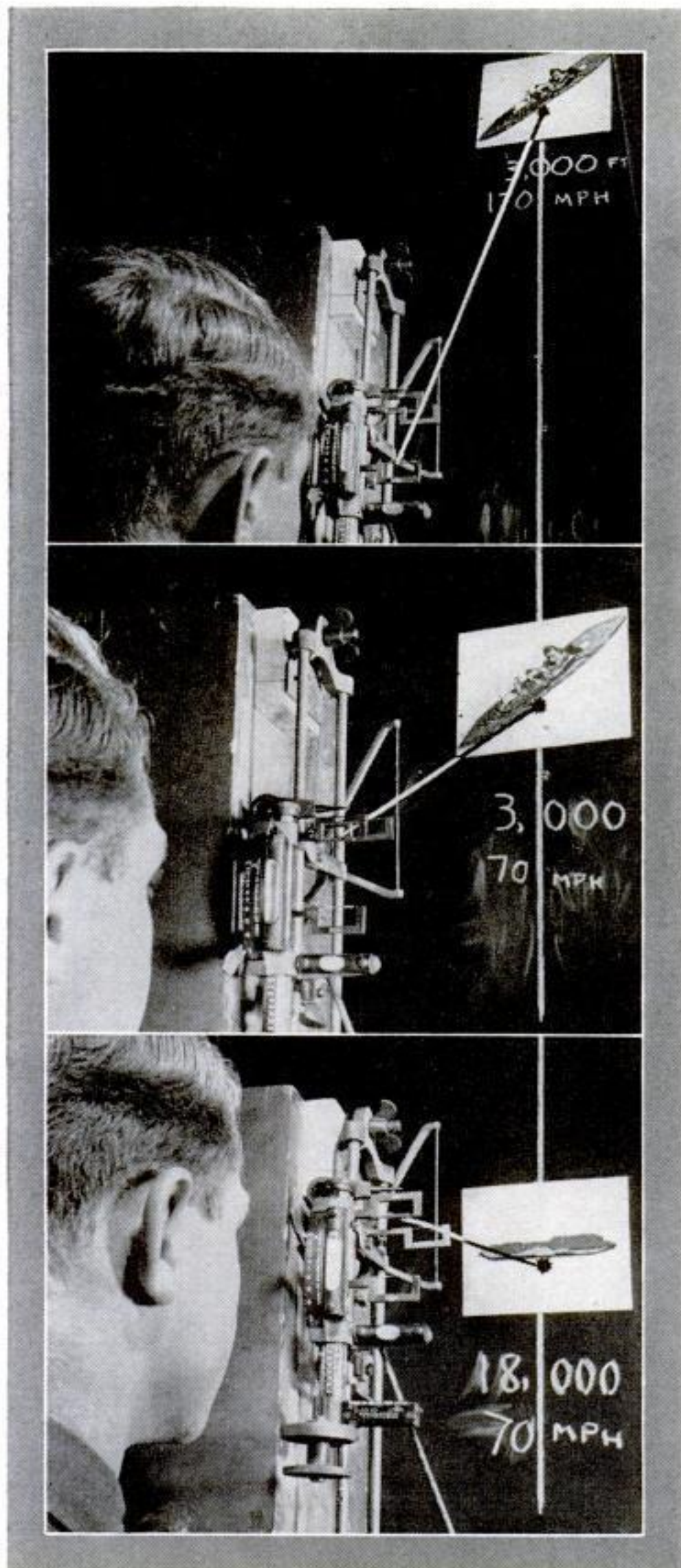
Until recently, the student bombardier has often been a flying cadet who had tried to be a combat pilot but was washed out. Swallowing his chagrin, he signed for air jobs less glamorous than a pilot's. But the Army today has no delusions of glamor. It no longer accepts men for the specific job of pilots. All newcomers are taken on, tested, assigned to jobs best suited them. For the bombardier it requires special qualifications—manual dexterity so he can twist knobs without fumbling, muscle control so his adjustments are always precise, good serial reaction so he can apply data in orderly sequence, calm temperament so he won't be rattled.

When he starts at Midland, the student plunges into heavy classwork to learn the theory of bombing. He doesn't get far off the ground. Highest he goes is 12 ft. when he perches on the top platform of the bomb trainer (opposite page). For weeks he works the same problems again and again, turning dials, straining his eyes, trying to coordinate his mind and his movements until, to his pleased surprise, he suddenly finds that the speed of his reactions has miraculously increased and his manipulations have become almost automatic.



THEORY OF BOMBING is taught to cadets in small classes. Here the instructor is explaining the factor of probable error. The diagram on blackboard shows the theoretical shape of a pile

of well-aimed bombs, demonstrates that no matter how good a bombardier may be, he will invariably stack up a few misses (near edge of pile) in proportion to his direct hits (top of pile).

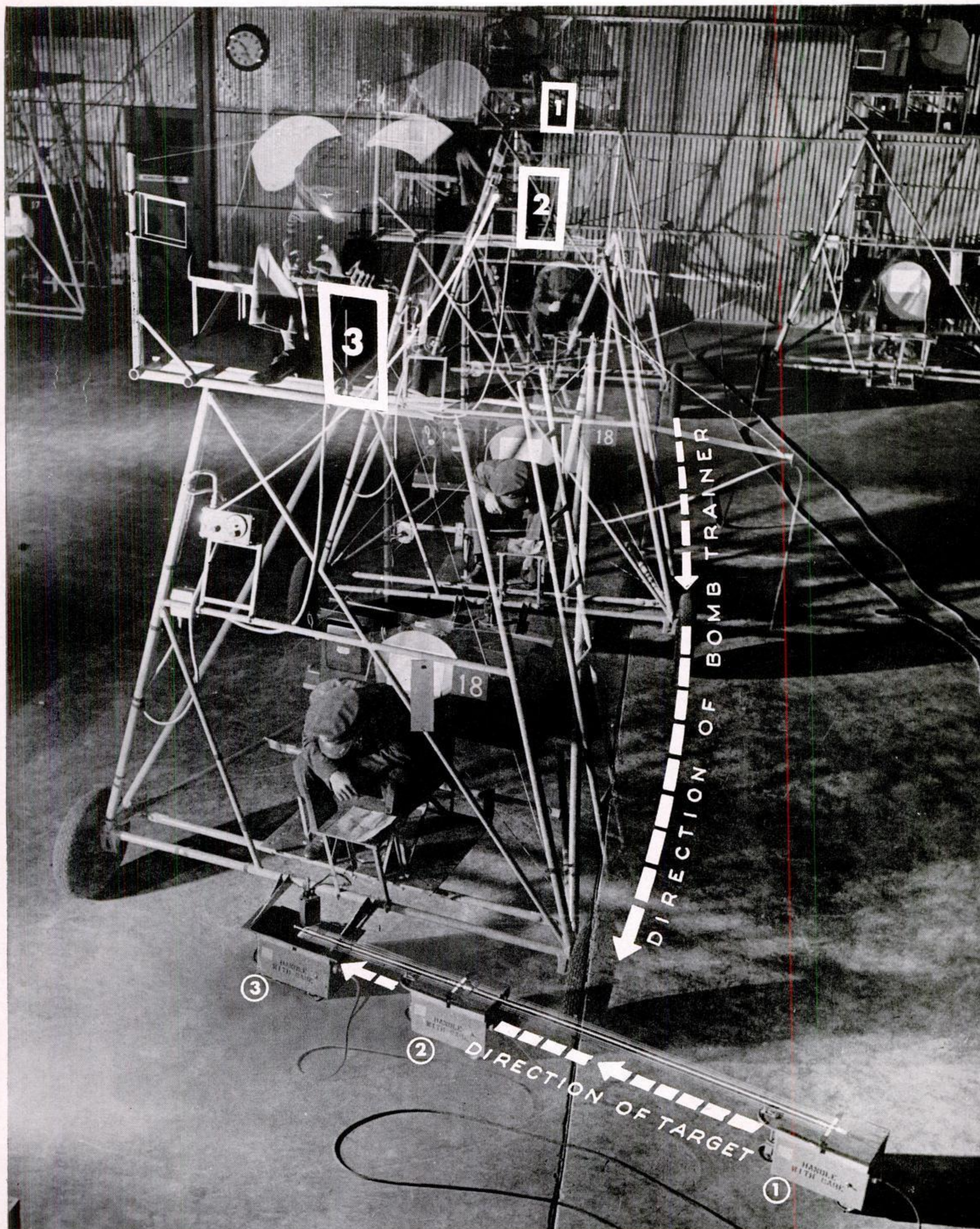


LINE OF SIGHT changes angle. Flying low and fast (top), the bomb is released far from ship. When low and slow (middle), release is nearer. High and slow (bottom), line is near vertical.



ON THE HIGH SCAFFOLD of the bomb trainer, the cadet gets his first chance to handle the bombsight. With an instructor beside him, he wheels along the floor again and again, aiming

at a little box called the "bug," operated by electric motor. To relieve the monotony of this training, silhouettes of ships and even of pretty girls are put on the "bug" for him to shoot at.



ADVANCED PROBLEMS are given to the cadets as they grow more skilful. Shown in the triple exposure above is a problem in drift. Here the target moves steadily across the floor from

(1) to (3), as though a side wind were drifting the bomb trainer off its course. The cadet starts the trainer moving from its position against the wall of the hangar (1) and has to calculate

this drift of the target to perfection in order to end up (3) directly over the target. Note that the "bug's" light-trace is in a straight line and the path of the trainer is curved to intersect it.



PRACTICE BOMBS used for bombardier training contain no high explosive. Instead, a 5-lb. can of black powder is placed in the tail. The case is filled with sand to bring its weight up to 100 lb.

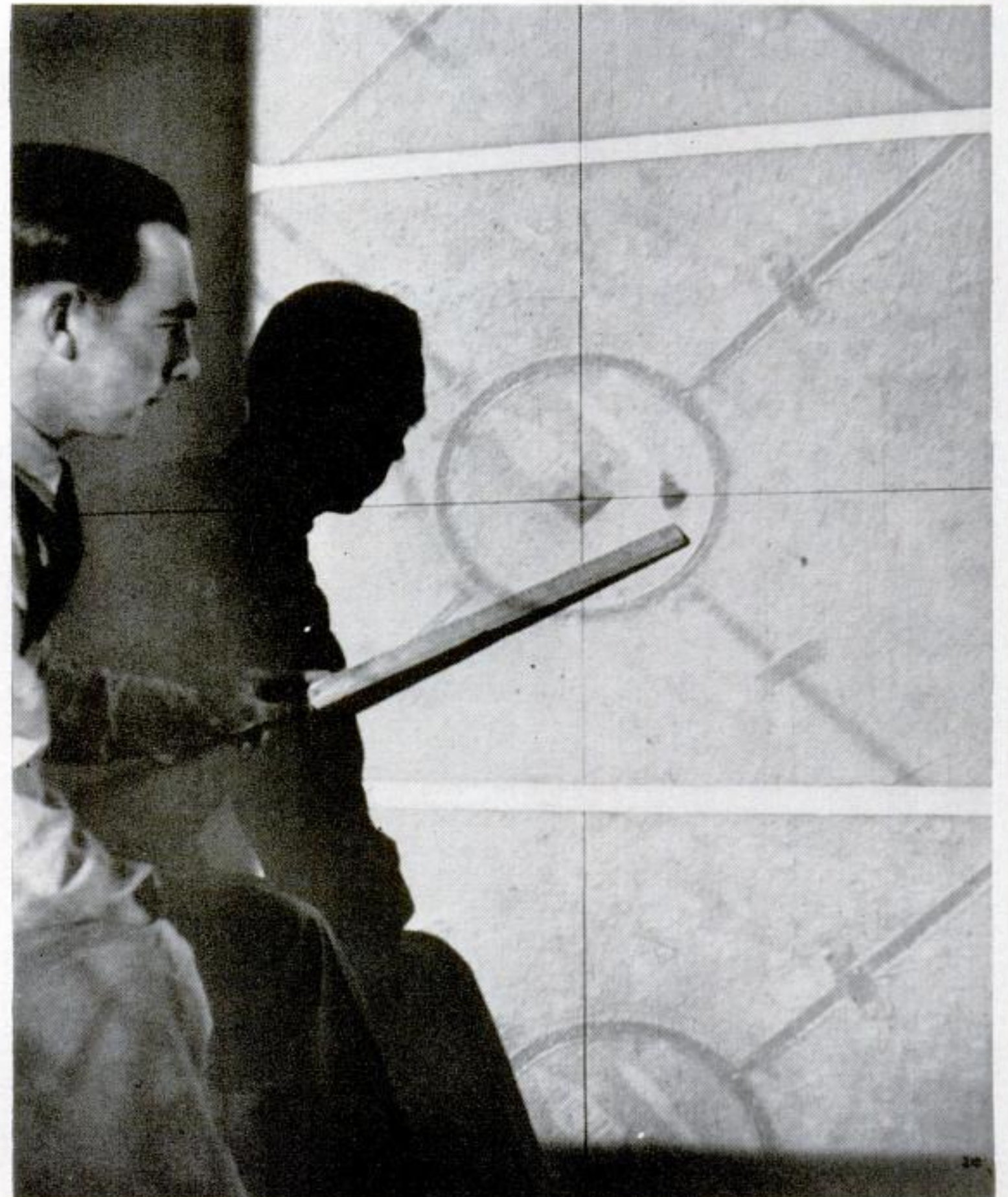
STUDENTS PRACTICE WITH SECRET SIGHTS AND DUMMY BOMBS IN SPEEDY PLANES



WHEN BOMBS HIT, the thin steel cases crumple and the sand sprays out. Steady bombing leaves ranges littered with tons of empty cases, like those above, which are salvaged and used again.



GROUND CREW loads ten practice bombs aboard each of the training planes, puts them in place on racks inside. Metal plates on top of the bombs (right) are shackles by which they are hung up.



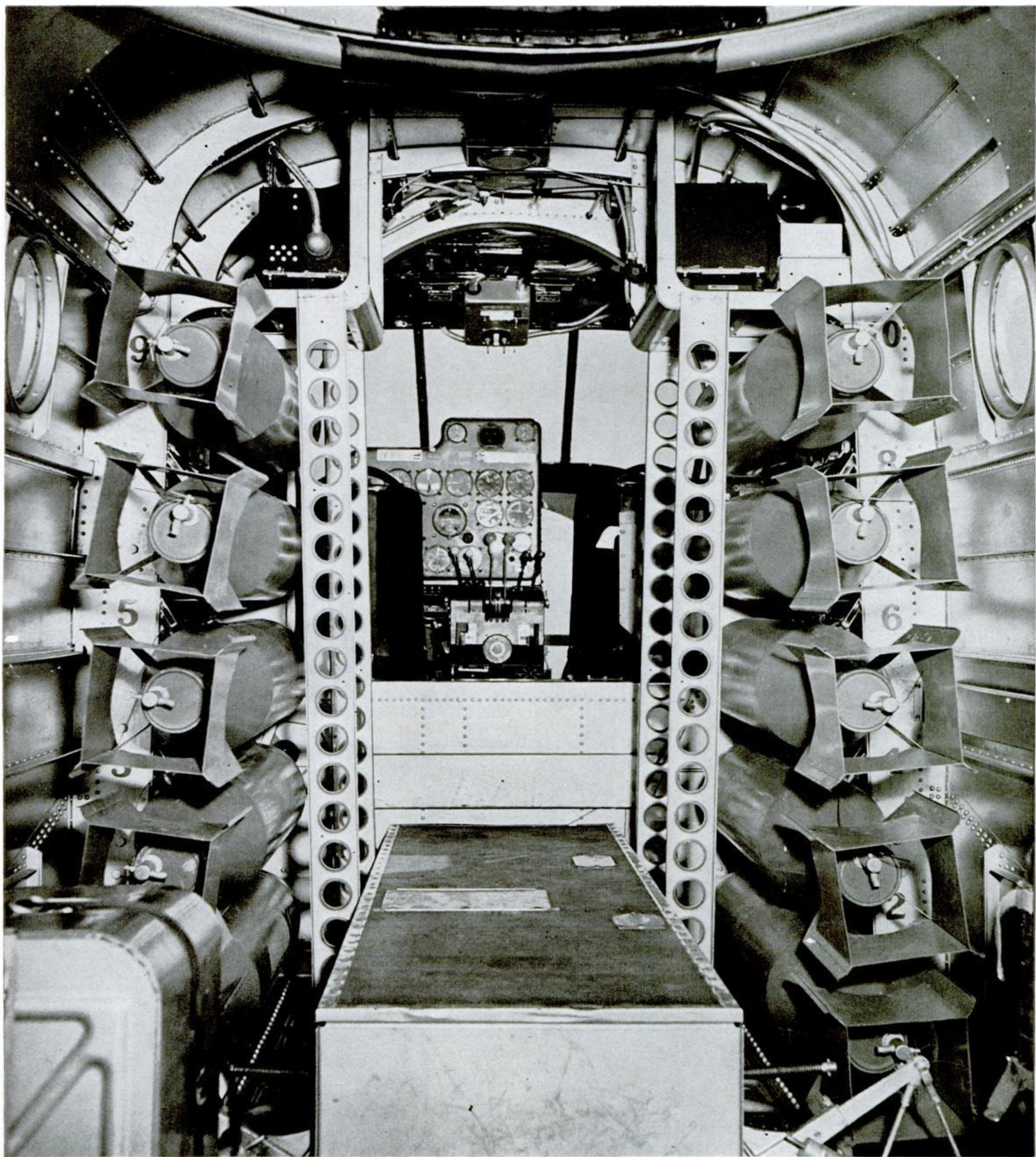
EVERY BOMB DROPPED by a cadet has its picture taken at impact, when the powder charge makes a puff of smoke. Closeness of hit is scaled off from picture, recorded on cadet's progress chart.

Early bombardiers in the last war were airplane pilots who painted lines at different angles on the fuselages of their planes, sighted along them for bombing at different speeds and altitudes. Even after bombsights were available, bombardiers could not bomb across the wind, but had to come in on the target either upwind or downwind—that is with the wind dead ahead or behind the plane. To guide the plane, the bombardier tugged at

strings tied to the pilot's arms, pulling at the left arm or the right arm depending on which way he wanted to go.

Today at Midland the student uses the most advanced and secret bombsights, the famous Norden or Sperry instruments. When he starts flight training, he jumps right into a fast modern plane, the two-engine Beech AT-11. With an instructor beside him, he flies

day and night, dropping dummy 100-lb. bombs on wooden shacks standing in the middle of big circular targets. At the end of nine weeks' training he makes his "record runs," his final bombing examinations, the results of which will grade him as first, second or third-class bombardier. In formation bombing, a first-class bombardier is usually put in the leading plane to help other bombardiers in timing the release of their bombs.



INSIDE THE AT-11 the cadet finds two neat stacks of bombs hanging over miniature bomb-bay doors, a narrow walkway for-

ward to the pilot's seat (*left*) and the "meat box" (*beyond the instrument panel*) where the bombardier and instructor sit. Pad-

locked box in left foreground is a safe for bombsight in case of a forced landing. Chinese use these AT-11's as light bombers.

COMBAT WORK TEACHES THE ARTS OF AIR WAR

The last three weeks at the Midland school are the most exciting. With little classroom or ground work to tie him down, the student bombardier spends most of his time at combat training. He attacks at low altitude, the bumpy Texas air tossing the plane around in a nice imitation of anti-aircraft explosions. He makes short runs and turns, getting as little as 20 seconds to sight, set in his data, release his bombs. He plays hide-and-seek in the sky, dodging in and out of clouds to do his bombing. He learns to release his bombs in string, which is in quick succession, and in salvo, which is all at once. He goes high up to bomb from oxygen levels and comes way down, as on opposite page, to bomb from levels so low that he doesn't use his sight but kicks off his load by sense and eye.

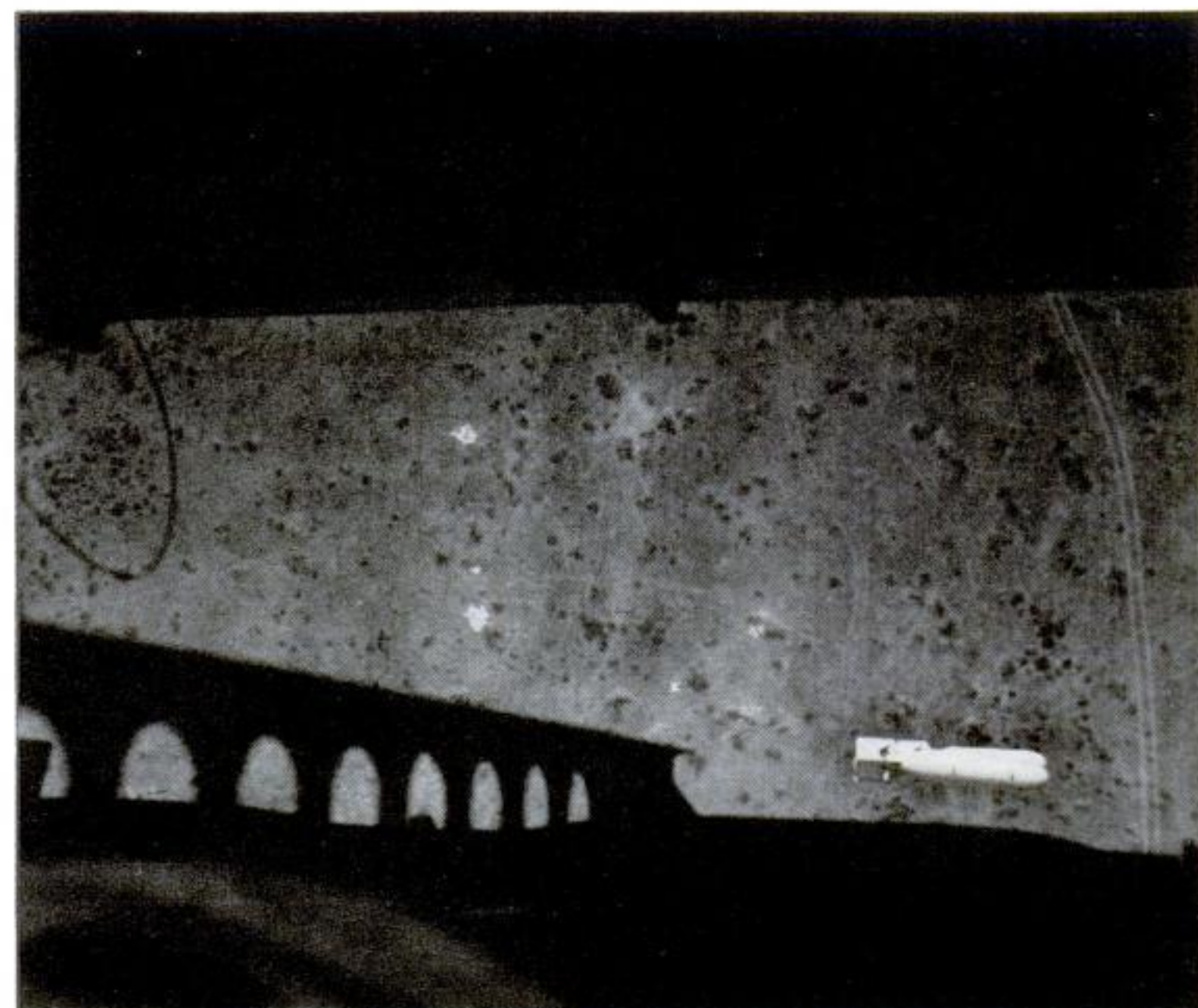
At the end of twelve weeks he is commissioned a second lieutenant and finally gets his wings. The Air Force still gives the bombardier distinctive wings with an "O" between them, which is the combat observer's insignia. But soon bombardiers may wear their own wings with a bomb on them. With his new rank and insignia, the graduate bombardier is either plowed right back into the training program to instruct new students or else goes off to an operational training unit. There the bomber crews are put together into bomber task forces (LIFE, April 6). Then they go out to do their deadly jobs.



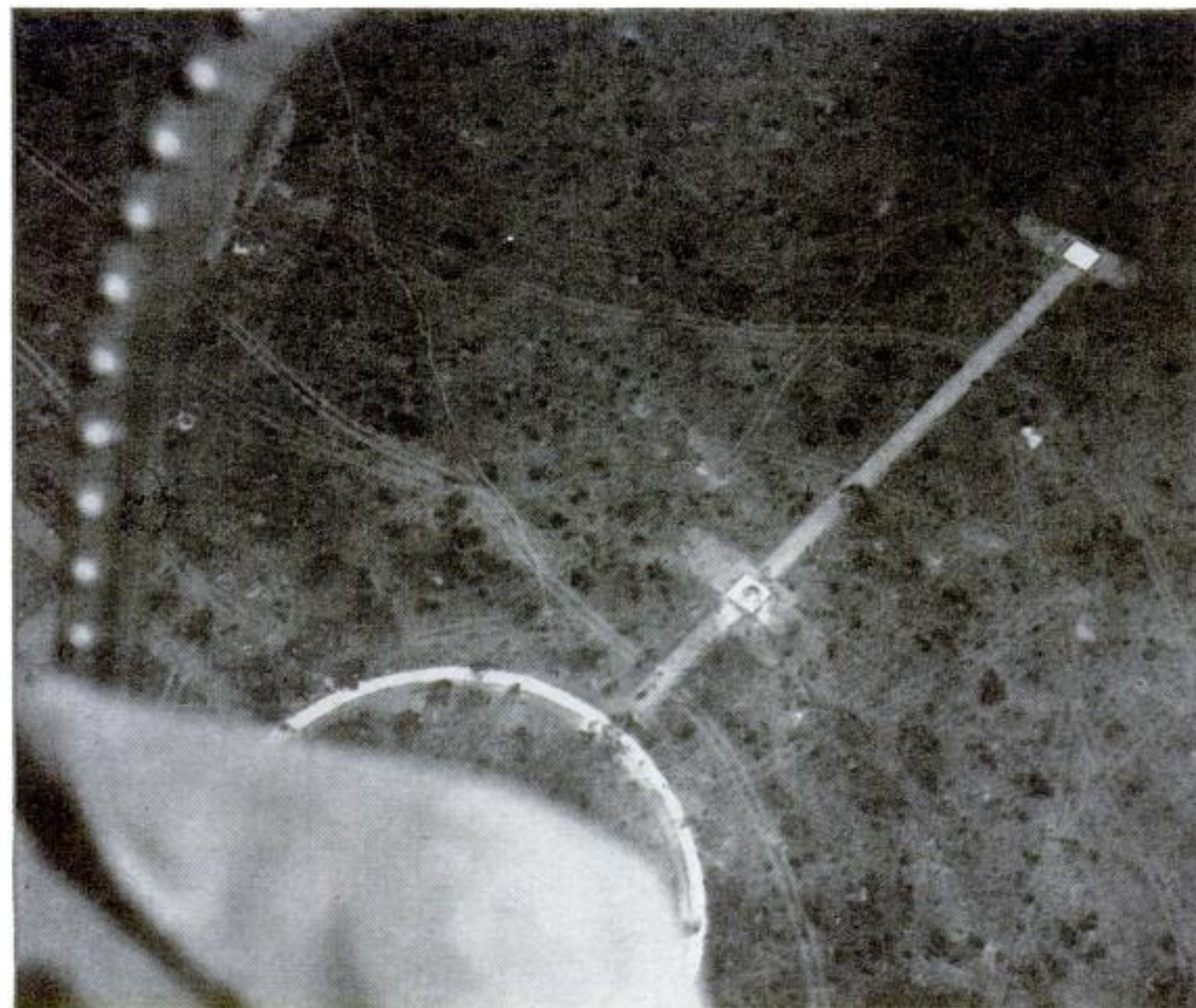
AS TARGET LOOMS UP, CADET OPENS BOMB-BAY DOORS, THEN ADJUSTS HIS BOMBSIGHT



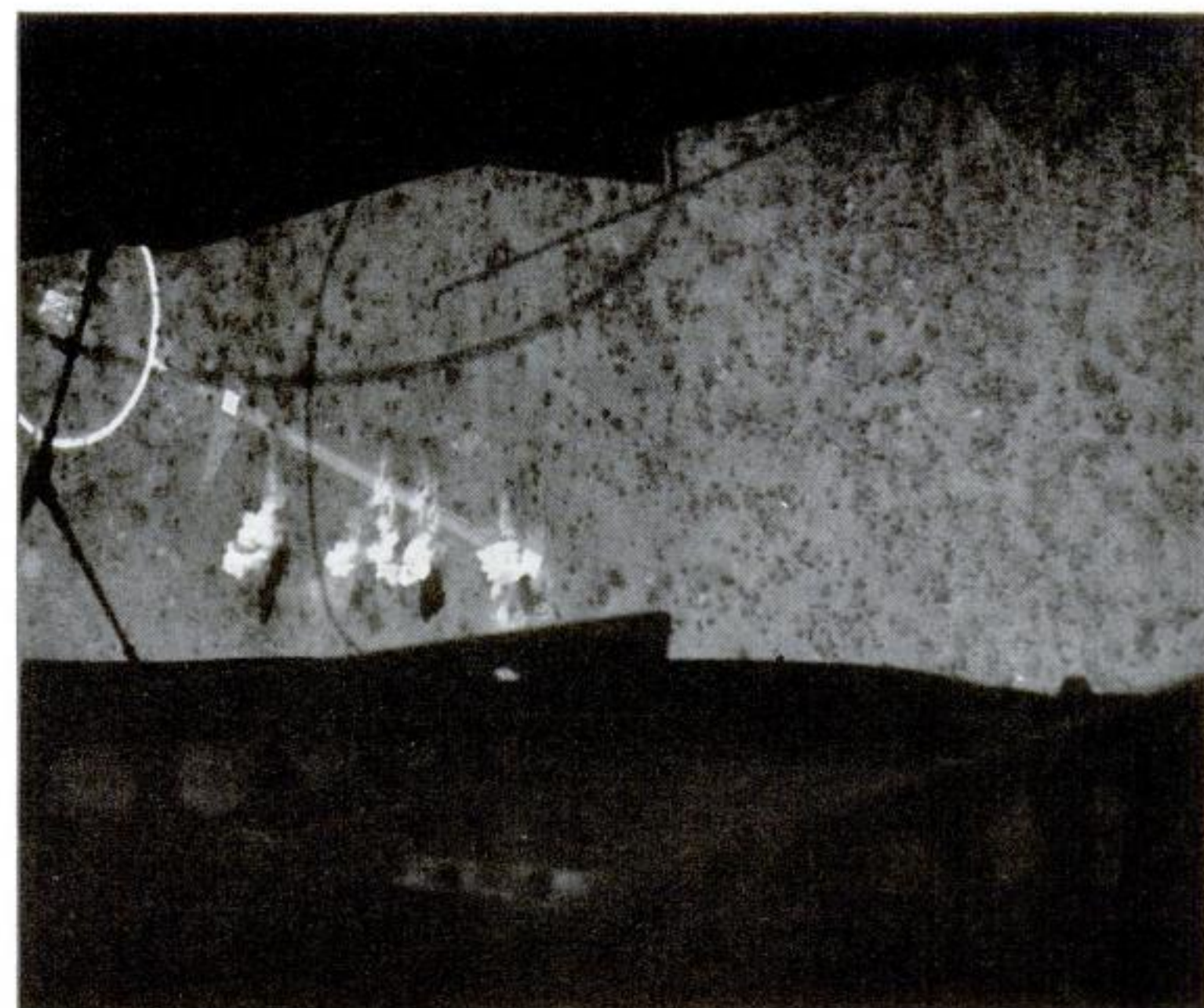
WITH TARGET IN CROSS HAIRS, HE WAITS UNTIL THE RIGHT SECOND, KICKS OFF BOMBS



ON RELEASE, BOMBS JERK FREE OF SHACKLES AND ARMING WIRES, RUSH TOWARD GROUND



HE WATCHES THE TARGET PASS BY UNDERNEATH AS PLANE BANKS AWAY, STARTS HOME



IN A NEATLY SPACED STRING, THE BOMBS DROP ACROSS THE FAR END OF THE TARGET



**LOW OVER THE RANGE AT DUSK
A STUDENT BOMBARDIER LANDS
BOMB SMACK ON THE TARGET**

CLOSE-UP



Ernest Scott Land

LAND OF THE SEVEN SEAS

Builder and boss of America's merchant marine, Admiral Jerry Land now occupies Washington's hottest desk

by LINCOLN BARNETT

Of all the nation's agencies of war production, only one drew commendation in the bleakly critical report published by the Truman Committee of the U. S. Senate five weeks after Pearl Harbor. Both foresight and efficiency had distinguished the Government's shipbuilding program, the Senators declared, and "the committee is of the opinion that the Maritime Commission has done a good job." These friendly words gratified 1,999 of the 2,000 employees of the Maritime Commission who work daily in one section of the vast endlessly corridorred Department of Commerce Building in downtown Washington. They disturbed and alarmed their ordinarily cheerful and ebullient chairman, Rear Admiral Emory Scott ("Jerry") Land.

He scowled at news stories of the Truman Committee's report the morning of its release and exhibited small interest in his breakfast. The brisk buoyancy of his gait was notably lacking as he marched his matutinal two miles from home to office. He nodded only curtly to his secretary, Miss Eleanor Van Valey, and barked at several well-wishers who telephoned to congratulate him. It was at the regular Maritime Commission board meeting that morning that he finally articulated his emotions. Staring coldly at his fellow commissioners, who radiated an irritating glow of self-satisfaction, the chairman warned: "My father was one of seven children. Every time any of those kids got any parental praise, the others ganged up and gave him a few good kicks in the aft sheets."

Within a very few weeks Land's parable had an unpleasant factual basis and his aft sheets were taking salvos from several quarters of the compass. For winter's melancholy events had given the nation a highly quotable excuse for U. S. reverses in the Far East—i.e., "An acute shortage of ships." It has now become evident to most Americans that World War II in its current phase is a war of salt-water transportation. In fact a very good case may be adduced for the thesis that this is Jerry Land's war. His several portfolios as chairman of the Maritime Commis-

sion, War Shipping Administrator and U. S. representative on the Combined Shipping Adjustment Board give him an official stature that for power and importance is outranked by few Cabinet officers or members of the United Nations High Command. No one in aircraft production for instance has the single and undivided authority that Land wields as director of America's fabulous shipbuilding effort. At the present time his desk is probably the hottest in Washington.

It is in his role of War Shipping Administrator that Land assumes almost cosmic responsibilities. For here he exercises supreme dominion over all U. S. merchant ship movements across the seven seas. It is his task to keep American troops in Australia, Ireland, Greenland and wherever they may be, supplied regularly with food and weapons of war. He must re-allocate ships from all the harbors of the anti-Axis world to move vital cargoes staggering distances through perilous waters and on time. He must deliver lease-lend supplies to the United Nations and swell the incoming stream of strategic materials for our own war industries. Finally he must maintain, through imports, the national economy of every Latin-American nation subject to Good Neighbor commitments.

A huge and cautiously guarded map at WSA headquarters indicates the day-to-day locations of the approximately 1,800 U. S. vessels whose cargoes and destinations Land controls. Shown there, too, are the movements of some 2,300 other ships of allied registry over which, as U. S. representative on the Combined Shipping Adjustment Board, he shares jurisdiction with Britain's Sir Arthur Salter and the Ministry of War Transport in London. It is up to Land, his aides and allies to route these thousands of ships most expeditiously, to insure that every ship is loaded to the mark and with only the most exigent materials, and above all to keep them moving—all of them, at all times.

The magnitude of Land's task can only be comprehended when it is recalled that in this incredible global war round-trip voyages from this

country to the far Pacific battlefronts consume anywhere from four to eight months. And all the problems are new. No one, for example, has yet worked out a really satisfactory method of loading bulky asymmetrical cargoes like planes. Several months ago before the War Shipping Administration got into its stride, the Army found it necessary to rush a shipment of trucks to some distant port. After all the trucks had been loaded aboard ship it was observed that the vessel still rode light. Owing to the urgency of the situation the skipper had no choice but to take on ballast and sail. Today such a criminal waste of tonnage would no longer be tolerated, for the War Shipping Administration would have on hand, ready and waiting, bags of flour, canned goods, clothing or other small items which could be stowed compactly in and around the unwieldy Army vehicles.

To compensate for the astronomical distances involved, the War Shipping Administration has eliminated conventional out-and-back runs in favor of grand far-ranging triangular and quadrangular voyages, lasting from four to six months. Thus Land and his colleagues are engaged constantly in a gigantic game of chess with some 4,100 merchantmen as pieces and the whole liquid surface of the earth for a board. They must forecast the needs of armies as yet unformed, presage sinkings and adjust operations to the inevitable delays of the slow convoy system. They must plan their play in accordance with the usually conflicting demands of the War Department, the War Production Board and the Bureau of Economic Warfare. All want ships. All fear that Land, with far too few at his disposal, might not concede priority to their urgent needs.

Land's duties as War Shipping Administrator consume most of his time nowadays. He confers hours daily with Director General of Shipping H. Harris Robson, his No. 1 aide and one of the two individuals privileged to enter his office unannounced. The other is Rear Admiral Howard Vickery, vice chairman of the Maritime Commission, in charge of ship construction. Land

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



As chairman of the Maritime Commission, Land directs the enormous job of building 2,300 merchant ships by Dec. 31, 1943. Here he examines a model C-3 cargo carrier outside his office.



As War Shipping Administrator, Land is world's No. 1 traffic manager. It is his responsibility to route thousands of ships around the globe to fill needs of Army, Allies and home industries.

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LAND OF THE SEVEN SEAS (continued)

calls Vickery and himself the "Siamese Twins," partly because of their personal friendship but more particularly because of the professional affinity of their minds. Since Vickery enjoys his chairman's complete confidence and Land now devotes 80% of his working hours to the War Shipping Administration, most of the actual hard work of administering the Maritime Commission's shipbuilding effort has fallen lately on the vice chairman's shoulders. Three mornings a week however—Tuesday, Thursday and Friday—Land presides over the Maritime Commission's board meeting in his capacious, ship-gadged office. For as over-all chief and high-policy man, it is Land who is ultimately responsible for the progress of the greatest shipbuilding program in the history of man. By Dec. 31, 1943 he must deliver into service nearly 2,300 ships, totaling 23,000,000 dead-weight tons—a fleet virtually the size of Britain's entire merchant marine at the outbreak of war.

It was no mere seaman's superstition which warned Land that heavy weather might follow the sunshine of the Truman report. For one thing, arithmetic forewarned him. Between inception of the Maritime Commission's building program and Jan. 1, 1942, Land & Co. laid the keels of 308 ships, launched 178 and delivered 129. Of these, 103 were delivered into service in 1941. To jump from 103 ships in 1941 to 750 in 1942 and 1,500 in 1943 would seem a difficult progression. Yet the facilities for this titanic job are on hand. Some 700,000 men now work day and night in U. S. shipyards. By the end of the year 1,000,000 will be building Land's ships in 60 yards and on 400 ways.

Shipyards, shortages & steel

One of the current charges against Land is that he has been too prone to grant contracts to the big established shipbuilders and to snub small or incipient yards with long-range possibilities. What his detractors often overlook is that seagoing ships are enormously complex machines, encompassing an incredible variety of electrical and thermodynamic apparatus, wiring, plumbing and small parts beyond number. They must be fabricated in modern shops and pieced together on great plexiform ways by giant cranes which themselves require eight to 16 months to build. Shipyards moreover must have ready access not only to water but to materials and supplies. Both Land and Vickery are persuaded that the old and new yards now banging away on Atlantic, Pacific and Gulf coasts and on the Great Lakes constitute close to 100% of the nation's merchant shipbuilding potential. Though it is true the Maritime Commission has tended to bestow orders upon companies with experience, facilities and know-how, many a new yard has taken shape under Land's aegis and many a new yard is coming into production now.

Whether Land can meet his 1942-1943 quotas or not depends now simply on factors of supply. During the summer of 1941 steel deliveries fell behind schedule and Land knew then that for every 2,500 tons of steel which the nation's mills failed to give him in September he would fail to deliver one ship in February. There were other shortages too—of turbines, gears, propulsion machinery and even of little things like rigging fittings, compasses and valves. All this meant that Land's headaches of six months ago would be the Army's, Navy's and nation's headaches this current spring and summer. But right now the steel situation is vastly improved. Subcontracting and expansion of plant facilities have increased the flow of machinery and small parts. Welding and mass-production methods have reduced Liberty Ship schedules to 105 days from keel-laying to delivery. Hence Land is optimistic that his 1942 goal of 750 ships can be achieved—if not precisely by the end of the year at least by a-little-after-the-end-of-the-year. The important thing he emphasizes is *rate* of production. Since February the nation's yards have been delivering his ships at the rate of one a day. By next month, they will be delivering two a day. And by the closing months of this year the tempo will surpass three a day. When that happens 1943's fantastic program will be a push-over.

A public frustrated by military disappointments, however, is likely to be impatient. Since the U. S. needs ships and it is the Maritime Commission's job to build them, critics both in and out of Washington find it easy to blame the chairman for the nation's present military plight. Some find it not only easy but downright agreeable, for Land's professional manner is brusque, his temper volcanic, his decisions inflexible. His dialectics are justly famed as the toughest, saltiest and most abrasive in the capital. He has directed his quarter-deck wrath with impartial fervency at shipbuilders, labor leaders, lobbyists and Congressmen. Not long ago a delegation of shipyard unionists called on Land to discuss a disagreement with their em-



SUBURBANITE: Why Tom—I haven't seen you shining up the old bus in a coon's age!

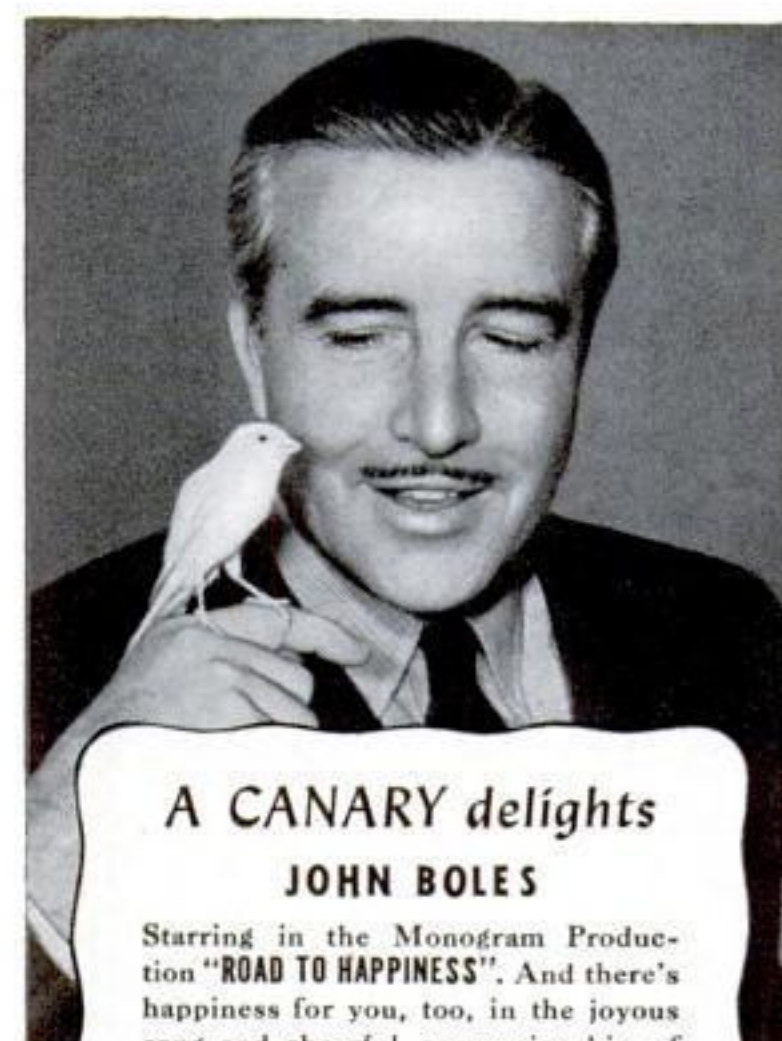
NEIGHBOR: Well, Bill, since I've been taking NUJOL for that ordinary constipation, I've felt more like doing things. When I think how I used to wear myself out with purges—and now just one tablespoonful of NUJOL each night and morning, keeps me regular.

SUBURBANITE: NUJOL, eh? How does the stuff taste?

NEIGHBOR: It's tasteless, man! And dependable, too—because NUJOL is a heavy mineral oil whose viscosity is scientifically controlled to give best results. For ordinary constipation, Bill—get NUJOL!



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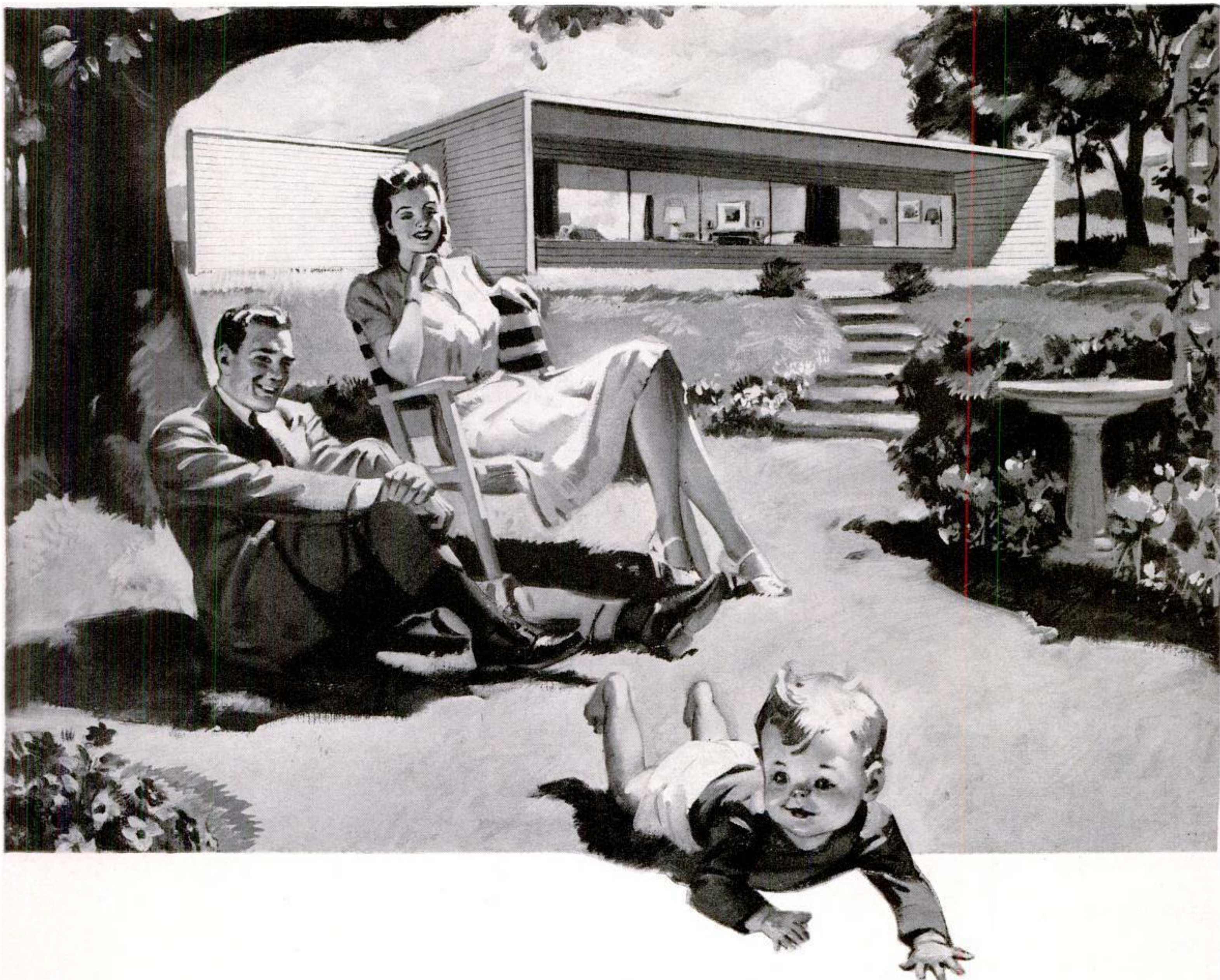


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CANARIES ARE ★★★★★ FOR HAPPINESS

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84



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No mere space bounded by walls and divided into rooms.

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This house has space for leisure, for eating, for sleeping. It is arranged to make work or play simple. It is planned to take advantage of the new devices, inventions and conveniences that copper has brought to modern living. It can be prefabricated. Or it can be put up by ordinary construction methods with any material desired, such as lumber, brick, stone.

But always this house will be inexpensive.

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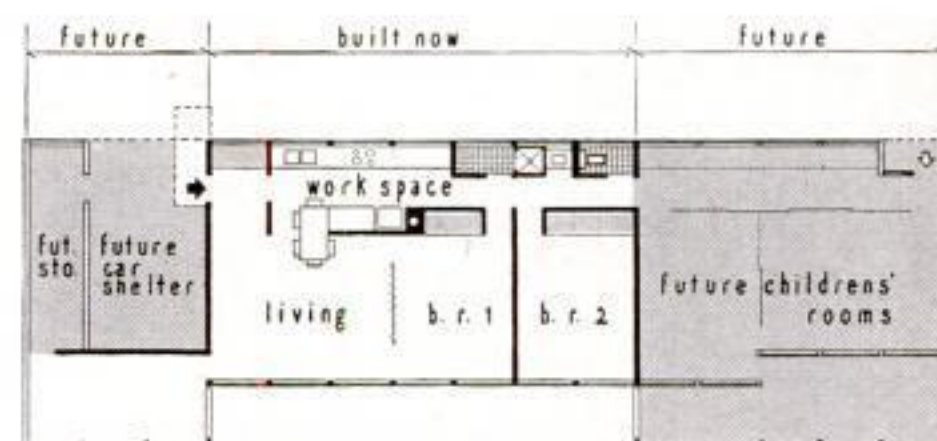
Today, we are all working for Uncle Sam. Building materials, and particularly copper, just aren't available. So we will have to wait until after the war for the home of our dreams. But we can plan for it today. So plan for tomorrow, Americans, whether you are growing boys and girls or older couples to whom



time has brought serenity. And if your dreams or needs should change, plan again. For it is evident that architects, engineers, builders, manufacturers *all* are realizing that we will want homes that adapt themselves to people—that people must no longer adapt themselves to homes.

We at Revere, know that on copper will depend much of the realization of these plans. Already it gives protection against weather and termites, provides us with rust-free water, helps heating be more economical, makes any house better to own, or rent, or sell.

So Revere research is rapidly pressing forward to develop new copper alloys, new forms of copper, new uses for copper, that will help the home of your dreams come true.



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At Annapolis Land was a spectacular football hero. Above he sits third from left, center row. Until a few years ago he served frequently as an official at college and pro games.

LAND OF THE SEVEN SEAS (continued)

players. They emerged from his office after 20 minutes of rhetorical squalls, gloomy and glowering. Waiting in the anteroom were the other parties to their dispute—the operators of the yard where they worked. One who had already interviewed Land several times grinned and slyly asked what had happened. The labor men complained bitterly of the treatment they had received from the tough little so-and-so inside. "Huh!" snorted the operator. "You think you caught hell. You ought to hear how he talks to us."

The injured feelings that Land's acidulous tongue have distributed up and down the continental seaboard are by-products not of spleen but of his extraordinarily precipitate honesty. His very great powers and complete detachment from politics enable him to steer an independent course, following only his conscience and his President as a mariner follows the polestar and the sun. Independence is Land's premier and favorite characteristic. It is one, moreover, that he has genuinely gloried in since his cadet days at Annapolis. He is fond of showing friends his crumbling copy of *The Lucky Bag*, yearbook of the class of 1902. Turning to the section devoted to his class gallery, the admiral will point to an inch-square cut of himself and allow his finger to hover significantly over the notation: "Four Stripes," indicating that he was cadet commander of his class. The editor's character sketch of Jerry Land '02 reads: *Started right in the beginning, and the rest was easy. Naturally of a timid, bashful disposition, he overcame it by strenuous effort. Has discovered that the best way to get what you want is to ask for it. Is not afraid of the good things of life. Signer of the Declaration of Independence. "Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" "Knock off that talking on the left of the third company."* The admiral is content to let most of these lines convey their own significance to the academic antiquarian. But he has underscored the words: *Signer of the Declaration of Independence.* With him they are now a kind of creed.

Cowboy joins Navy

At the Naval Academy, Land was not merely independent. He was also conspicuous—one reason being that he hailed from the West and seemed more addicted for a while to horses, cowboy yells and the wide open prairie than he was to ships and the sea. He came to Annapolis rather by accident than design. Born in Canon City, Colo., Jan. 9, 1879, he was a student at the University of Wyoming when the Spanish-American War began. In his senior year there he strikingly exhibited his independent spirit by running away to join the Rough Riders. When his father learned of this venture he consulted his friend Francis Warren, U. S. Senator from the 8-year-old State of Wyoming. Warren called on young Emory and told him: "Look, you won't have a chance of getting into the fighting with this regiment. So I'll get you out of the Army and you can go into the Navy with an appointment from your Congressman." He did so and Cowboy Land ended up in the Navy.

Though he weighed but 135 lb. as a plebe, Wyoming's Land quickly proved himself a terrific athlete. He played on the football team for four years, ran the quarter-mile and hurdles, and in his final year was president of the Athletic Association and winner of the sword for general athletic excellence. His greatest and most unforgettable exploit occurred in the final minute of the famous "Crap Game" classic with West Point in 1900. With the score 7-5 against Navy, Right Halfback Land blocked a kick near his own goal posts, zig-zagged down the field and won the game for Annapolis as the whistle blew, 11-7. Football still is Land's major nonprofessional passion. In season he attends whatever attractive games may be within strik-

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Cadet Commander of his class, Jerry Land ranked sixth scholastically on graduation.



Rear Admiral Land was chief of Navy's Bureau of Construction from 1932 to 1937.

ing distance of Washington. When nothing better is available he will stand and watch sandlot scrimmages between school kids.

It was at the Academy that Land acquired the name Jerry. In that era of meaningless nicknames any trivial incident furnished sufficient excuse to label a man for life. After a football game one Saturday night, Land was seated at the training table beside another player whose first name was Byron but whom everybody called Tom. In the middle of dinner an amiably tipsy cadet tottered in and peered around the table with affectionate regard. His eyes traveled from Byron to Emory Scott Land. "Ah!" he cried happily. "Tom and Jerry. Tom and Jerry. Always together!"

Land's preoccupation with shipbuilding dates from his first years out of Annapolis. Graduated sixth in his class, he was at once assigned to take post-graduate courses in naval architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology where he won his master's degree. For the next 35 years he was known as the "busiest little guy in the Navy." During the World War he became the Navy's No. 1 authority on German U-boats. From the submarine desk in the Navy Department he directed the design and construction of America's first underseas raider. In the interim between the surrender of Austria-Hungary and the ultimate armistice, he was assigned to Colonel House as messenger to carry verbal instructions to the commander of the U. S. Forces in the Mediterranean. After fulfilling his mission Land was permitted by the Italians to inspect Austrian shipyards at Pola where the latest-type German submarines had been under construction. Wandering through the surrendered yards he entered a drafting room and there spotted tracings of German blueprints. With the dexterity of a kleptomaniac he swept them from the deserted drawing boards and walked off, saying nothing to his Italian hosts. Later he composed the most comprehensive and penetrating study of German U-boat construction the Navy had ever received.

When the Germans finally surrendered, Land was appointed U. S. submarine representative with the Allied Naval Armistice Commission. It was his task to inspect German U-boats and make sure they had been disarmed. Nosing around with characteristic thoroughness, Land found schools of U-boats which the Germans had never reported, hidden in estuaries of the River Weser. For this interesting discovery he was created a Commander of the Order of the British Empire. His own country awarded him the Navy Cross with a citation for distinguished service in connection with the design and construction of submarines, and—vaguely—"for work in the War Zone."

In the post-war years, Land's professional attention was divided between shipbuilding and aviation. He took a naval observer's course at Pensacola, later became a licensed pilot, and for two years served as assistant chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics. But even during this air-minded interlude, his interest in the anatomy of ships did not slacken. Full recognition of his experience and capacities came in the closing months of the Hoover administration, when he won appointment as Acting Chief Constructor of the Navy and Chief of the Bureau of Construction and Repair. Although the New Deal Congress refused to confirm Hoover's appointee, investigation soon convinced the new Commander in Chief that Land was the Navy's No. 1 expert on naval architecture, and on March 15, 1933 President Roosevelt re-nominated him. Land is thus one of the few men who have been appointed to the same high office by both a Republican and a Democratic President.

Under Roosevelt and Land the Fleet expanded as it had not done in three decades. The finest warships now in action were initiated during Land's administration as Bureau Chief of Construction and Repair. The great new battleships of the *North Carolina* and *Washington* class took shape on the drawing tables before his supervisory eye. The carriers *Wasp*, *Enterprise* and *Yorktown*, ten heavy cruisers and

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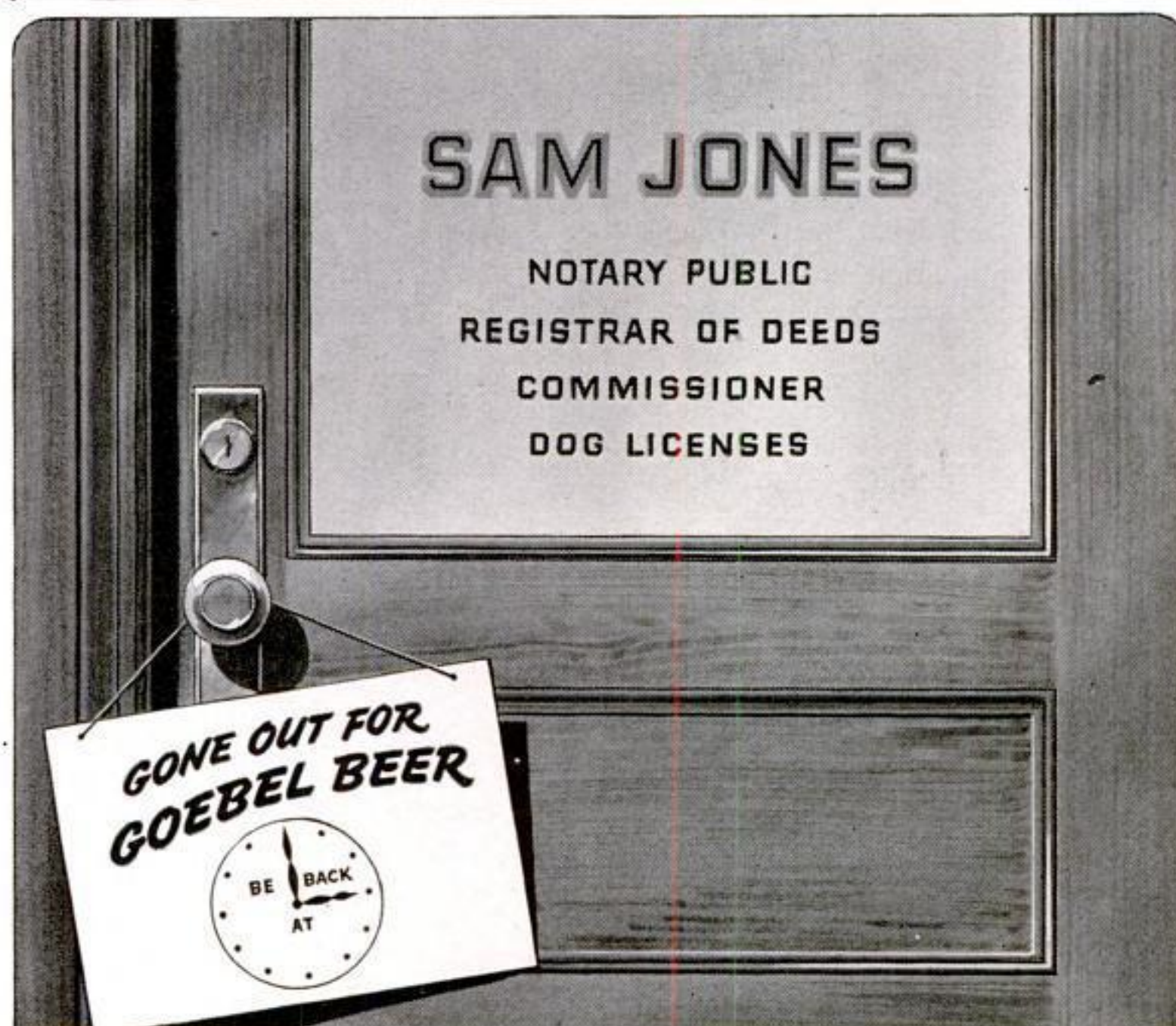


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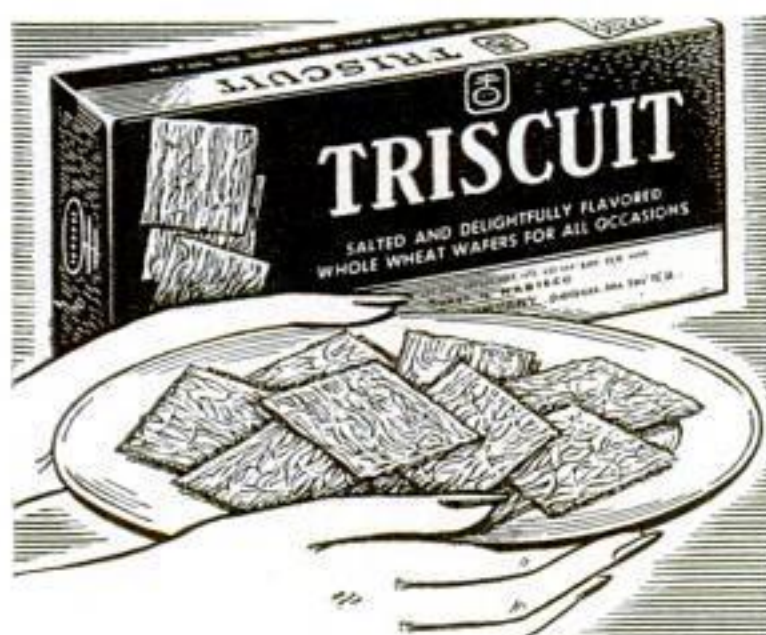
"My DEAR! Lithen to THITH!"

Some day soon you'll encounter it. That excited outcry of discovery, that slightly mad glint in the eye, that rapturous bid to munch a *Triscuit*. Give way gracefully. Try one.

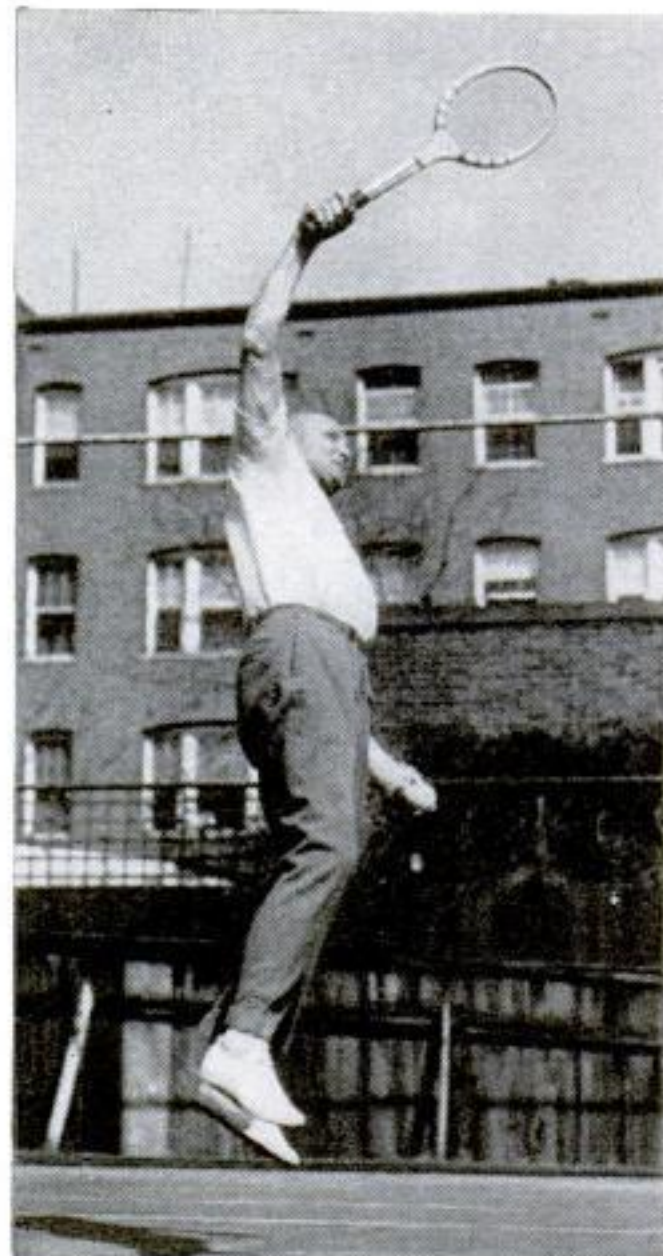
Or, better yet—have your first Triscuit in solitary state, behind locked doors. Give yourself up to that tantalizing toasted wheat kernel flavor, seasoned to lure you on and on. Then you'll have them with soups and salads and drinks of all kinds. As canape bases they won't wilt a whit—but always be ready for encores. Ask for TRISCUIT, in the single or double packages.



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LAND OF THE SEVEN SEAS (continued)

nine light cruisers, innumerable destroyers, submarines and smaller craft—all were designed or laid down under direction of Chief Land. For four years of waxing peril he fostered America's nascent fleet, preparing the nation for battles soon to come. Then abruptly he resigned.

Land's fellow officers were astonished that the Navy's busiest man, and one of its most distinguished, should voluntarily retire at 58 when it was obvious to anyone that he was still busting with energy. They gave him a farewell banquet at which he gravely responded to addresses of regret and felicitation. Two weeks later the President nominated him for membership on the Maritime Commission. Land might have remained in the Navy until Jan. 1, 1943, but he knew he had reached the top. He held the only flag post in his line, so there was nowhere else for him to go. And the task of rebuilding from scratch America's moribund merchant marine held for him immeasurable appeal.

His new labors presented difficulties vastly more complex than any he had faced building battleships. Even during the gentle era of disarmament pacts, the Navy's shipyards had maintained their science and skill. But U. S. merchant shipbuilding had sunk into a state of desuetude. There were shortages of facilities, of skilled labor, of shipbuilding brains. And not the least important liability was the intellectual indifference of the U. S. public toward the function and necessity of a merchant marine. At the beginning of the 19th Century, 93% of U. S. foreign trade was transported in U. S. bottoms. In the 1850's American merchantmen were the fastest and fairest on the seas. But industrial expansion and westward migration turned American attention inland. By 1870 U. S. merchantmen were carrying only 35% of U. S. cargoes, and by 1914 a miserable 10%. At the outbreak of World War I, the U. S. had only 81 ships in foreign trade.

To Land, the history of World War shipbuilding at Hog Island—the sprawling monster reared on the shores of the Delaware River in 1917—imparted several cogent lessons. One was that war shipbuilding facilities should be dispersed rather than concentrated in super-yards. The torrent of materials that poured into Hog Island from the factories of the industrial East jammed on railways in huge immovable masses that blocked traffic and slowed production for weeks at a time. Lesson No. 2 was the urgency of speed. For Hog Island's enormous paroxysm cost \$3,000,000,000 and produced some 2,300 ships; but, Land is fond of emphasizing, "not a goddam one of them ever got into the show." Hog Island's first ship was delivered Dec. 3, 1918, one month after the Armistice. Hence the U. S. was left with a sizable post-bellum merchant marine, built for war and built all at one time. Since the average competitive life of a ship is 20 years, America's seagoing merchant marine was 73% obsolete by the time World War II began to germinate at Munich in 1938. Of the world's merchant fleets, it ranked fourth in tonnage, fifth in speed and seventh in age.

Planning a slow uphill fight to regain maritime equality, the Maritime Commission—at first under Chairman Joseph P. Kennedy



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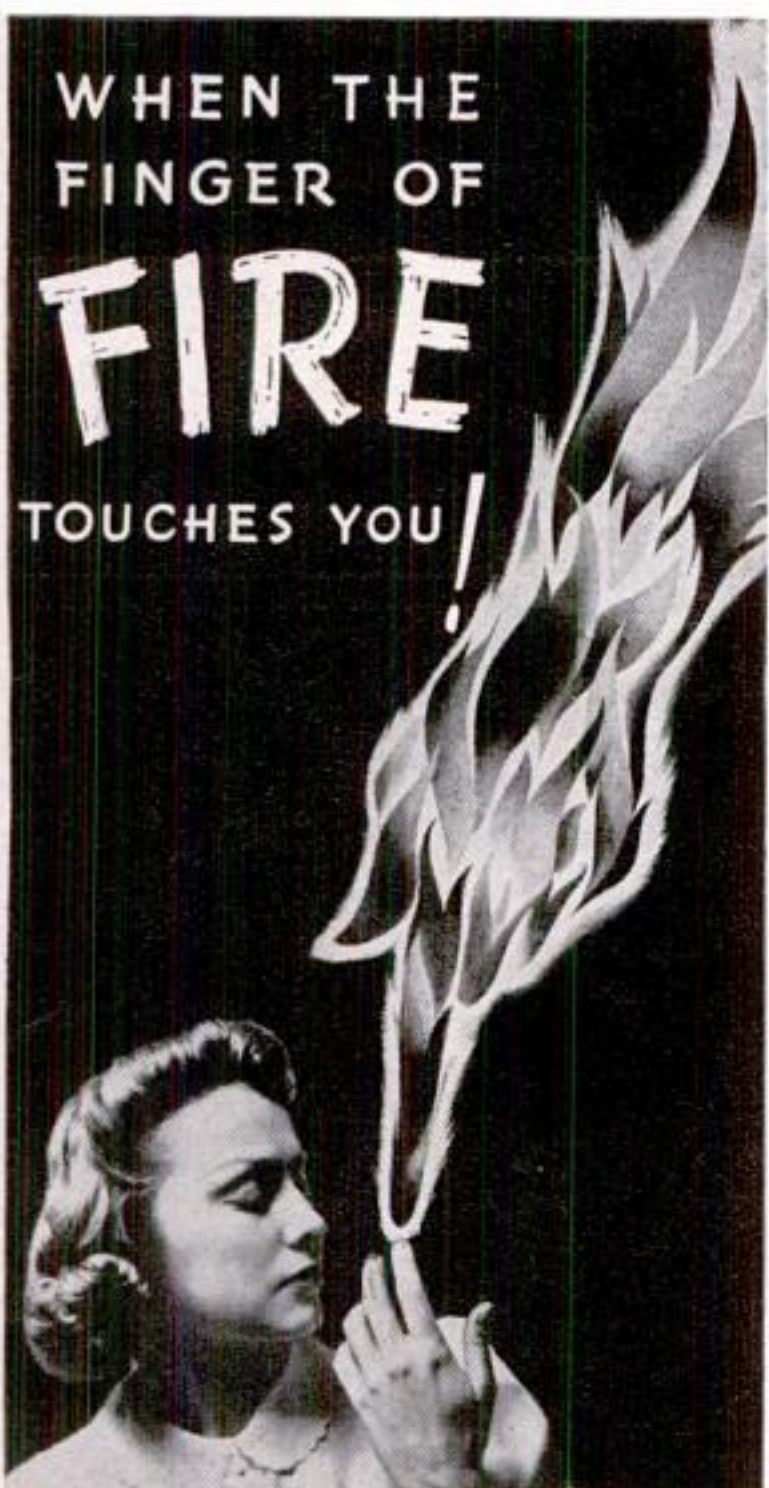
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FINGER OF
FIRE
TOUCHES YOU!

UNGUENTINE

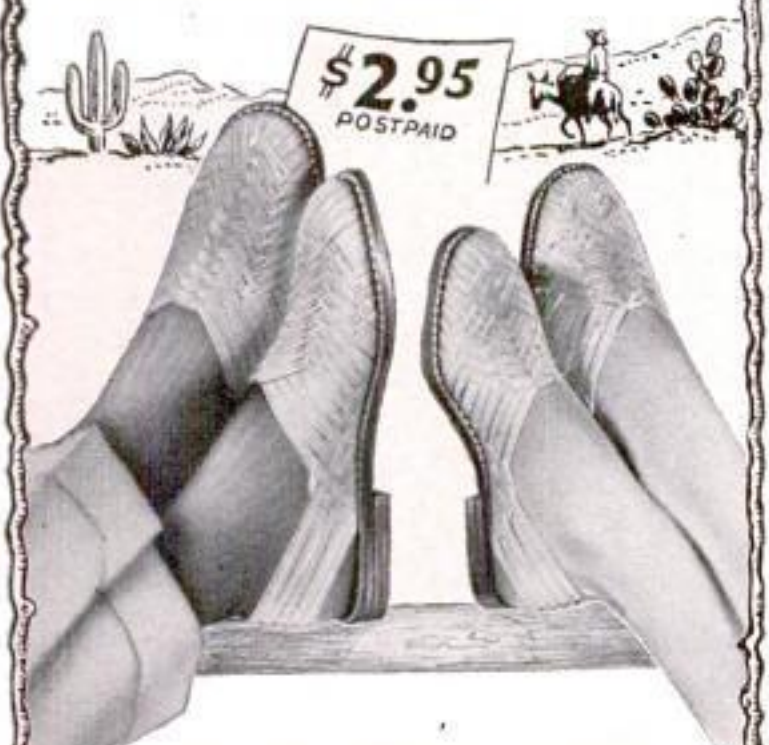
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Use this soothing modern antiseptic for Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Scrapes, and Skin Irritations.



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ONE OF THE EARLY GOOD NEIGHBORS
For years this rugged Mexican sandal has brought cool comfort to American feet. Like a true "Good Neighbor" there is no price increase for 1942. Each pair is an original creation, beautifully handcrafted in natural beige leather (also white, plain weave). Send foot outline, mention shoe size. We guarantee immediate delivery and a fit in any size for men or women.



Please send.....pairs.....Huaraches.
Outline of foot enclosed, size.....
Name.....
Address.....

The **OLD MEXICO SHOP**
L SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

—drafted a long-range schedule of ship construction calling for delivery of 50 first-rate economical cargo and passenger vessels every year for ten years. By thus extending its program across an entire decade the Commission precluded a repetition of the mass obsolescence that blighted America's merchant marine in 1936-38. Its ultimate goal was a self-sufficient 1948 merchant marine carrying 50% of U. S. foreign trade.

By the time Land inherited the chairmanship of the Commission on Feb. 18, 1938, however, it was becoming evident his ships were destined not for a peacetime decade but for a highly imminent war. Happily, the designs he had approved for the Commission's ships never lost sight of the fact that a merchant marine's wartime function is to serve as a naval auxiliary, supply train and transport service for armed forces. His tankers were fast enough to keep up with the Fleet. His dry-cargo carriers had extra-large hatches and wide-open 'tween-deck holds. All his ships had duplicate generators and pumps, built-in degaussing belts and gun emplacements. His dearest beloved offspring, the \$16,000,000 luxury liner *America*, biggest and finest vessel ever built in this country, became the Navy transport *West Point* scarcely a year after her shakedown trials.

Soon accelerated shipbuilding programs were superimposed on Land's busy shoulders like mountains on mountains. First his original schedule of 50 ships a year was upped to 100 a year. Next he was asked to construct the emergency Liberty Fleet of 200 trampish quickies. "And don't, goddamit, call them ugly ducklings," Land says. "They're slow, but hell they'll float, and by God they'll get there!" This order was followed a few months later by the lease-lend program of 227 additional vessels—both standard design and Liberty Ships. And in July 1941 fell the heaviest demand of all—the first National Defense program, calling for 541 more cargo ships and tankers and 25 seagoing tugs. In the works at this time, too, were several hundred tugs, ore carriers, coastal cargo ships, coastal tankers and barges. Thus, at the time of Pearl Harbor, Land's building program added up to 1,611 separate bottoms totaling 13,500,000 deadweight tons. "And hell, mister," Land muttered prophetically to a friend one day last fall, "that isn't the end of it, either." Soon the Jap bombers thundered over Oahu and new mountainous orders were piled on the old. In January the President called for 8,000,000 tons of shipping in 1942 and 10,000,000 in 1943. The following month he upped 1943's quota to 15,000,000.

Admirably athletic admiral

As a man of leathery and well-weathered constitution, Land has stood up amazingly well under what many in and out of Washington consider the single biggest job of the war. At 63 his hair is abundant and only battleship gray, his eyes sea-blue and bright, his skin rubicund, his voice far-sounding and flexible. His lungpower is as notable as the vehemence and versatility of his oaths. Land is probably the priest and most athletic executive in Washington. In 1940 he won the tennis doubles championship of the Maritime Commission. Now he necessarily confines his tennis—or when the weather is wet, badminton—to weekends. Walking has become his principal, if not his favorite, form of exercise. Since he habitually walks to any given destination not more than four miles away, his houseman-chauffeur, Wharton, has become famed as Washington's No. 1 collector of overtime parking tickets. From Land's home to his office is two miles and he makes the round trip daily, rain or shine, at a fast, bouncing gait that rangier men than he have found puffing.

Arriving at the Commerce Building, Land rides up to the fourth floor (he runs down), heel-clicks down a horizonless corridor and glances quickly around his outer office to make sure no callers are waiting. It is Miss Van Valey's duty to divert early morning interviewers, for Land insists on a quarter hour of solitude to examine his mail before receiving calls. If she fails, prospective visitors are likely to be frightened off by the dreadful tempests unleashed in the admiral's office. When Miss Van Valey first started to work for Land, he told her: "One part of your job is to let me blow off steam!" Thus, when some irritating message or chore arouses Land's formidable anger, Miss "Van" is apt to be engulfed in great, surging, green-crested epithets. People outside invariably assume she is catching hell.

Actually his secretary rather enjoys Land's mettlesome moods. She recalls proudly that her boss once complained: "You're the only person around here I want to scare and can't." Most of the Maritime Commission's employees are well aware, however, that their chairman cools off as quickly and easily as he heats up. And most of them make a practice of collecting fragments of his best verbal explosions the way employees of an import house might collect foreign stamps. Two of his best-known lines were uttered in press conference under stress of strong emotion. One erupted out of Land's exasperation at



LONGINES
*the most honored
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Aviator*

This interesting looking watch, invented by Lieut. Comm. P. V. H. Weems (Ret.), authority on navigation, is the famous Longines-Weems Second-Setting Watch. It can be used for serious navigation as well as casual time-telling. The Longines-Weems in steel, \$65.

Longines THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

The unsurpassed technical and production facilities of the Longines factory are proved in Longines aviation watches, many of which are extremely complicated, and of great accuracy. These same fine facilities make all Longines Watches better watches. They keep good time for a longer time. Longines honors include 10 world's fair grand prizes and 28 gold medals.

Longines-Wittnauer jewelers show Longines Watches for every timekeeping need; also Wittnauer Watches, a companion line moderately priced from \$29.75—product of Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva. Prices include Federal Tax

Longines Watches have won 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals



Illustrated: Longines Trinidad (top left) \$93.50; World's Fair LA (top right) \$67.50; World's Fair strap (center) \$67.50; Hall of Fame man's bracelet \$82.50

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

A SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR SHAVING

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

**It Needs No Brush
Not Greasy or Sticky**

Modern life now demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day*—and men in service must get clean shaves, too. Yet daily shaving often causes razor scrape, irritation.

To help men solve this problem, we perfected Glider—a rich, soothing cream. It's like your wife's "vanishing cream"—not greasy or sticky.

SMOOTHS DOWN SKIN

You first wash your face thoroughly with hot water and soap to remove grit and the oil from the skin that collects on whiskers every 24 hours. Then spread on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers. Never a brush. Instantly Glider smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin. It enables the razor's sharp edge to *glide* over your skin, cutting your whiskers close and clean *without scraping or irritating the skin*.

ESPECIALLY FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

For men who must shave *every day*—doctors, lawyers, businessmen, service men—Glider is invaluable. It eliminates the dangers frequent shaving may have for the tender face and leaves your skin smoother, cleaner. Glider has been developed by The J. B. Williams Co., who have been making fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

SEND FOR GUEST-SIZE TUBE

If you want to try Glider right away, get a regular tube from your dealer. If you can wait a few days, however, we'll send a generous Guest-Size tube for only a dime and any used metal tube. It is enough for three weeks and is very handy for traveling.

On this test we rest our case entirely—for we are positive that Glider will give you more shaving comfort than anything you've used.

Send your name and address with ten cents and a used tube to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. CG-09, Glastonbury, Conn. Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

Everett D. Hulbert
PRESIDENT

LAND OF THE SEVEN SEAS (continued)

Americans who refused to depart warring Europe in 1939. He had dispatched ships to rescue them and they had spurned his effort. "Hell, then," snarled the admiral, "let 'em paint American flags on their stern sheets and swim home!" Even more widely quoted was Land's sudden expression of chagrin when he felt he had inadvertently revealed to reporters some restricted information. Scowling angrily at his interviewers, he megaphoned: "Sometimes I remind myself of Confucius. You know what Confucius' mother said to him? She said, 'Confucius, you talk too goddam much.'"

Land is popular with correspondents in Washington not only because his interviews make good copy but because he is invariably frank and lucid. He rarely talks off-the-record and when some over-conscientious reporter inquires formally: "May we quote you on that?" he is likely to snap, "Hell, I said it, didn't I?" Even in conversation with the White House, Land pulls no rhetorical punches. On one occasion when he felt his shipbuilding program was suffering as a result of naval priorities, he told Franklin D. Roosevelt: "Mr. President, your Navy is about to rape and ruin our merchant marine."

Quick-change artist

The informality of Land's behavior is no less notable than the informality of his tongue. He shuns the executives' dining room in the Department of Commerce Building for the regular employees' cafeteria. Here at precisely 1:50 p. m. each day he pushes his tray down the long counter and descends without warning on some flustered table of minor employees. Last summer when things began to grow tense, he often found he lacked time to go home for tennis clothes before evening matches. So he took to changing in his office and startled many a Commission stenographer by striding forth into the corridors barelegged and breezy in sweatshirt and shorts. His most famous quick-change act was executed one evening before a White House reception. Some unexpected work had taken him to New York during the day and he had instructed his chauffeur to meet him at Union Station that evening with his dress clothes. As the train neared Washington, Land walked forward to the locomotive and rode into town in the engineer's cab. Jumping down before the wheels had stopped turning, Land sprinted through the station, climbed into his car, squirmed into his white tie and tails as Wharton sped down Pennsylvania Avenue and made the White House, fastidiously clothed, just as guests were filing in to dinner.

Before increased war duties began sending him home each night with a briefcase full of work, Land was much sought after by Washington hostesses. He enjoys himself as much at a swank dinner party as he does on tennis court or football field. Land has always been catholic in his recreational tastes. His naval career never robbed him of a landsman's pleasures and in season he likes duck-shooting, fishing, picking strawberries or just burning brush in somebody's backyard. At home or with friends, the salt water evaporates from his lingo, and his conversation flows with affability and grace. Only occasionally some unexpected idea or afterthought will provoke a well-chosen oath. Thus he once startled an acquaintance after several minutes of quiet chit-chat by whirling suddenly about, waving to a pretty gray-haired lady beside him and roaring: "Why, goddamit, you haven't met my wife!"

Mrs. Land, the former Elizabeth Stiles of Newton Center, Mass., is the exact antithesis of her husband in everything but energy. Soft-spoken, gentle and demure, she exercises a quietly potent influence on her tempestuous mate. She discusses his problems with him, helps edit his speeches and endeavors generally to keep him on an even keel. Land met Elizabeth Stiles in 1904 on a train out of Boston. Bound for Albany, the young ensign was seated in the smoking compartment when a stranger drifted in and started a conversation. "Well, how'd you like Boston?" he asked. Ensign Land replied bluntly: "Not a damn. The town's dead and the girls are dowdy." "Dowdy, eh?" said the stranger. "Come with me and I'll show you one who isn't." A moment later Land found himself in a drawing room a few cars back being introduced to his future wife. Mrs. Land is rather particular about the details of this little episode because somehow, she says, "the story has got around that I picked him up on a railroad train."

Mrs. Land is as ready to concede her husband's shortcomings as she is to admire his virtues. To those who hailed him as a genius—as he was often called during the salad days of the Maritime Commission—she would reply that he was actually no more than a thoroughgoing and conscientious worker. And when somebody once remarked that her husband was a good speaker, Mrs. Land retorted:

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Something
New**

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3-IN-ONE**

Sewing machines take on new life—run smoothly, when oiled regularly with 3-IN-ONE. Lubricates, cleans, polishes, prevents rust. At Hardware, Drug, Grocery, 10¢ Stores.

3-IN-ONE OIL

CONTINUED ON PAGE 91



A Victor Record Album you must hear— Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra in Sibelius' superb First Symphony

Victor Records bring you an album of unusual interest at this time—the Sibelius *Symphony No. 1 in E Minor*, played by the Philadelphia Orchestra under the baton of Eugene Ormandy.

Here is, perhaps, the most remarkable of Sibelius' symphonies. It reflects the early influence of Tschaikowsky—but dominant throughout is the awakening of that strong national spirit which marks the Finnish composer's later style.

You will treasure this album particularly, too, for its superb orchestral performance—Ormandy has

never conducted with keener insight—and for the faultless Victor recording. The album has been warmly praised by Eugene Ormandy himself for its technical perfection.

Victor recordings—bringing you, as they do, the performances of the world's greatest artists—have always *had* to be the finest... have always been next best to hearing and seeing the artists themselves.

Which is why so many people build libraries of lasting enjoyment with Victor Records, week after week, throughout the year.

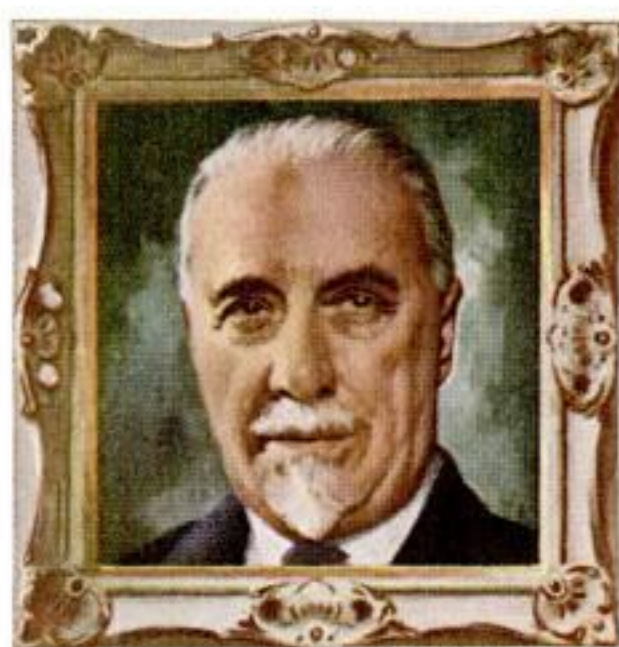


WHICH OF THESE VICTOR RECORD ARTISTS HAVE YOU HEARD?

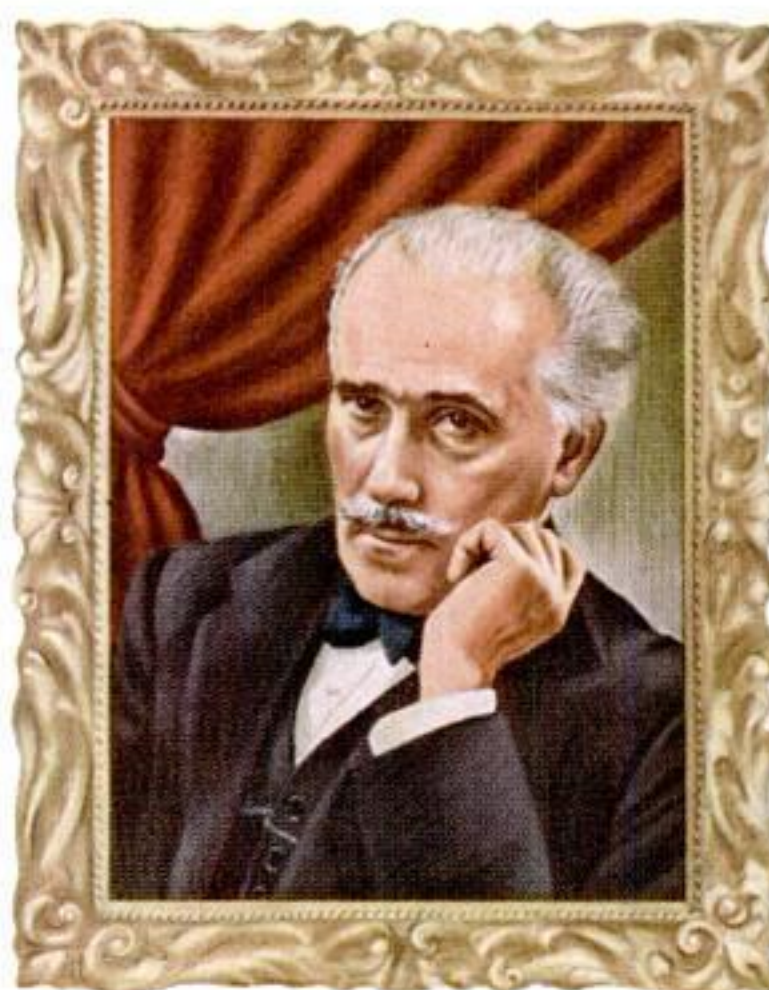
(See bottom of page for identity)



1 Collegiate idol. Hear his *Moonlight Serenade* and *Sunrise Serenade* on Bluebird Record B-10214



3 Conductor of London Philharmonic Orchestra in its recording of *Sibelius' Society*, Vol. 6. Victor Album M-658



6 Conductor, just turned 75. He directs the NBC Symphony Orch. in Beethoven's mighty *Symphony No. 5 in C Minor*, in Victor Album M-640



8 Renowned pianist-conductor of Beethoven's *Concerto No. 3 in C Minor*, with Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra. Victor Album M-801



2 Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orch. which he directs in Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf* in Victor Record Album M-566



4 American soprano and movie star, sings songs from her recent picture "*Smilin' Thru*" in Victor Record Album M-847



5 Popular bandsman whose best-sellers are *Remember Pearl Harbor* and *Dear Mom*. Victor Record 27738



7 Popular American baritone and Metropolitan Opera star who sings *Trees* and *Home on the Range* on Victor Record 1525



9 Pianist-composer, plays his own *Concerto No. 2 in C Minor*, with Leopold Stokowski and Philadelphia Orchestra. Album M-58



10 One of the greatest violinists, among whose Victor recordings are Schumann's *Träumerei* and *Abendlied*. Victor Red Seal Record 1727

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON **VICTOR RECORDS**

● If you want to start a collection of your favorites among the miniature portraits, in this and similar advertisements, ask your Victor Record Dealer about the "Victor Record Stamp Album" prepared expressly for preserving them.

IDENTITY OF ARTISTS: 1 Glenn Miller 2 Serge Koussevitzky 3 Sir Thomas Beecham 4 Jeanette MacDonald 5 Sammy Kaye 6 Arturo Toscanini 7 John Charles Thomas 8 José Iturbi 9 Sergei Rachmaninoff 10 Albert Spalding



I promise not to cry at the station

WHEN YOU GO off to camp tomorrow, we'll have been married just a week. I'm glad and proud you're going, darling. Really I am. And—well, I promise not to cry at the station.

It's funny how little we know about each other—about the day-by-day things, I mean. You've never seen me with my hair in curlers—I'm glad of that, anyway! I've no idea how you like your coffee. And one thing's going to bother me a lot...are you nice about closing the windows on a winter morning?

But we've got so much to look forward to. Think of the fun we'll have when we finally do have our own home. Think of the excitement of choosing all our furniture. Did you realize, darling? The only really important, *permanent*, thing we have so far is our sterling. I'm glad we have that, anyway.

Oh, it's true that for the present we won't be sitting opposite each other, with our sterling gleaming in the candlelight. I won't be showing it off at an elegant dinner for your boss. But that's only a part of it, after all.

The main thing is... well, that with our International Sterling we've really started our home... we have a possession that's fine and genuine—something *real* to build on. And maybe you'll think I'm foolish and sentimental, but with sterling... I guess I feel more actually *married*. It seems to stand for all the rituals and traditions we're doing without.

Don't let my daydreaming worry you, darling. I'm really proud to have you go. But I'll count the minutes till you're home again.



When you choose International Sterling, you will always have the satisfaction of knowing...

—that your sterling was made by the world's foremost silver house...

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Yet International Sterling is moderately priced. A starting service for four in the lovely new *Spring Glory* pattern, for example, costs only \$74. Gifts of spoons or forks in sets of four are about \$15. Be sure to see *Spring Glory*—and other beautiful International Sterling patterns—at your silverware dealer's.



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CARBONA SOAPLESS LATHER

25¢ Bottle cleans a 9x12 Rug or Sofa and 2 Chairs — Leaves no soap scum to fog colors.



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LAND OF THE SEVEN SEAS (continued)

"He is not. He talks too loud and too fast." As an example of his thoroughness, however, Mrs. Land cites the time she accompanied the admiral on one of the *Queen Mary's* early voyages. Overcome by curiosity about the big ship, Land had asked the Navy for a short leave and had sailed at his own expense. One morning when they were out at sea, Mrs. Land missed her husband. For an anxious hour she searched the ship in vain. She was beginning to grow really alarmed when he reappeared, cindery and disheveled. "Where on earth have you been?" she exclaimed. "I've hunted everywhere for you." The admiral looked embarrassed. "Well," he said, "I've been in the smokestack."

Land suffers now from the restlessness of an old service man at finding himself at a desk in time of war. On the Sunday Pearl Harbor was bombed, his first overpowering impulse, after hurrying to his office and commandeering 18 ships in response to an SOS from the Navy, was to bust into the Japanese Embassy and tear the place to pieces. Since Nomura & Co. lived next door to his apartment at 2500 Massachusetts Avenue, Land's temptation was both strong and protracted. After glowering at the policemen guarding the gates, he spun on his heel and went home. The following evening, having learned the full tragic details, he walked for miles moodily through the streets. When he finally returned he was still morose and unhappy. "Here I am in a swivel chair," he complained, "instead of at sea with the Fleet." His melancholy called forth all Mrs. Land's therapeutic powers. Reassuringly she lectured him on the magnitude of his duty and emphasized how indispensable his contribution would be in months to come, how the whole nation would be watching his effort.

She was right. In the months after Pearl Harbor, Land has heard himself praised and blamed, applauded and belabored by Congressmen and Government officials and plain citizens from coast to coast. He has been called too conservative, too unimaginative, too aware of difficulties to envisage needs and too much of a technician to appreciate the stupendous exigencies of a global war. But there are others in high Government posts who can't forget that Land gave his country three good years' headstart in creating out of nothing a great and expanding merchant marine. "When the public begins to yell for Jerry Land's throat," one Washington observer declared recently, "and they will—it'll be just about the dirtiest trick ever pulled on a man!"

Land himself is philosophical about his critics for he feels inwardly that he has done his best. And he has told the truth, as he saw it, to everyone from the President down. All along the continental ramparts of North America, monstrous mobile cranes now are lacing together the steel fabric of his ships, the scantlings are alive with men, welders' torches are aglow and the drop forges sound by day and by night. The great yards are all there and from their ways precious ships are sliding at a rate never before envisaged by seafaring men. All summer long the tempo will increase. The summer months will be tough ones for the admiral. But he does not flinch from them. Nor does he flinch any more from his swivel chair. Just a few days ago when a friend asked how he enjoyed his work these grim spring weeks, Land cocked an eyebrow and grunted contentedly: "Hell, I've got a mean s.o.b. of a job!"



The Lands at breakfast. As energetic as her husband, Mrs. Land works assiduously for Visiting Nurses, Red Cross, National Symphony, Smith College Alumnae Association.

FOOT-O-GRAPHS

FROM Life

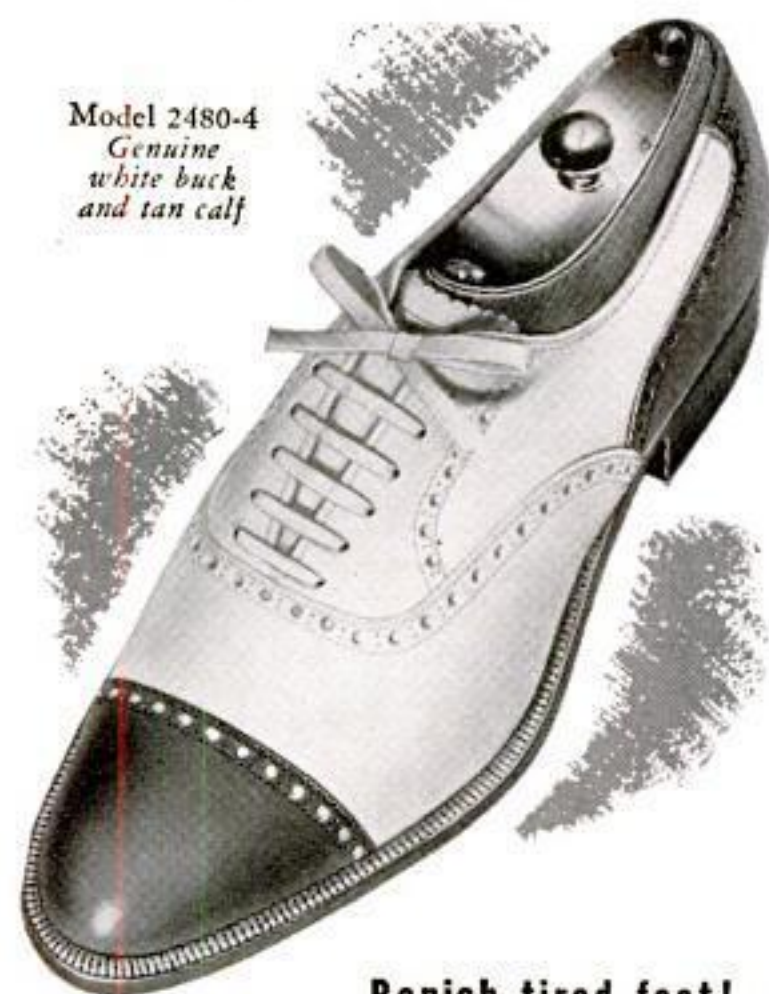


... Savage Ancestor stalked barefoot over hot, steamy, lush jungle trails. His face was unbeautiful, but his feet were perfect . . . thanks to this spongy surface.



... Modern life is tougher on feet. Hard sidewalks, rocklike floors, jar muscles and nerves. Protect your feet against shock with Porto-Ped Air Cushioned Shoes!

Model 2480-4 Genuine white buck and tan calf



Banish tired feet!

Keep foot-fresh for Victory in Porto-Ped Air Cushioned Shoes. A yielding air cushion eases every step — the exclusive Arch Stay gives added support. See your Portage dealer, or write us for his name.

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AT ITS HEADQUARTERS IN LEE CHUMLEY'S RESTAURANT IN GREENWICH VILLAGE, NEW YORK CITY, THE AMERICAN GO ASSOCIATION MEETS FOR ITS REGULAR MONDAY NIGHT MATCHES



GO EXPERT EDWARD LASKER MAKES AN EXPERT GO MOVE

GO

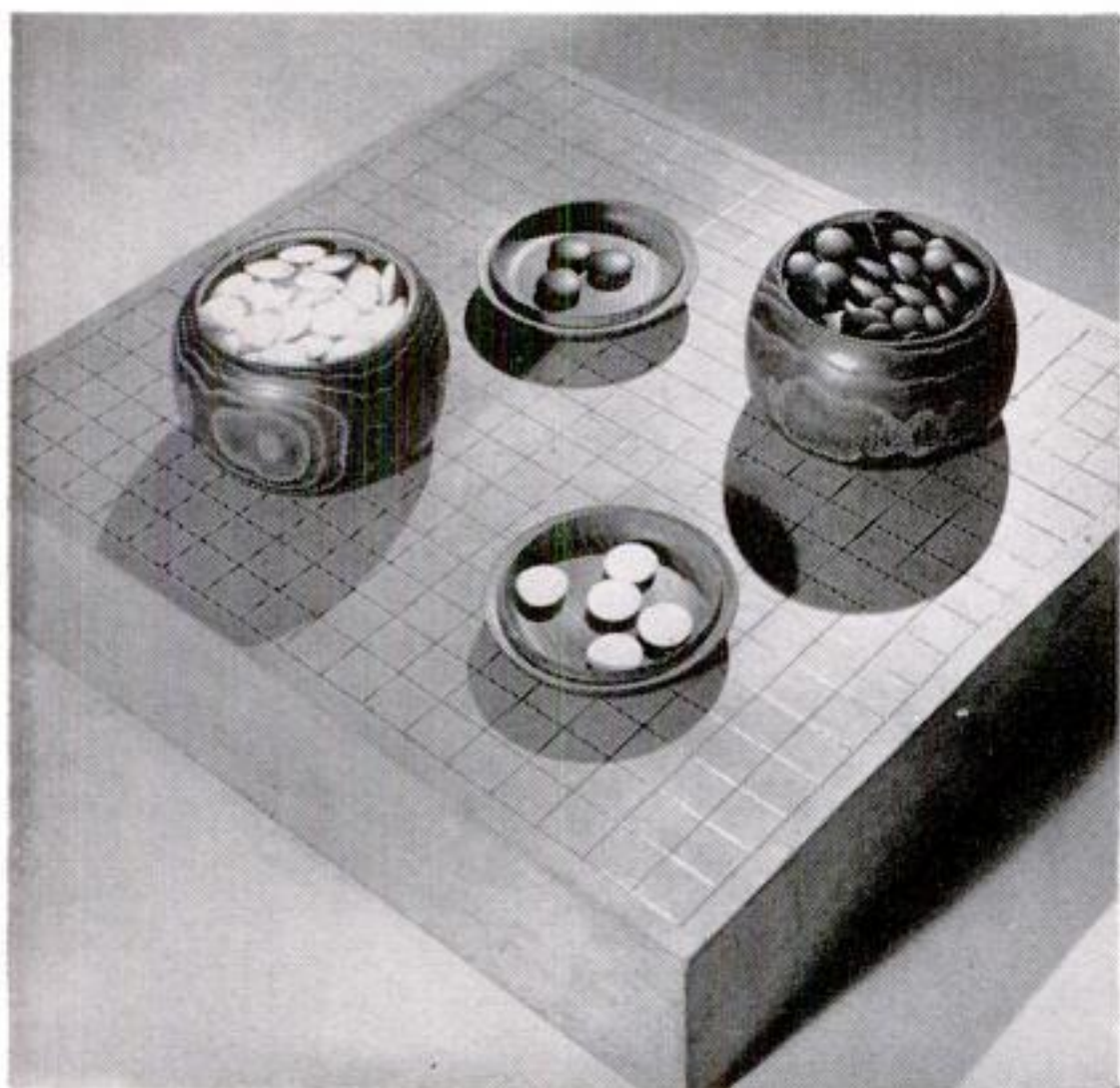
JAPS PLAY THEIR NATIONAL GAME THE WAY THEY FIGHT THEIR WARS

The national game of Japan is called Go. Like many Japanese things, it was borrowed from another country, from China where it originated 4,000 years ago. Today there are 10,000,000 Go players in Japan. When big matches are held between professional Go masters, scores are posted up on street corners and store windows just like U. S. World Series scores.

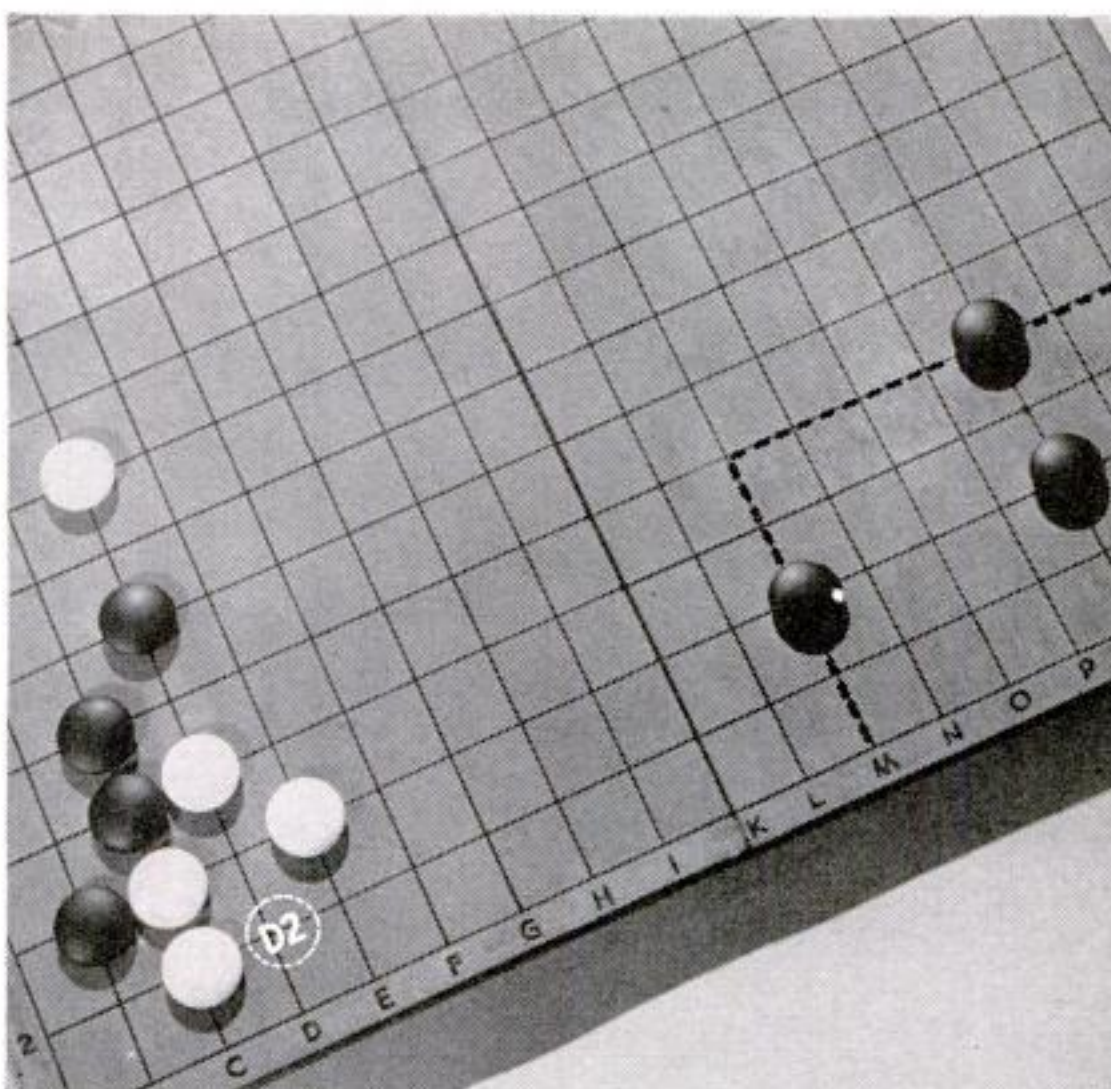
At almost any other time the game of Go would have only a casual interest for Americans, a fair number of whom now play and enjoy the game. But today the game has a special interest for Americans because the way the Japs play Go bears a striking resemblance to

the way they fight their wars. Go is a military game. Its object is to capture enemy men and territory by envelopment and encirclement. The game is won, as wars are won, when one player can no longer maneuver or when he realizes that further maneuvering is useless. Japanese Navy and Army officers are almost all Go enthusiasts. The ability to play Go well has been a sure way for a young Jap officer to be marked for special attention and promotion.

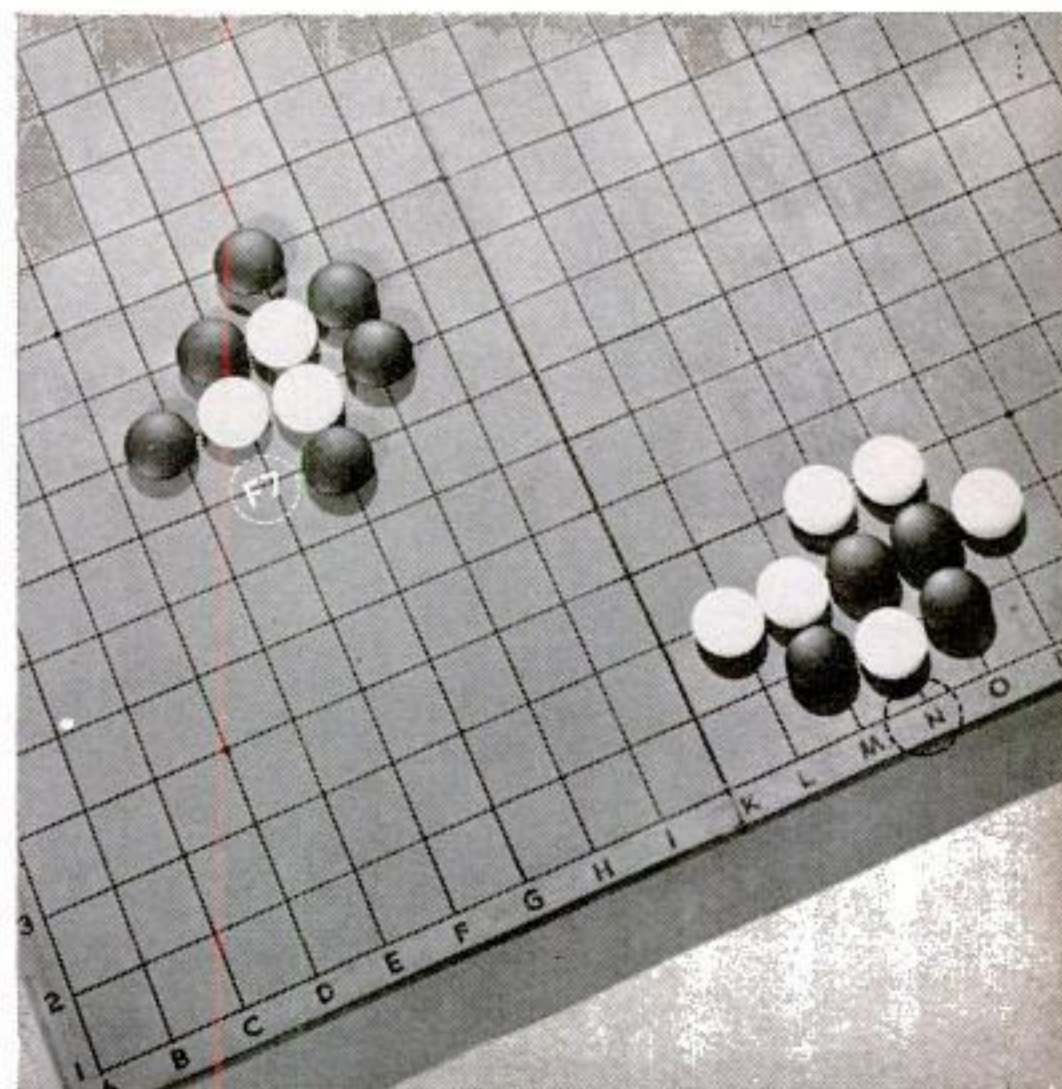
Go is not hard to learn. Simple moves are explained opposite and on following pages. A reasonable study of these pictures will enable anybody to start playing Go.



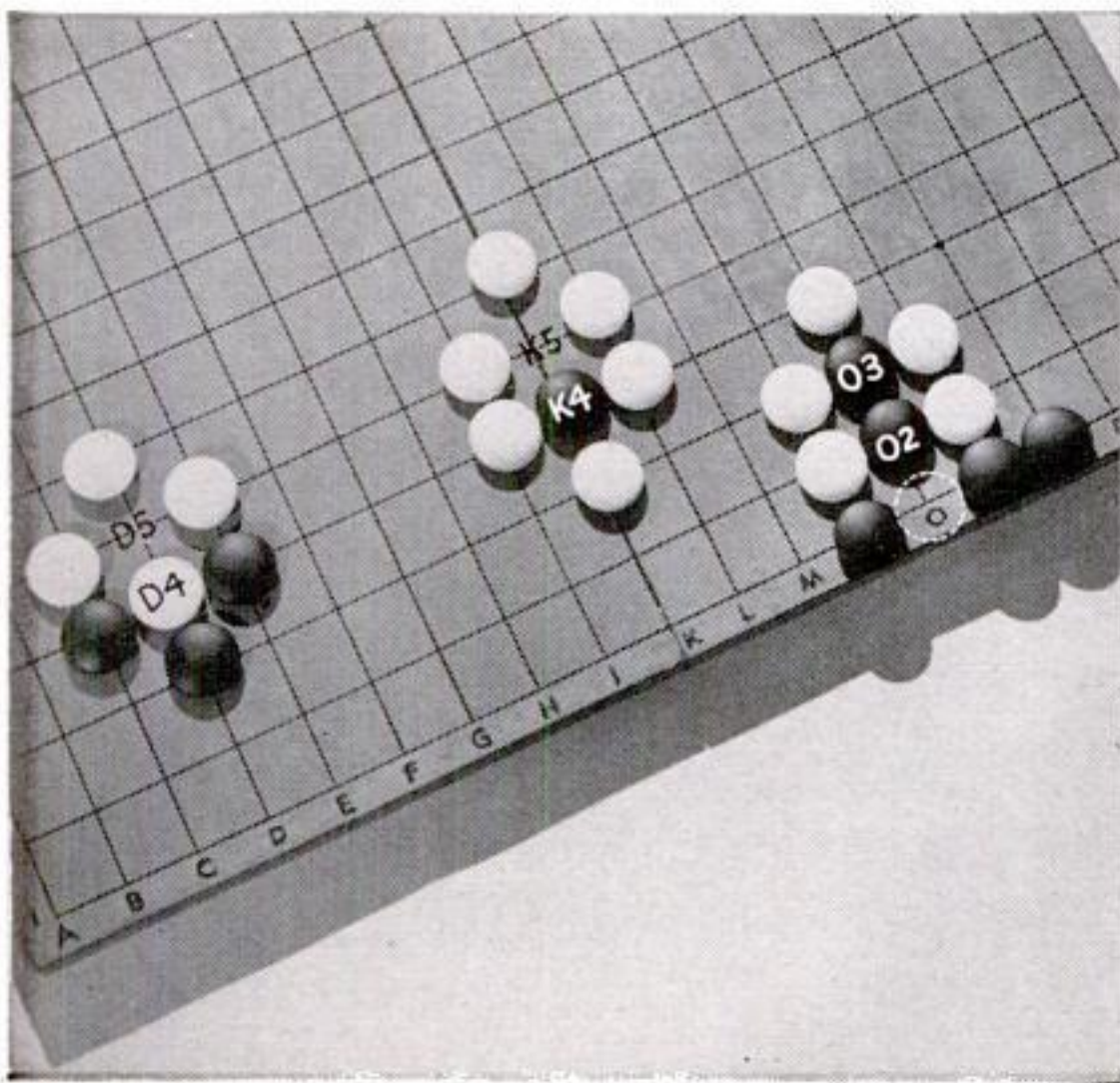
Game is played on board, ruled off each way with 19 lines. Pieces are convex on both sides, each player starting with 180 men. Play begins anywhere on empty board. Men are placed one at a time at intersection of lines, never moved except when captured and taken off board. Object is to surround and capture territory and enemy men.



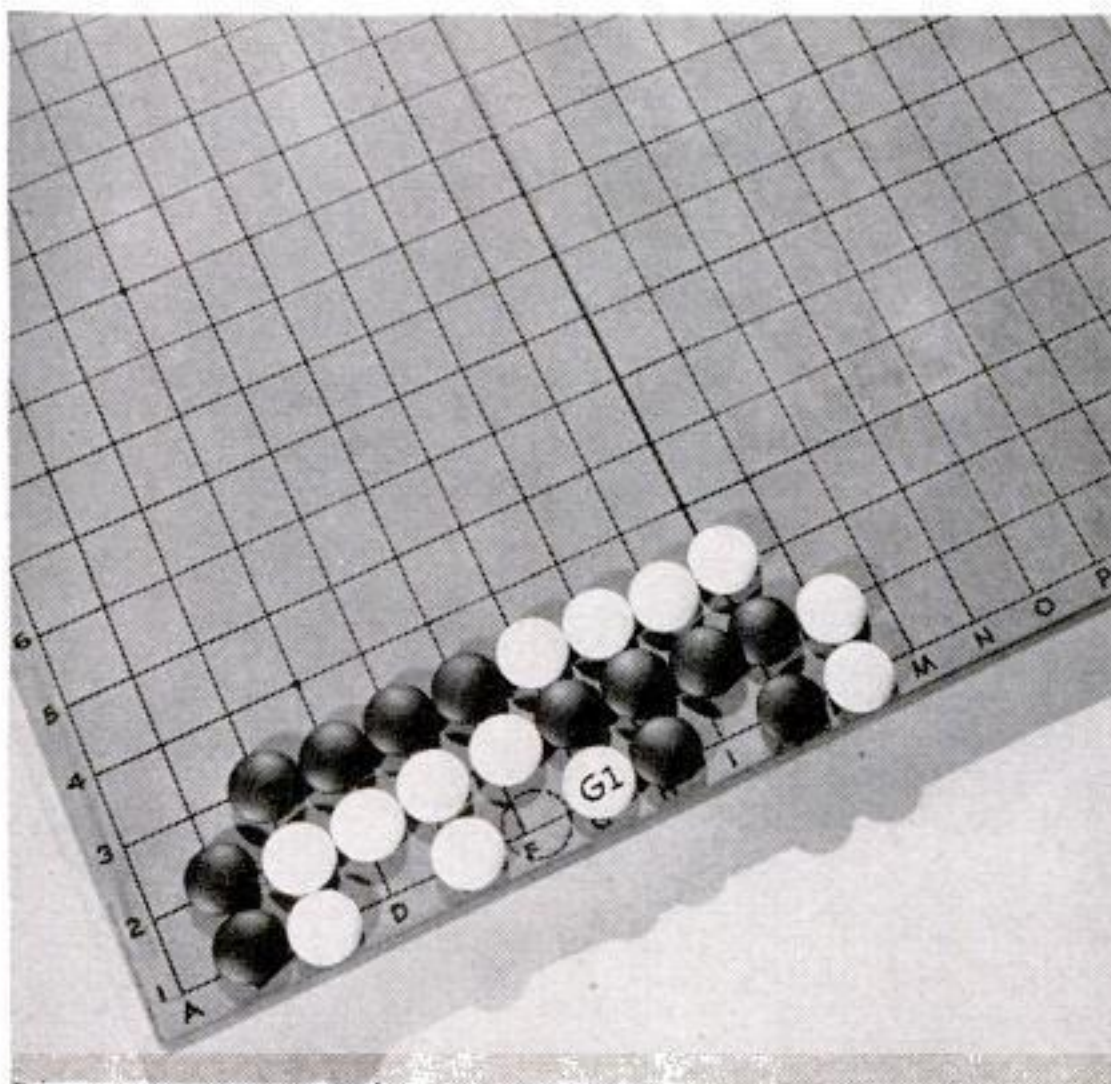
Play starts with Black going first, White next. Here men have started to stake out territory (unoccupied points) they will try to surround. Black starts operation at right in attempt to join men together along lines M and 5 to form a hollow block. By putting man on D2, White could surround and take D3 for time being.



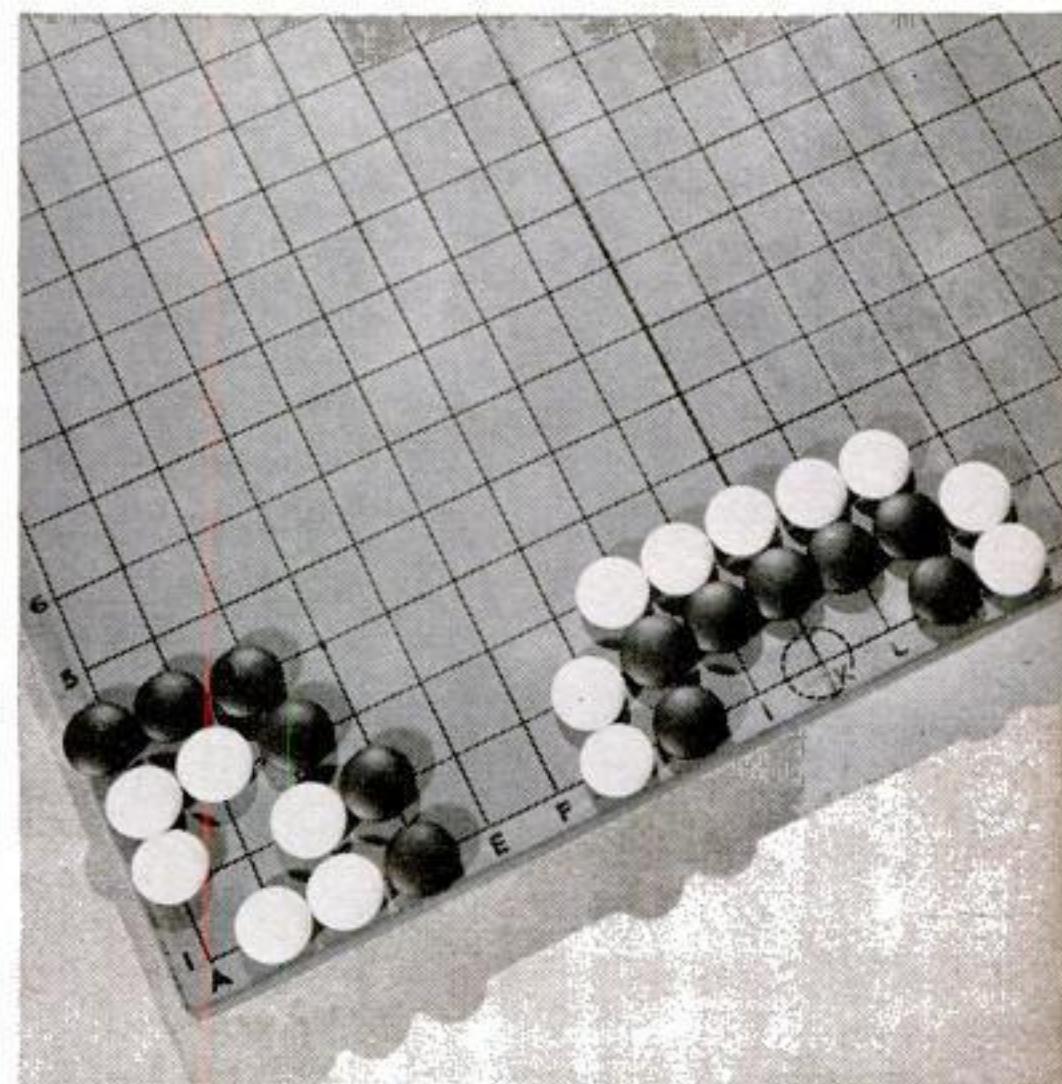
Capture is made by cutting off enemy from vacant points. Men are alive only if adjacent to vacancy by line on board. Black on N1 would take N2 by occupying only open space adjacent to N2. White F7 saves three men which Black F7 threatens.



Suicide is not allowed. Black cannot move K5 because his own men on K4 and K5 would be surrounded, captured. But White can play O1 because he thereby captures Black's O2 and O3. If Black moves D5 to take D4, White can recapture on D4 but only after he has made at least one move elsewhere. This last position is called a Ko.



Ko can determine fate of whole group. Black on F1 could capture G1, peril six Whites who have D1 as "breathing space." (If men are linked to open space along line by comrades, they are alive.) Prevented by Ko from recapturing on G1, White must threaten elsewhere to divert Black, who otherwise will capture with D1.



THIS IS THE WAY THE GAME ENDS

If the reader is a little dizzy from looking at Go patterns, the fundamentals of the game will be repeated here.

The object is to surround territory (unoccupied intersections) and opponents. But at the same time, the safety of the men must be insured by giving them access to open breathing spaces. These spaces are the army's life. Take them away and the army is captured. Each army must have two separate breathing spaces to survive. A man has access to a breathing space by 1) being adjacent to it on a straight line or 2) by being one in a chain of his own men which eventually is joined by a straight line to a breathing space. The score at the end of the game is counted by adding the number of surrounded points of territory (intersections) to the number of captured enemy men.

The good Go player attacks at widely separated points, threatening in half a dozen places at once. He must not attack too small a piece of territory, yet he must not try to take too much. He worries less about lines of communications than about establishing strong outposts. Once established he joins them together in big encircling moves to capture territory and enemy. Each move has two objects—to place men in chains to surround territory and, at the same time, to squeeze the opponent with pincer movements.

These pictures show the end of a Go game. The game below has ended with Black holding upper left-hand territory. White has upper right hand space in which a small Black force, though still alive, is certain to be caught and hence has given up. White group in lower right hand is sure to fall so Black takes it along with most of the right-hand territory. White has surrounded big left-center space, leaving too little room for successful Black maneuvering, so the space is White's. Black has the small uncontested territory at left edge. At bottom left a stalemate has developed. Since neither player can now make any profitable move, the game ends.

A New York firm, Richard Howell Exhibits Inc., is now producing Go games in quantity. Most books on Go are hard to get. One text is *ABC of Go*, by Walter de Havilland, father of Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine. Another is *Go and GoMoku* by Edward Lasker, famous American chessmaster and author of the recent *Chess for Fun and Chess for Blood*, who finds plenty of fun and blood in Go.



A FEW OF THE MEMBERS

George Fielding Elliot
C. Aubrey Smith
George Biddle
John Erskine
Lucius Beebe
Norman Rockwell
Ramsay MacDonald

Join-for Enjoyment!
An invitation from the world's top-rank After-Shave Club

Sign your name below, and mail us this advertisement with ten cents. We'll send a bottle of Aqua Velva, the world's largest selling after-shave lotion.

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Precision Methods At Work For Victory

The quantity production of precision-made devices and equipment for winning the war is the important job for which Ingersoll's special skills and modern methods were exactly suited. Naturally, Ingersoll watches may now be less plentiful. That means it's more worthwhile than ever to shop for Ingersoll quality! Ingersoll-Waterbury Company, Waterbury, Connecticut.

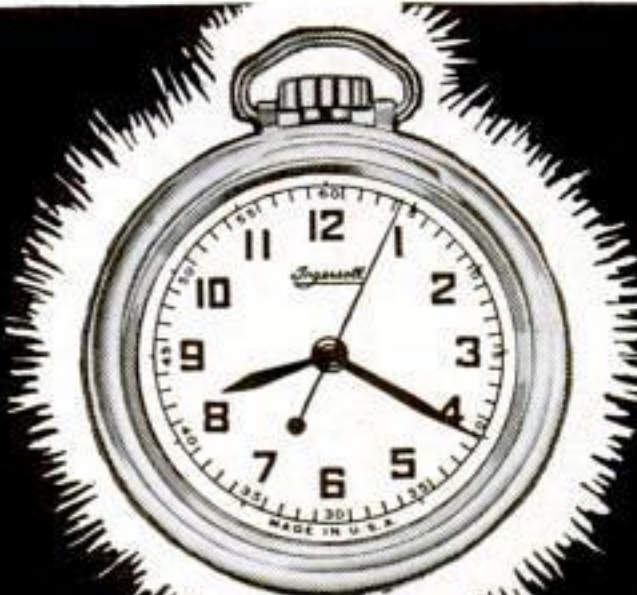
Ingersoll

SWEEP-SECOND POCKET WATCH

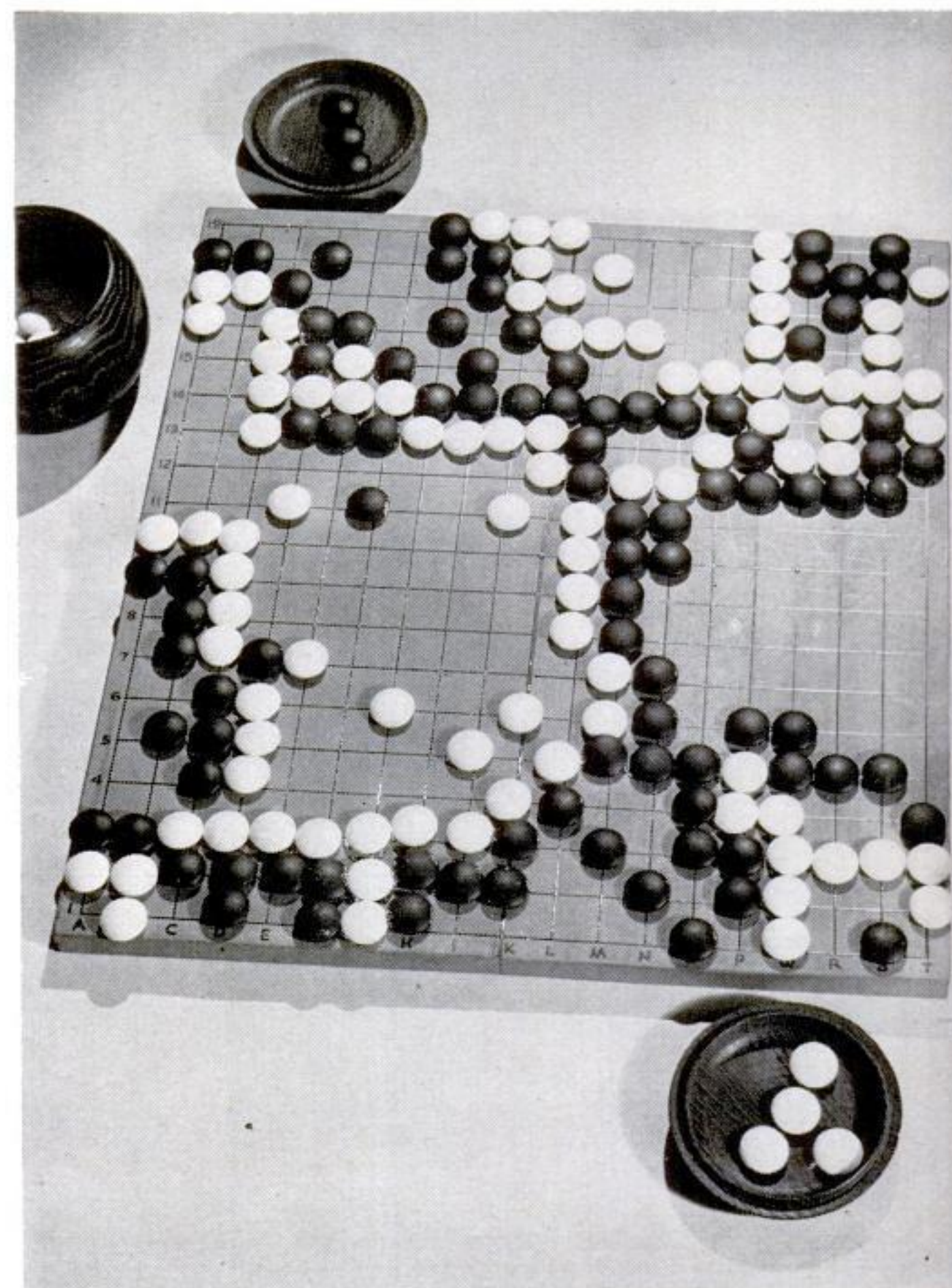
A watch you'll use in dozens of extra ways thanks to the sweep-second hand that sweeps the whole dial! Red numerals every five seconds. Chromium finish case and unbreakable crystal. Other Ingersoll wrist and pocket watches \$1.50 to \$5.50. See them at your dealer's today.

Prices and specifications subject to change without notice. Federal tax extra.

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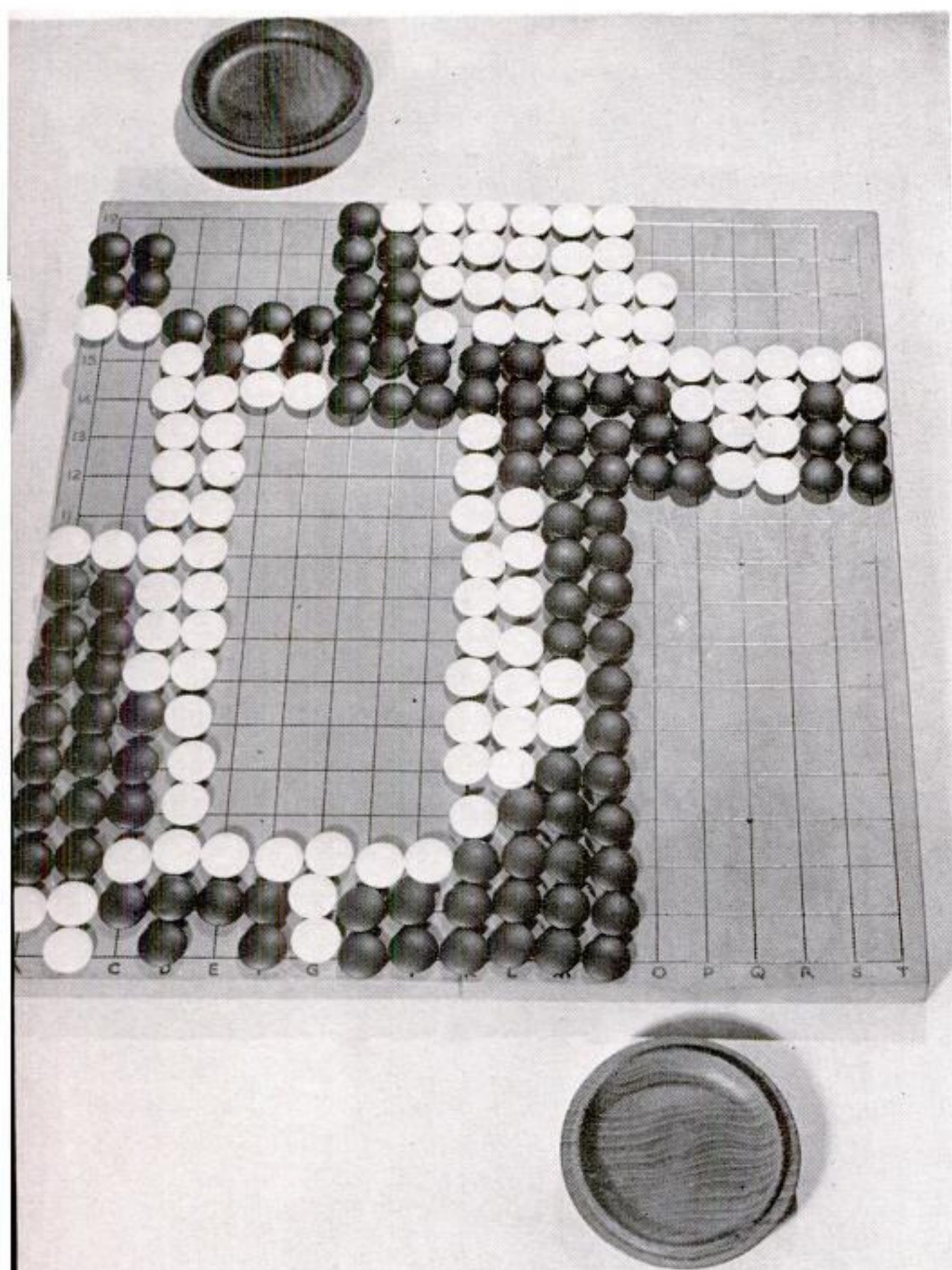
DON'T GAMBLE—buy Ingersoll
U.S. REG. TRADE MARK
YOUR \$ NEVER BOUGHT A BETTER WATCH



First: the game is over. Men which are certain to be captured (as Blacks in upper right) are taken prisoner, removed from board to join other prisoners kept in small trays.



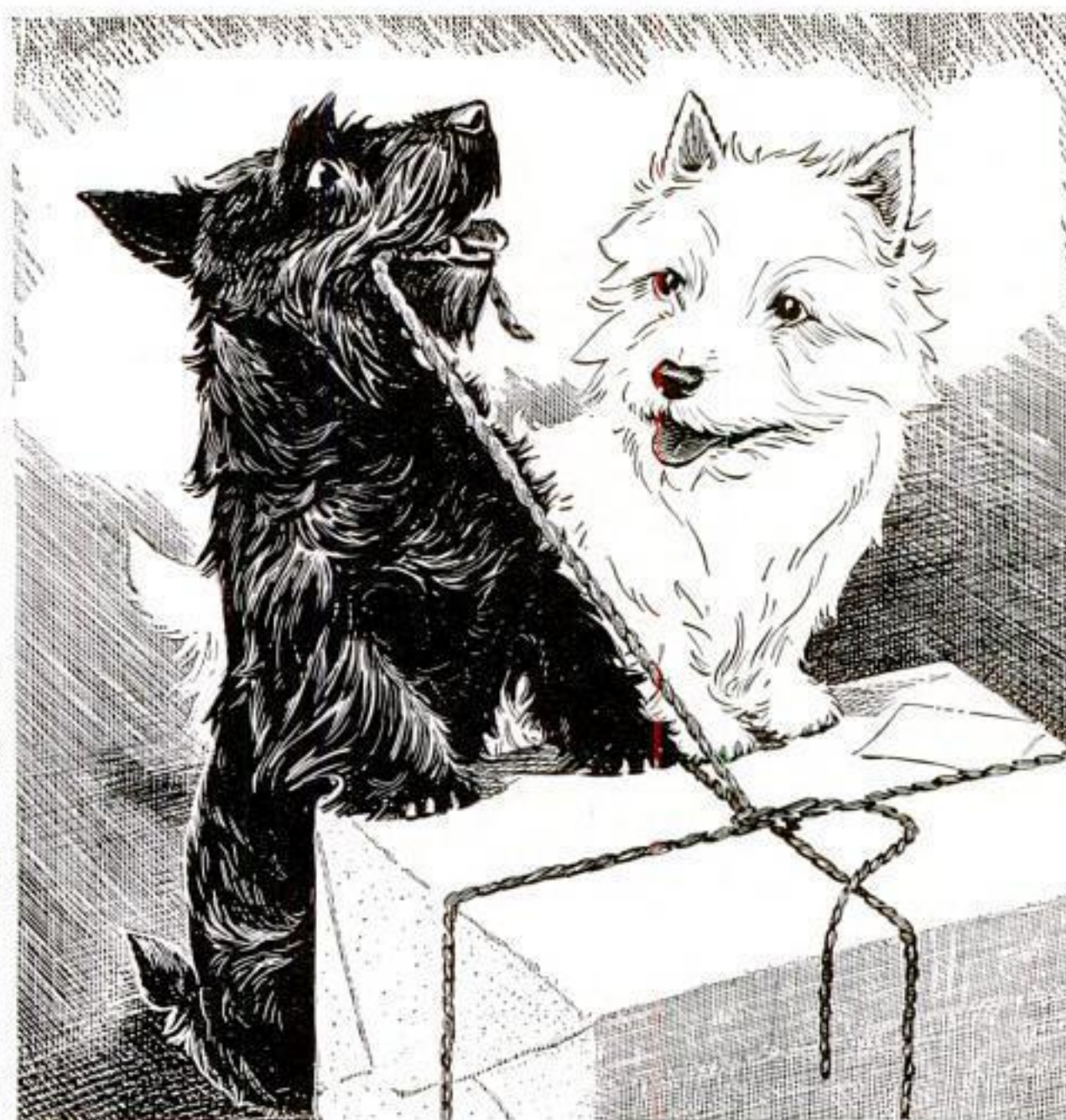
Second: the board is filled in with prisoners. White and Black put captured pieces into territory opponent has taken, thus reduce spaces (points) that opponent scores.



Third: score is determined after pieces have been arranged in squarish units for easier counting. Vacant spaces held by each side are totaled. Score: White—82, Black—80.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Just for satisfaction



Blackie: "I'll never be satisfied until I open this case, Whitey."

Whitey: "You're no different from anybody else who gets a case of Black & White, Blackie."

• It's the fine Character of Black & White that gives you such complete satisfaction. The flavor is magnificent. The bouquet, delightful. And every drop is so smooth, so mellow. For dependable enjoyment—ask for Black & White.



EIGHT
YEARS OLD

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

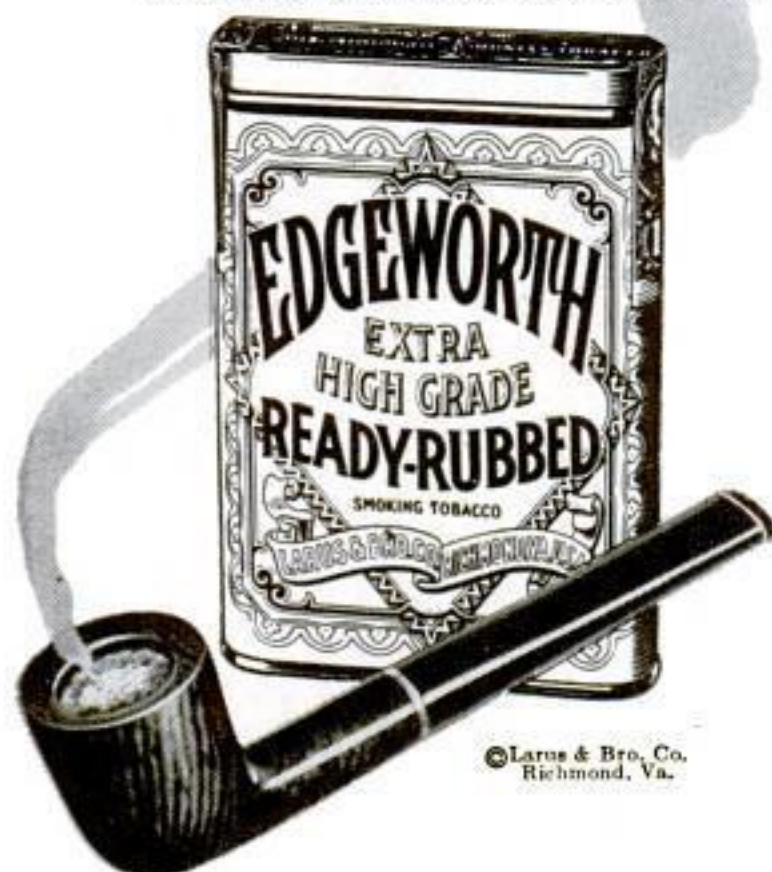
BLENDING SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

The Trail of Pipe Smoke

I walked behind a man today who left a trail of smoke So pleasant, that I touched him on the shoulder—and I spoke: "I beg your pardon, sir," I said, "I wonder if you'd mind, Just telling me what brand you smoke—it's such a fragrant kind."

"Certainly, it's Edgeworth"—and he gave a friendly grin, As he reached into his pocket for the famous true blue tin, And then I started chuckling—and he asked me: "What's the joke?" "Why, Edgeworth," I informed him —"is the brand I always smoke!"



You know, there's a special bond of comradeship among Edgeworth smokers—a sort of mutual respect. Whoever they are, or wherever they meet, the famous blue tin marks them as members of that contented group of pipe-lovers who enjoy America's Finest Pipe Tobacco. Discover Edgeworth yourself.

America's Finest Pipe Tobacco

Buy United States War Savings Bonds and Stamps



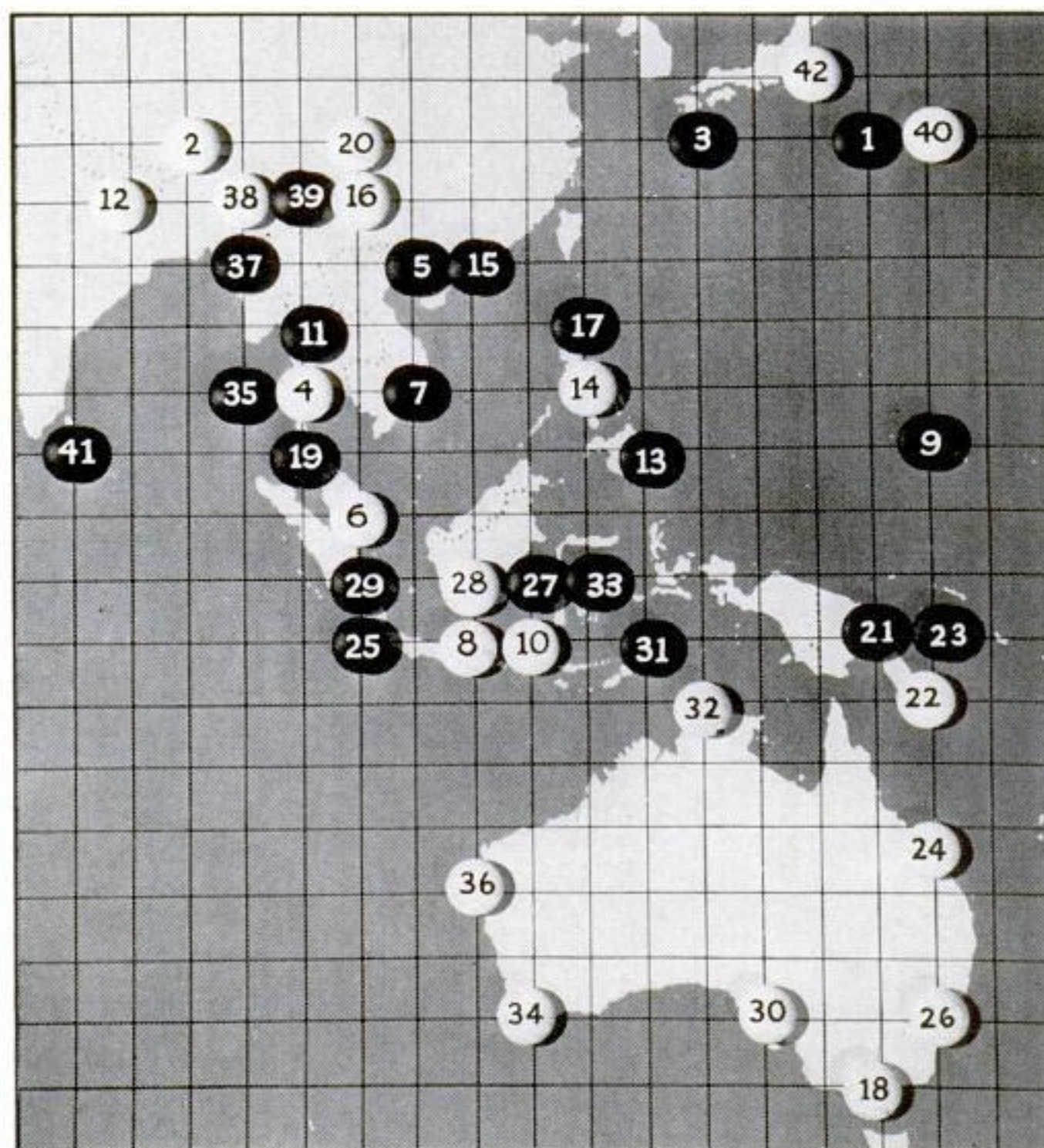
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SHIRTS
and
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OR
MID THIGH SHORTS
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Go (continued)

STRATEGISTS AND SOLDIERS PLAY IT

Go is a favorite game of Japanese soldiers and a source of inspiration for Japanese military strategists. It is a game of fluid moves, of threat and counter-threat over large areas, of quick-shifting tactics. Jap strategy in this war has been based on these same dangerous, quick-moving methods. Like Jap war-making, Go has few hidebound rules, adapting itself to circumstance rather than to textbook regulation.



Jap war moves follow pattern of smart Go game, as shown by game drawn on Pacific map. Jap armies (black) strike in quick succession, gain strong points, encircle enemy.



Jap soldiers carry Go games with them. When these fighters in China got a breathing spell, they pulled out boards and played in midst of the rubble they had wrought.

For the Taste Connoisseur

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Best RUM bar none

THE RUM CONNOISSEUR CONTAINS OVER 100 TESTED DRINK AND FOOD RECIPES. SEND FOR YOUR FREE COPY.
Ronrico Corporation, Dept. A, Miami, Florida
Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY
Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then soothe and refresh them the quick, easy way—use Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE?
Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. Right away Murine goes to work to relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Start using Murine today.

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SWEET-ORR
Guaranteed Quality Trade-Mark Since 1871
WORK CLOTHES
UNION MADE

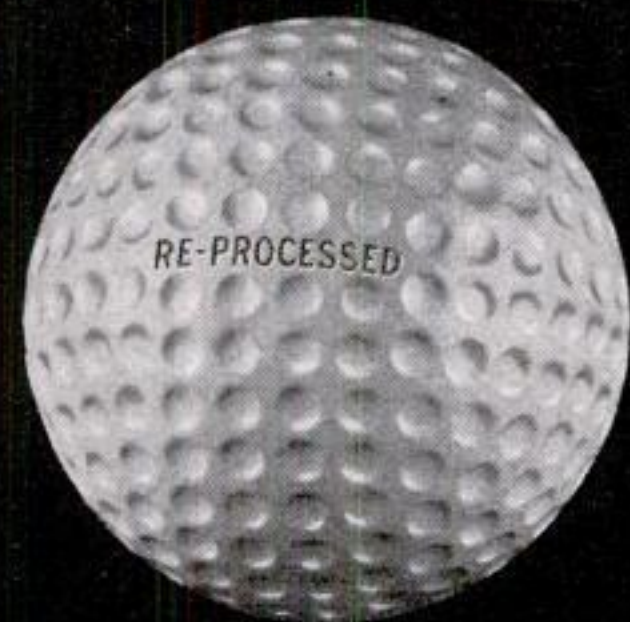
DOOR-EASE
STAINLESS STICK LUBRICANT
EASES STICKING WINDOWS
... also doors, drawers—things that stick or squeak. Use like a crayon. Clean—easy to apply. Door-Ease Mfrs., Muskegon, Mich.
10¢ in metallic container at Hdwr., Auto Accessory, Dept., and Dime Stores.

FREE TOURIST GUIDE BOOK
Finest Courts
Travel—Recreation—maps, motor, first-class courts, coast-to-coast, look for trade mark. Safe accommodations for both tourist and car. New free guide—United Motor Courts, Box 1231, Houston, Texas.
UNITED MOTOR COURTS
USE MARGIN BELOW FOR COUPON—WRITE NAME AND ADDRESS

"U.S." DEVELOPS METHOD FOR "RE-PROCESSING" USED GOLF BALLS *-TURN THEM IN NOW!*



BEFORE—Note scars and cuts that slow up flight of ball and make putting doubly difficult.



AFTER—Unretouched photograph of "re-processed" ball. Performs practically as well as a new ball.

U. S. Rubber Method uses no rubber, provides new, durable cover — retains substantially the Feel, Click and Distance of the original ball

• Turn in your old golf balls — especially your U. S. Royals, U. S. Fairways and U.S. Nobbys—to your club Pro. He has a liberal "trade-in allowance" plan. You get an allowance on each ball you turn in to be applied against the purchase of "U. S. Re-processed" balls... or *new* U.S. golf balls, made prior to necessary Government restrictions.

You'll be pleasantly surprised the first time you try a ball re-processed by the U.S. method. It will give you



a lot of good golf — and at a real saving, too! Re-processed U. S. Royals and U. S. Fairways will have new Cadwell-Geer Covers — the

last word in durability. Look for the initials "U.S." and the word "Re-processed" on the ball. Turn in all your old golf balls now before they are worn so badly that the best re-processing job cannot be done — also take advantage of the trade-in allowance while new U. S. balls are still available.

YOU GET MORE CLUB-HEAD-ENERGY IF YOU PLAY THE NEW U. S. ROYAL WITH THE OIL CUSHIONED CENTER

A perfectly balanced globule of oil in the exact center of the new U.S. Royal actually holds the secret of better playing. It instantly transmits maximum club-head-energy...right at the smack of your club. It gives you greater distance, sharper click, sounder feel...and

its Cadwell-Geer cover insures greatest resistance to cuts and scars... makes for longer life.

Your Pro has his allotment of the new U.S. Royal with the Oil Cushioned Center. See him at once...and arrange to get your share.

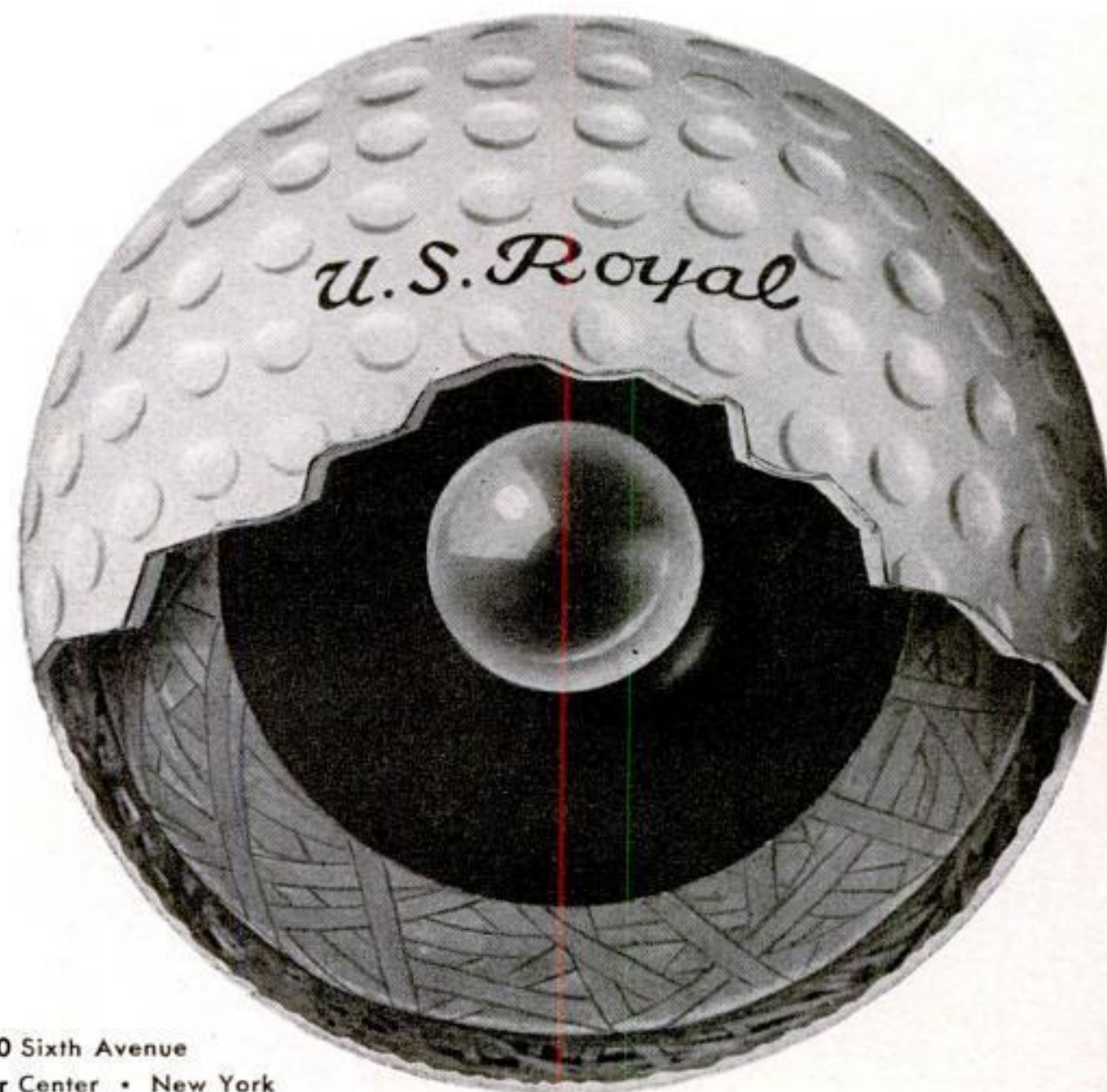
U.S. ROYAL *Golf Balls*

Also the popular U. S. FAIRWAY GOLF BALLS

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Rockefeller Center • New York





SWEATING LIKE ALL CARIOCAS, ORSON WELLES AIMS A 16-MM. CAMERA AT REVELERS

Life Goes to Rio Party

Orson Welles frolics at famous Mardi Gras

By far the biggest frolic in all Latin America is Rio de Janeiro's annual *Carnaval* which runs from the Saturday to the Mardi Gras (Fat Tuesday) before Ash Wednesday, which begins Lent. For those four days the 2,000,000 citizens of Rio go mad, after preparations and build-up lasting most of the preceding year. On the following pages LIFE tries in color to give some of the inexpressible quality of this mass outburst.

A sharp observer at this year's carnival was Hollywood Director Orson ("Citizen Kane") Welles, intent on catching the carnival with cameras for a "goodwill" movie about Latin America. The movie, tentatively named *It's All True*, uses local amateurs and professionals to act out native legends and historical events, such as the 1,600-mile trip last year of four Brazilian raft-fishermen. For Welles's cameramen, his characters whooped their way through the four days of carnival.

Welles and his characters and crew were literally caught up in pandemonium. They were jostled, serenaded, squirted with perfume by prancing, singing columns of *blocos*, groups who had spent half the year arranging a song, a theme, costumes, banners. They rode with carloads of the costumed upperclass, inching through jammed streets. Welles tried to catch the look and sound of all the varieties of samba, furious, melting, warlike and in march time. He learned, like carnival columnists, to call everything "*empolgante*" (terrific), "*assombrosa*" (stunning) or "*encantadora*" (enchanting). Like everyone else, he was amazed to discover that there is almost no licentiousness, pugnacity or crime in Rio's carnival.



WELLES (FOREGROUND) FEELS GOOD AT ONE OF THE LOW-CLASS "PEOPLE'S DANCES"



POOR WHITES AND BLACKS ARE TOO DAZED TO RESPOND TO WELLES'S DIRECTION



WELLES SQUIRTS ETHYL CHLORIDE FROM VIAL AT GUEST AT COPACABANA PALACE



GUEST RESPONDS WITH HIS OWN VIAL. WELLES AND HIS COMPANION DUCK IN HASTE



Cariocas, dressed as samba dancers, come singing down the streets of Rio de Janeiro, led by a vigorous young woman.

The favorite carnival costumes this year were those of samba dancers and back-country "morro" types, followed by Ha-

waiian skirts of Cellophane and grass. These revelers squirt vials of scented "quick freeze" at bystanders and one another.



Swiss mountaineers are the theme of this upper-class band in their own car. They are in front of the reviewing stand on

the Praça Paris near Rio's Standard Oil building, from which President Vargas reviewed the monster carnival procession.

The backdrop is a combination of crinolines and samba, under a big guitar. This is along Rio's magnificent waterfront.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Carnival in Rio (continued)



More samba dancers gambol down the street. This time some women accompany the men dressed as women (left). The hit

song was a samba called "*Praça Onze*," named after the Eleventh of June Plaza where the samba competitions were held.



Golden girl in ruby-studded breastplate and chaste white draperies of an Indian princess shouts at photographer.



Loaded with bangles, the girl in the center looks remarkably like the Brazilian best known to Americans, Carmen Miranda. The man at right seems to have something Hawaiian in mind.



Leader of an Egyptian crew exacts homage from his blue- and red-striped followers. Streets of Rio are abrawl with this kind of horseplay all through the four wild days of the carnival.



The "frêvo," a frenzied samba from Pernambuco, is executed by Rio's Tijuca Tennis Club, complete with banner.



Drums beat the motley procession up and down along Rio's splendid avenues. Only note of war in it all was a new Brazil-

ian song called *We Know How to Fight*, with the ringing chorus, "We will fight in the blue skies that cover South America."



Upper-class Brazilian dresses for the carnival with unusual formality. Men's behavior at the Rio carnival, though antic, is amazingly chivalrous toward the womenfolk.

FIRST IN QUALITY • FIRST IN REPUTATION • FIRST IN POPULARITY*



OLD GRAND-DAD

Head of the Bourbon Family

THERE'S a fragrance to Old Grand-Dad as tantalizing as a rare perfume, and a taste as gentle as Indian summer. Here indeed is liquid delight, which men have held so high in affection that this venerable whiskey has come by the title, Head of the Bourbon Family. One taste will tell you how well that title is deserved.

* AMONG
BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT BOURBON
WHISKIES



ONE TASTE WILL TELL YOU WHY

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KEY TO SYMBOLS



Routes traveled in
past year

(Width shows
number of trips)

★ Permanent Bureau
Headquarters

• Correspondents
and Photographers

THE MAP PROJECTION



from this



to this

©1942 TIME INC. Drawn by Richard Edes Harrison

ON ASSIGNMENT

A MAP PLOTTING RECENT ACTIVITIES OF THE WORLD NEWS GATHERING BUREAUS OF TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE AND THE MARCH OF TIME

IN almost every troubled news-corner of the globe are one or more of the 300 special correspondents and photographers who work for TIME, LIFE and FORTUNE.

Some of these people are reporters, some photographers, some researchers. Two were on an American cruiser off Hawaii when the Japs blasted Pearl Harbor. Two more were in Manila on December 7, now are interned by the Japanese in ancient Santo Tomas University. Still another managed to make Corregidor from the mainland, filed almost daily dispatches all through January and February, last reported that he had finally reached Australia in safety, joined three other TIME-LIFE-FORTUNE correspondents there. Two of these men had made the trip to Australia in a troop ship with an AEF convoy; the third had arrived on a grimy freighter, he its only passenger, high explosives its only cargo.

BUT this map plots not only the travels of a group of brilliant reporters, it charts a world-wide organization—the News and Picture Bureaus of TIME, LIFE and FORTUNE.

The real significance of the map grows out of the hundreds of fact-finding assignments, the millions of words filed, the photographically documented stories, the weeks and months of observation and analysis which it plots.

These world-wide activities supply your editors with exclusive stories and authentic documentation on the world's news—approximately 50,000 words of exclusive dispatches and thousands of pictures each week. The steady flow of data through these Bureaus is supplemented by the news, photographs, and the background information the editors also receive from the Associated Press*, International, Acme, and Wide World picture services and from many other sources.

BASIC FACTS ABOUT THE TIME—LIFE—FORTUNE WORLD-WIDE BUREAUS

WHERE ARE THE ASSIGNMENTS? The map at the left indicates the scope of these assignments. To get them, staff members traveled 1,505,000 miles in 1941, and so far in 1942.

WHO IS ON ASSIGNMENT? A total of over 300 people: 83 staff members throughout the world; 120 "string" men, 31 of them in 15 foreign countries; 100 photographers.

WHERE ARE THE BUREAU OFFICES? Domestic: Atlanta, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, New York, San Antonio, San Francisco, Washington. Foreign: Accra (British West Africa), Buenos Aires, Cairo (Egypt), London, Maymyo (Burma), Melbourne, New Delhi (India), Rio de Janeiro.

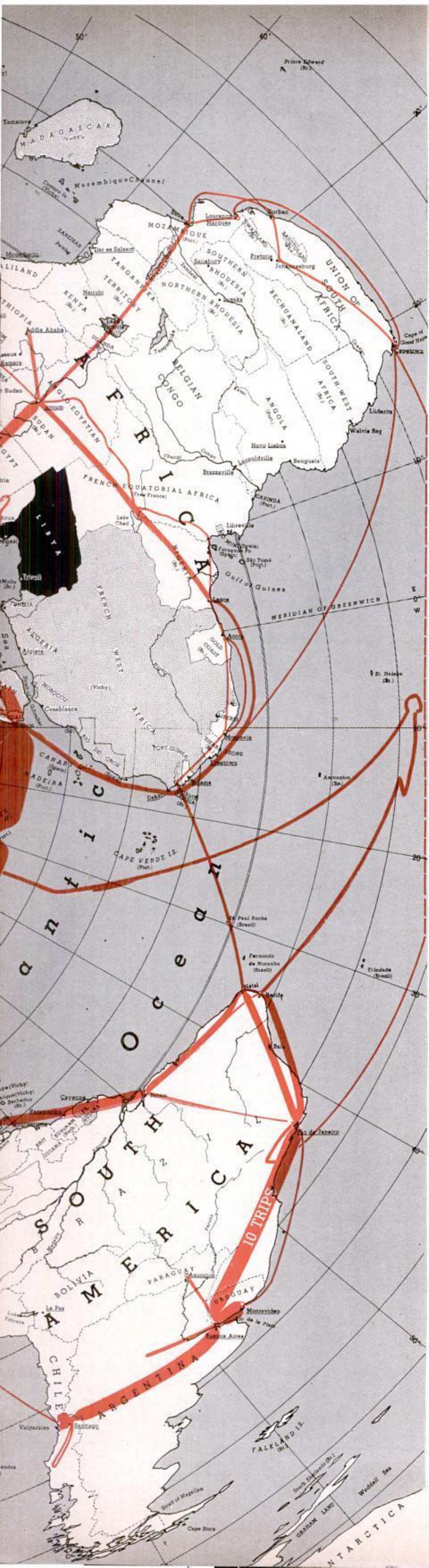
HOW IS THE U. S. COVERED? With 675,000 miles traveled within the U. S. in a year, the coordinated efforts of hundreds of people on assignment across the country, direct wires and teletypes connecting major centers. (The limited space on this map made it impossible to plot domestic travel.)

WHAT ARE THE BUREAUS' BUDGETS? Over \$1,000,000 in 1941.

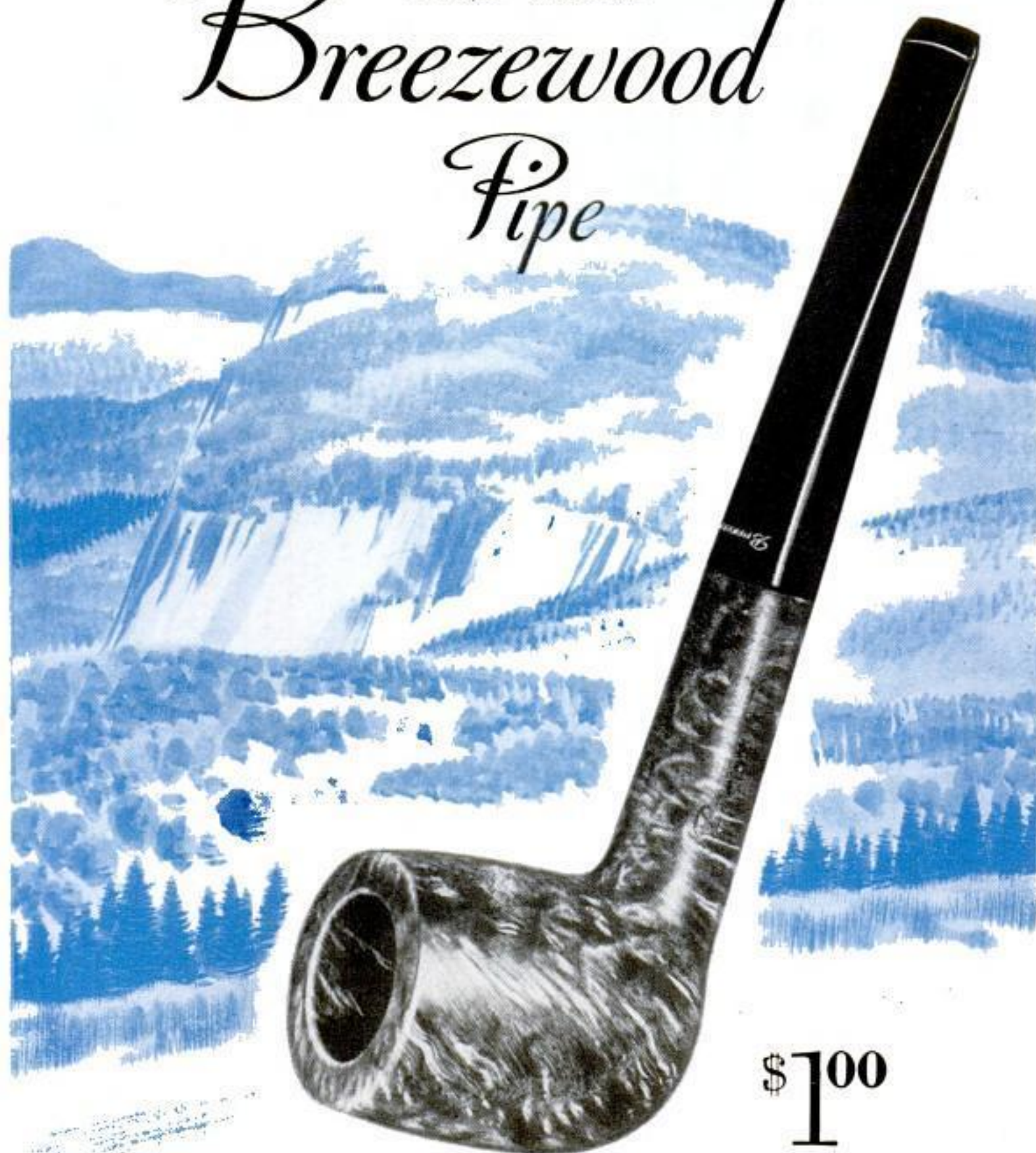
FOR WHOM DO THESE BUREAUS GATHER MATERIAL? The 167 editors and researchers of TIME, LIFE and FORTUNE.

*TIME is the only magazine enjoying the full services of the Associated Press.

TIME — LIFE — FORTUNE



The new Breezerwood Pipe



\$1⁰⁰

America's hitherto untapped natural resources now yield a pipe that is astoundingly light in weight

Again the soil of America has proved its incredible richness! Deep in the heart of the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina a virgin forest of finest pipe burls has been discovered. Hitherto untapped, along Horse Pasture River and around Piney Knob, is a native forest possessing pipe-burls of astonishingly light weight. Pipes cut from this beautiful "Breezerwood" weigh, on an average, less than an ounce and a quarter, complete with mouthpiece. Hold one of these marvelous new American Breezerwood pipes in your own hand, today, at your tobacconists'. Buy one: discover America's great contribution to your pipe smoking comfort — Breezerwood!



No wonder they were astonished! They all guessed too high! Actually the astounding new Breezerwood pipe weighs, on an average, less than an ounce and a quarter!

The Breezerwood Pipe

Free Your Hands for Other Tasks. The new Breezerwood pipe is so light, it's pleasant to keep it in your mouth. Breezerwood doesn't fatigue you when driving, fishing or whenever your hands are busy.

COPYRIGHT 1942, THE BREEZERWOOD PIPE CO., 630 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.

PICTURES TO

SOLDIER FAREWELLS

Sirs:

New York's Pennsylvania Station has always been a sort of monument to that special city species, the commuter. Every week day 100,000 city-country dwellers pour through its massive halls. On Sun-

day nights its traffic used to be almost exclusively the one-way trek of city people returning from country weekends. Penn Station still has its commuters but now it has a new outgoing traffic on Sunday nights—troop trains to take soldiers back to their camps. The khaki parade starts Sunday afternoon with soldiers



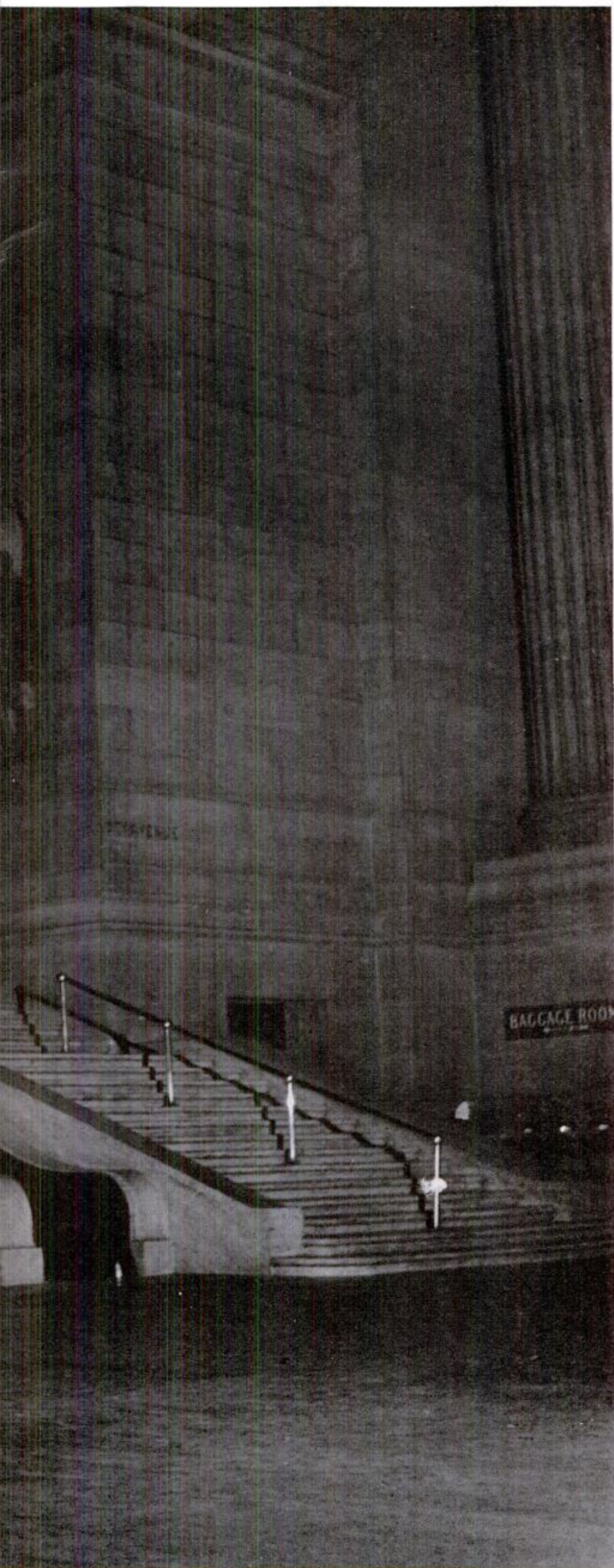
CHINESE-AMERICAN PRIVATE WAITS FORLORNLY IN PENN STATION FOR EARLY

THE EDITORS

headed for camps in Baltimore and Virginia but the greatest numbers come late, in time for the last trains to Fort Dix, N. J. and Camp Upton, Long Island. Some soldiers, like the Chinese private below, come to the station alone but most of them are accompanied by wives, sweethearts or mothers. Then come the

lingering farewells, sometimes shy in public, but more often oblivious to crowds and camera, as these pictures testify. Marie Hansen and I spent several Sundays in Penn Station, getting pictures of these familiar scenes.

NELSON MORRIS
New York, N. Y.



MORNING TRAIN TO FORT MONMOUTH, N. J. HE MISSED LAST TRAIN AT 3 A.M.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Fred Allen says:

"SHIVER MY
TIMBERS!..."

you wouldn't think a gallon
of **FIRE-CHIEF** gasoline
could go so far!"



You're welcome at

TEXACO DEALERS

There are more than 45,000
of us in all 48 States



TUNE IN FRED ALLEN every Sunday
night. See your local newspaper
for time and station.



HOW TO LICK HIGHER COSTS FOR HOME REPAIRS

"You needn't spend a lot of money for home repairs if you follow these two rules," says Uncle Ned. "First, repair what you have with Rutland Repair Products instead of buying new. Second, do the job yourself. All Rutland Products are easy to use."



UNCLE NED — The How-To-Fix-It Man

Broken Plaster



It's easy and costs only a few cents to repair holes in walls or ceilings with Rutland Patching Plaster. Just mix with water and apply with putty knife or small trowel. Makes a patch as smooth and lasting as the wall itself... because Rutland does not shrink or crack.



Leaky Roofs



You can make worn, leaky roofs tight as new with Rutland No-Tar-In Roof Coating... at a cost of only 1½¢ to 2¢ a sq. ft. Rutland Black No-Tar-In forms a heavy, tough film of asphalt and asbestos that doesn't crawl, crack or peel. Ideal for all roofs except shingles.



Breaks in Cement



Watch for small breaks in cement floors, walls, etc., and repair them promptly with Rutland Concrete Patcher. You don't have to be an expert mason to use Rutland. Just mix with water and apply with trowel. Use it for tree surgery and setting loose tiles, too.



Look for RUTLAND REPAIR PRODUCTS in the Checkerboard Package

Rutland dealers carry the Products listed above; also, Rutland Roof Cement, Spackling Compound, Paint, Cleaner, Furnace Cement, Black Enamel, Asphalt Paint, Black and Red Roof Paint, Waste Pipe Cleaner and Dry Paste. Rutland Fire Clay Company, Rutland, Vermont.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)



GLOVED-HAND-OVER-MOUTH KISS IS DIGNIFIED BUT NOT RESERVED TECHNIQUE



THIS-MAY-BE-OUR-LAST-KISS TECHNIQUE RESEMBLES MODIFIED HALF-NELSON



THE QUICKIE, OR BRUSH-OFF KISS, IS STRICTLY FOR MOTHERS AND SISTERS

NEW TYPE LIQUID RELIEVES ATHLETE'S FOOT BY KILLING ALL FIVE FUNGI

You people who suffer with this maddening, stubborn disease—get these facts.

Athlete's Foot is usually caused by one or several of five fungi (microscopic growths). It stands to reason that—for relief—you want a preparation which kills all five fungi.

Tests made in independent laboratories show that **SORETONE** does kill on contact all five fungi. So—at last here's something worthwhile for Athlete's Foot. Soretone (1) helps to dry affected skin between the toes, (2) dissolves perspiration deposits, (3) relieves and soothes the itching.

Soretone contains a powerful, yet mild antiseptic never before used in Athlete's Foot preparations (4-Beta-Ethyl-Hexyl-Phenol). It works!! Yet Soretone costs less—\$1 for a whopping big bottle! Also 50c. size.

McKESSON & ROBBINS
Bridgeport, Conn.

**MONEY BACK
IF NOT SATISFIED**



SORETONE
FOR ATHLETE'S FOOT • MUSCULAR PAINS

Start Happy House-keeping with Pullman
Modern Furniture!



If you're choosing your FIRST furniture—get PULLMAN—the furniture of tomorrow! Your new home must be the "last word" in style and comfort. Choose the furniture that is known America-over for its advanced ideas. Start right—with PULLMAN!

MODERN 3 WAYS!

1. Modern interpretations of classic periods and original styles.
2. Modern combinations of the best materials with the most advanced manufacturing techniques.
3. Modern decorator-selected fabrics by Pullman, accenting the unusual.

Whatever Style You Want—PULLMAN MAKES IT BETTER!

Better furniture and department stores everywhere have

PULLMAN
Modern-made FURNITURE
666 N. LAKE SHORE DRIVE • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS (continued)



LAST CLINCH AS TRAIN PULLS OUT



PENN CONCOURSE IS LOVERS' LANE

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Buy from your INDEPENDENT Oil Dealer



WHETHER he runs a filling station, garage or sells cars, your independent dealer is a small business man who deserves your patronage. He represents something mighty valuable in the life of our country.

Your independent dealer can sell any brand of motor oil. He has an opportunity to test them all on his own car. When he recommends Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil it is because he honestly believes from actual experience that it will remove carbon, save gas, reduce repairs and prolong the life of your car.

He is an expert on lubrication with a hard-boiled attitude on performance, influenced only by sheer merit. He makes less profit on Macmillan RING-FREE than he does on many other oils. He makes no more on Macmillan RING-FREE than he does on any 35¢ motor oil. So his opinion of RING-FREE is built on a desire to make repeat customers by recommending the oil which will back up the opinion he gives you.

Macmillan's success has been built on the independent dealer's success.



The independent dealer's recommendation of RING-FREE has been built upon his own experience with it.

Now that the longer life of your car is more important to you than it has ever been in the history of the automobile industry, you naturally want to use the lubricating oil which will lengthen the life of your car while it reduces the cost of operation. You may not feel that you are a lubrication expert. Your independent dealer is. You can trust his judgment because his continued success depends upon your continued patronage.

Stop wherever you see a Macmillan RING-FREE sign—at any independent oil dealer's place of business. More than likely you will find that your dealer uses Macmillan RING-FREE in his own car. Ask him why. Ask him to let you read again this sweeping guarantee.



35c

A QUART IN U.S.A.

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Macmillan Petroleum Corporation

Try it at OUR risk! Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil removes carbon, cleans the motor, saves gasoline, reduces wear—or your money back. RING-FREE Motor Oil is *guaranteed* to make your motor run smoother, give more miles per gallon of gasoline, reduce wear and repair; because it removes carbon, cleans the motor and reduces friction fast, by thorough lubrication. Try one fill, and if you are not satisfied that RING-FREE is doing these things, your money will be refunded by your dealer immediately.

Ask your independent dealer for "What You Can Expect from Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil," our new circular, or write us for it direct.

MACMILLAN PETROLEUM CORP.
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Don't take chances!

PERSPIRATION IS ACID... IT KILLS STOCKING LIFE!

Only **IVORY SNOW** combines 2 great advantages
you'll want in fighting this daily danger!

• To protect your stockings from acid perspiration—give up those careless washing methods and turn to daily Ivory Snow care. You'll quickly remove acid perspiration and other soil—and you'll find you will get up to 20% more wear from your precious silk stockings. Rayon and nylon stockings also last longer when given gentle, daily Ivory Snow care.

Ivory Snow is something new in fine-fabrics soaps. It is made in the form of tiny little "snowdrops" that give rich suds in 3 seconds, even in *cool* water. And only Ivory Snow combines 2 great advantages you'll want in caring for your precious stockings (see right),

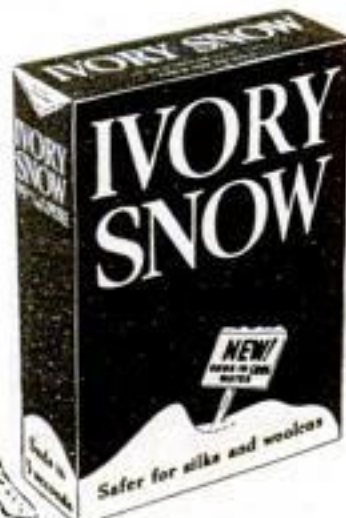


IVORY SNOW IS THE ONLY SOAP THAT OFFERS BOTH THESE ADVANTAGES

1. It's Ivory pure—wonderfully safe for all your fine washables.
2. It's made in tiny, pure-white "snowdrops" that dissolve like a flash in cool water—about 4 times faster than any popular soap in this form.



Miss Ivory Snow says:
"To save you money, save you wear,
Use my simple daily care!"



WANT LOVELIER HANDS IN 12 DAYS?

If your hands are red and rough from using one of those strong laundry soaps—change to pure Ivory Snow for all your dishwashing. It cuts grease as fast as the strongest washday soap. And in just 12 days you'll get softer, smoother hands!



TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTER & GAMBLE

99% PURE! RICH SUDS IN JUST 3 SECONDS—EVEN IN COOL WATER!

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)



MR. AND MRS. RAY POWELL, DES MOINES, IOWA, SAY GOODBY AFTER FURLOUGH



SLEEPY SERGEANT SNOOZES UNTIL TRRAINTIME IN PENN STATION WAITING ROOM

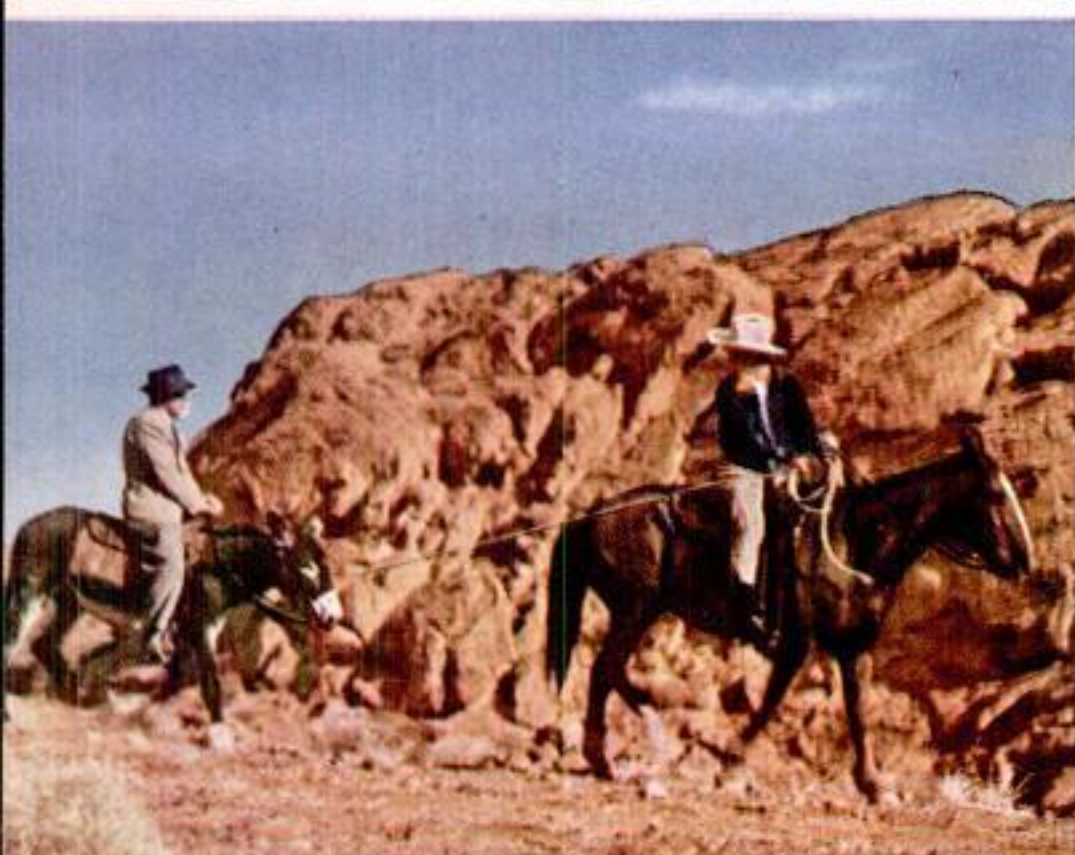
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ADVENTURE in ACAPULCO

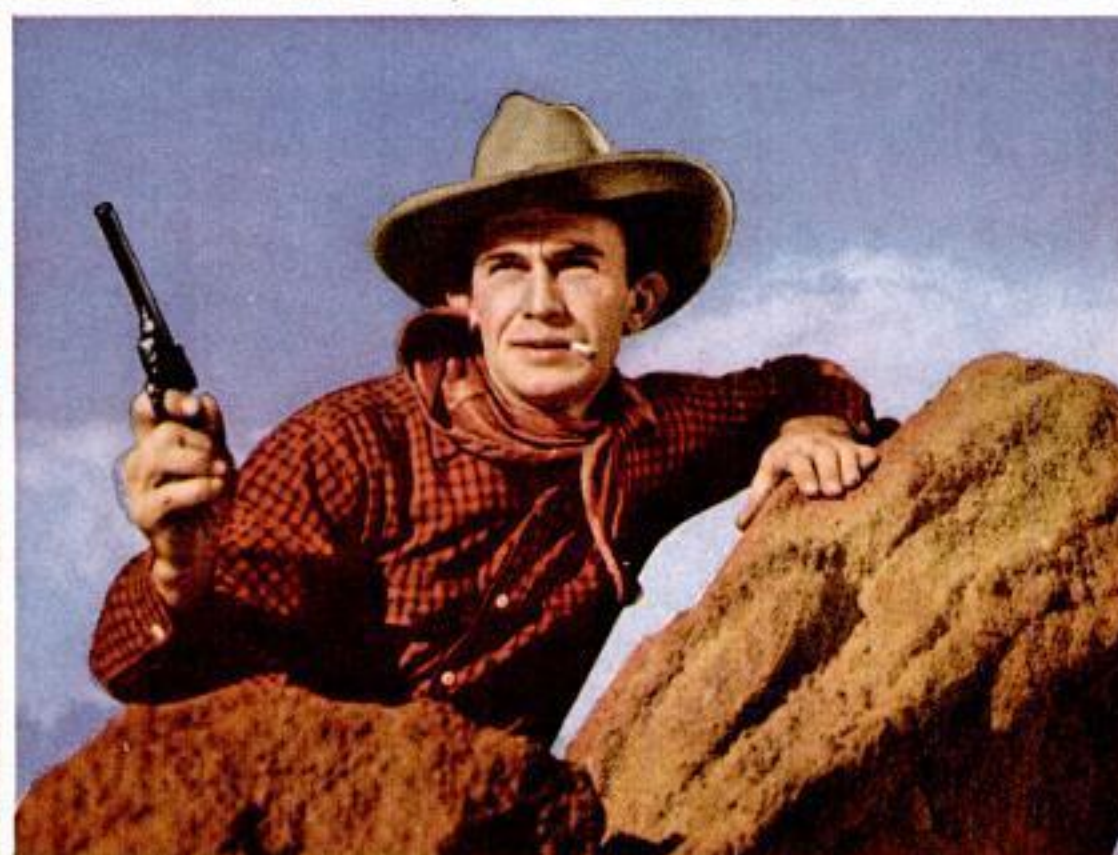
?

No, sir, this happened near the Valley of Fire, Nevada."

1. "I'd never expected," admits an adventure writer, "to find the equal of Mexico as a source of inspiration for my stories. That is—until I came upon this street scene in Nevada. It sure looked like happy hunting grounds for me. Adventure? Man, I asked for it—and got plenty! Adventure that began and ended with Canadian Club—



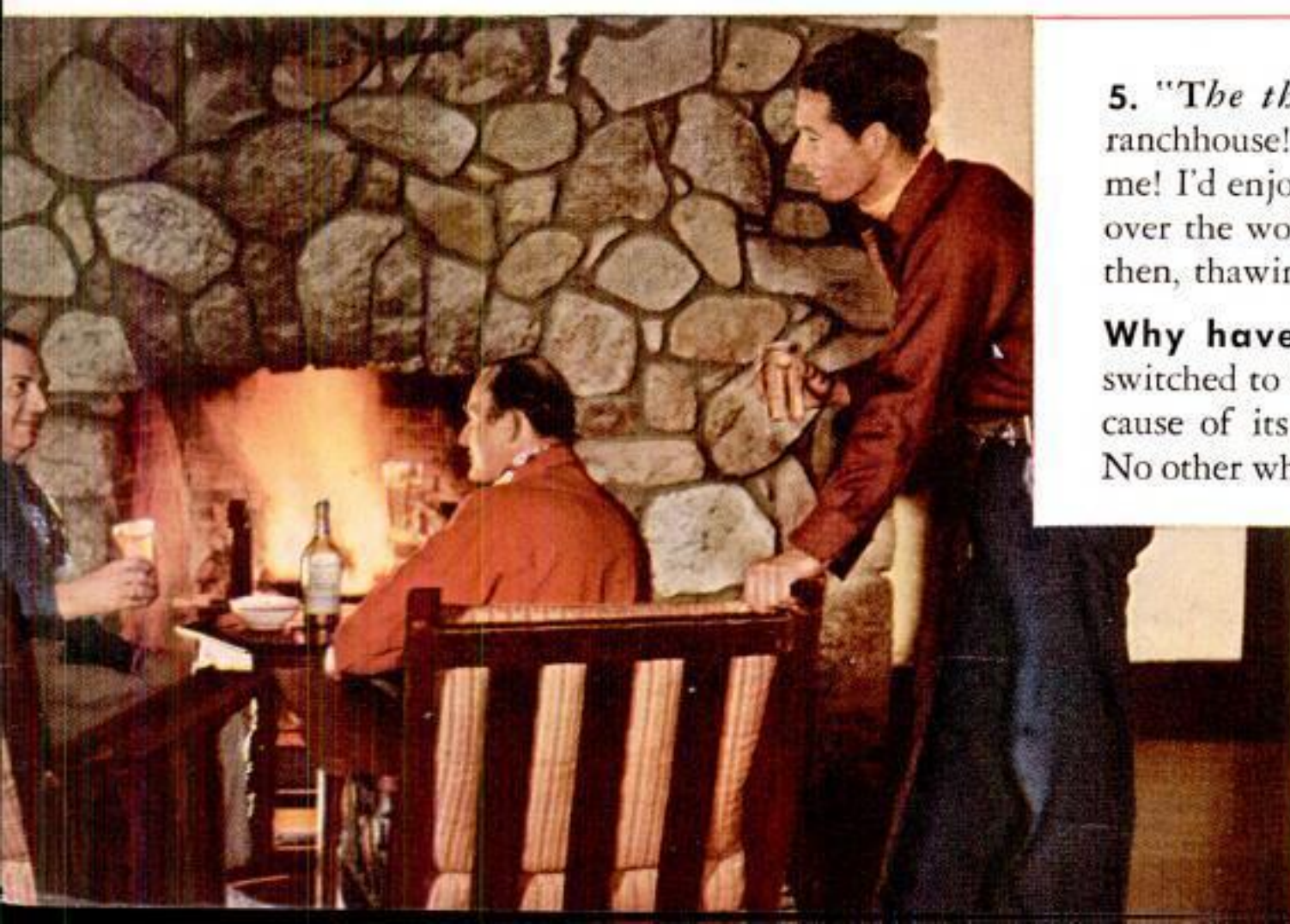
2. "'Can't give you a horse here!' said a rancher who, over a Canadian Club at the bar, agreed to put me up. 'You'll have to ride out on my burro, Daisy!' A quiet start for adventure? Just *try* riding burroback.



3. "Pow-pow-pow! Gunfight?—in this day and age? My heart jumped three inches. Suddenly we were in the thick of it—the filming of a Hollywood horse opera. Ghost of the old West, and plenty lively!



4. "The ranch at last, and a horse to ride. But HE had other ideas. Whew—that water was icy! I couldn't have stood another 'thrill' except...



5. "The thrill awaiting us at the ranchhouse! Canadian Club, so help me! I'd enjoyed its matchless flavor all over the world—but never so much as then, thawing out before the fire."

Why have so many Americans switched to Canadian Club lately? Because of its unique, delightful flavor. No other whisky in all the world tastes

like Canadian Club. It's *light* as Scotch—*rich* as rye—*satisfying* as bourbon; and you can stick with it all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States (and in Scotland, too!).

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois
Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof. Copr. 1942



"Let'er Ride!"

**RODEO OR RANGE—
TOP-HANDS AGREE: "THERE'S
NOTHING LIKE A
CAMEL"**



GRAND CHAMPION ALL-ROUND COWBOY FRITZ TRUAN also has a Saddle Bronc title to his credit. Cheyenne . . . Pendleton . . . wherever the riding is the roughest . . . you'll find Fritz in action—either on a sun-fishing saddler (*right*) or enjoying a Camel as above. "Yes, mildness counts plenty in my game," says Fritz. "And Camels are extra mild. I've smoked 'em

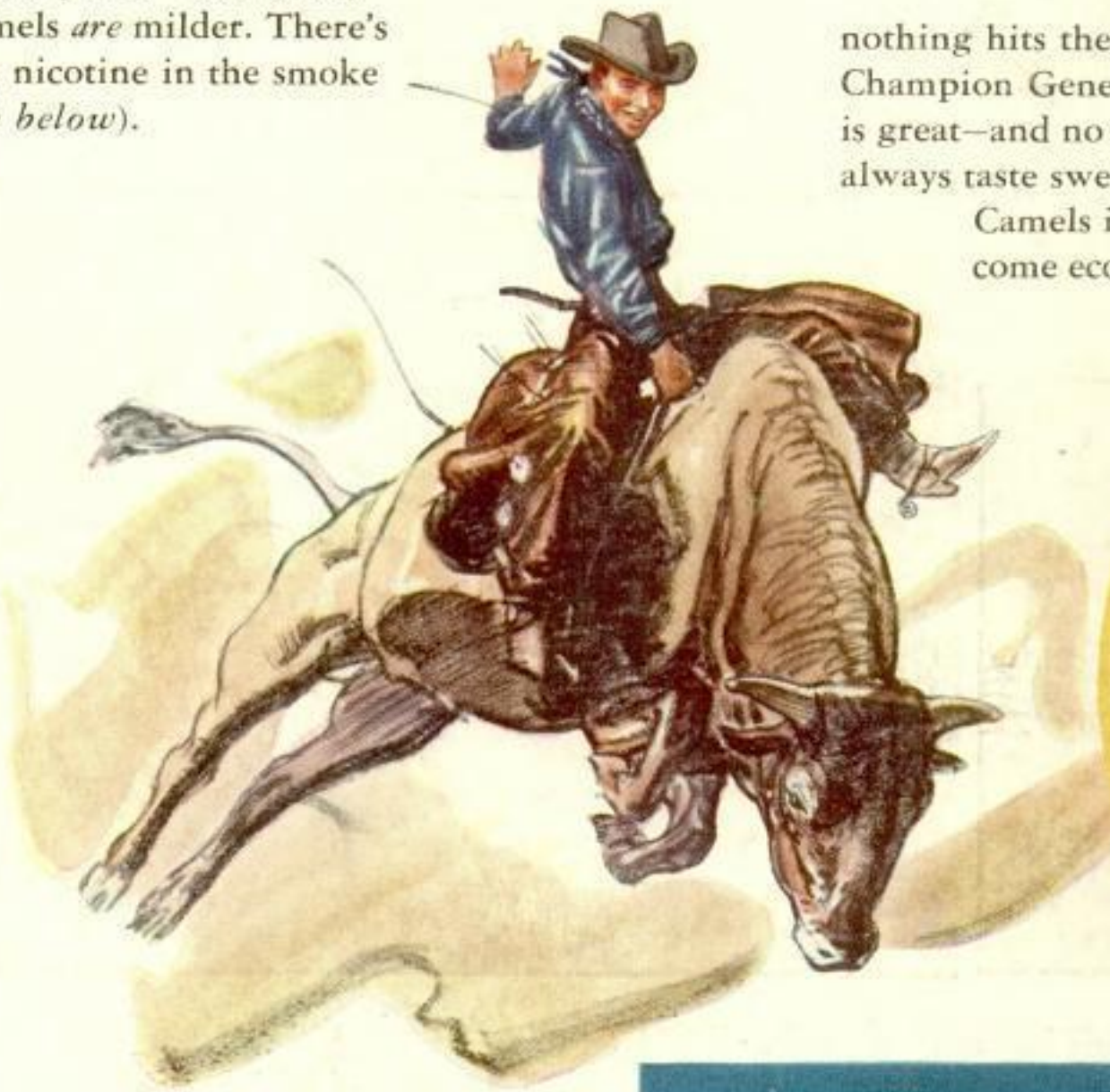
for 10 years." Yes, Fritz, Camels *are* milder. There's less nicotine in the smoke (*see below*).



"**AFTER A REAL TOUGH RIDE**, believe me, nothing hits the spot like a Camel," says Steer-Riding Champion Gene Rambo (*below*). "That full, rich flavor is great—and no matter how much I smoke, Camels always taste swell. What's more, the extra smoking in Camels is mighty welcome economy."



"**LESS NICOTINE** in the smoke makes good horse sense to me," explains Bareback Bronc ace Hank Mills (*above*). "Camels have the mildness that counts. They've got the flavor, too. I *like* Camels!" Everywhere you go, it's the same—for extra mildness, coolness, and flavor, *there's nothing like a Camel—America's favorite.*



The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of *the smoke itself!*

Camel

**THE CIGARETTE OF
COSTLIER TOBACCOS**



BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

**5 EXTRA
SMOKES
PER PACK!**

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina